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OCTOBER

1915



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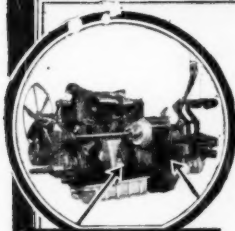
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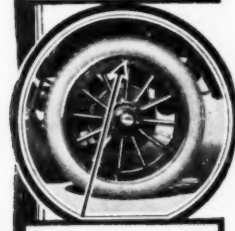
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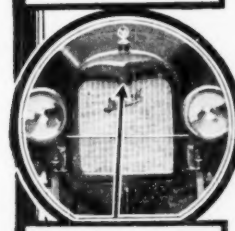
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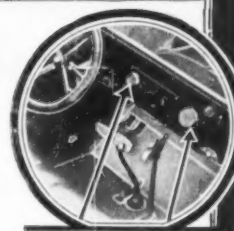


Demountable Rims are regular equipment of the 1916 Maxwell.

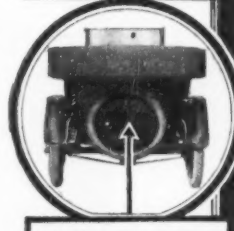


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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1915

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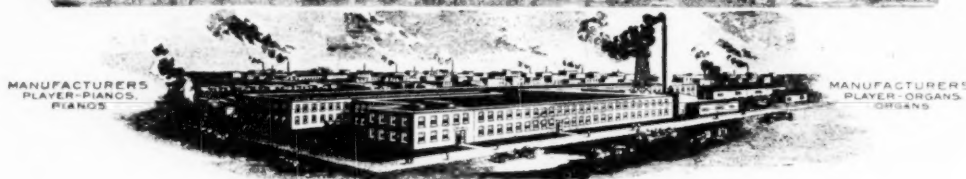
# The Publisher's Page

By J.M.G.

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**But See This Car.** Your local dealer has a new Studebaker ready to show you to-day.

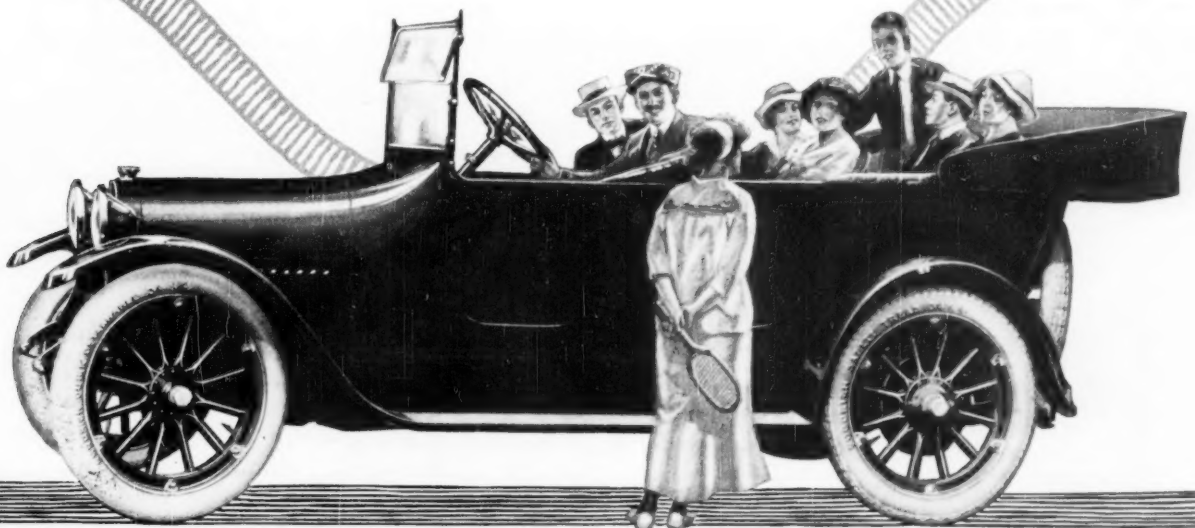
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Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger. 1695

F.O.B. Walkerville.





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Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

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Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in.

Whatever the trouble is, you can make your skin what you would love to have it. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies, new forms. This is your opportunity.

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### Use this treatment once a day

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Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

You will feel the difference the first time you use this treatment. Use it persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

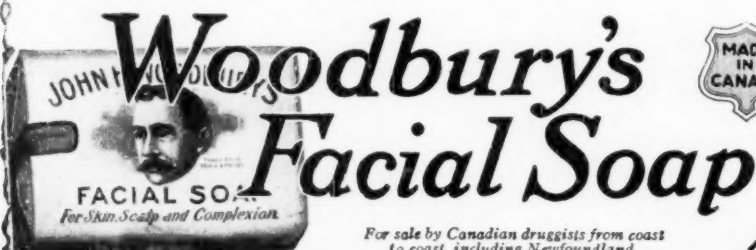
A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to go to your druggist and get a cake today. Begin at once to get its benefits for your skin.

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# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1915

Number 12

## The Woman Question

By STEPHEN LEACOCK



I WAS sitting the other day in what is called the Peacock Alley of one of our leading hotels, drinking tea with another thing like myself, a man. At the next table were a group of Superior Beings in silk, talking. I couldn't help overhearing what they said,—at least not when I held my head a little sideways.

They were speaking of the war.

"There wouldn't have been any war," said one, "if women were allowed to vote."

"No, indeed," chorused all the others.

The woman who had spoken looked about her defiantly. She wore spectacles and was of the type that we men used to call, in days when we still retained a little courage, an Awful Woman.

"When women have the vote," she went on, "there will be no more war. The women will forbid it."

She gazed about her angrily. She evidently wanted to be heard. My friend and I hid ourselves behind a little fern and trembled.

But we listened. We were hoping that the Awful Woman would explain how war would be ended. She didn't. She went on to explain instead that when women have the vote there will be no more poverty, no disease, no germs, no cigarette smoking and nothing to drink but water.

It seemed a gloomy world.

"Come," whispered my friend, "this is no place for us. Let us go to the bar."

"No," I said, "leave me. I am going to write an article on the Woman Question. The time has come when it has got to be taken up and solved."

So I set myself to write it.

THE woman problem may be stated somewhat after this fashion. The

great majority of the women of to-day find themselves without any means of support of their own. I refer of course to the civilized white women. The gay savage in her jungle, attired in a cocoanut leaf, armed with a club and adorned with the neck of a soda water bottle, is all right. Trouble hasn't reached her yet. Like all savages, she has a far better time,—more varied, more interesting, more worthy of a human being,—than falls to the lot of the rank and file of civilized men and women. Very few of us recognize this great truth. We have a mean little vanity over our civilization. We are touchy about it. We do not realize that so far we have done little but increase the burden of work and multiply the means of death. But for the hope of better things to come, our civilization would not seem worth while.

But this is a digression. Let us go back. The great majority of women have no means of support of their own. This is true also of men. But the men can acquire means of support. They can hire themselves out and work. Better still, by the industrious process of intrigue rightly called busyness, or business, they may presently get hold of enough of other people's things to live without working. Or again, men can, with a fair prospect of success, enter the criminal class, either in its lower ranks as a house breaker, or in its upper ranks, through politics. Take it all in all a man has a certain chance to get along in life.

A woman, on the other hand, has little or none. The world's work is open to her,

but she cannot do it. She lacks the physical strength for laying bricks or digging coal. If put to work on a steel beam a hundred feet above the ground, she would fall off. For

the pursuit of business her head is all wrong. Figures confuse her. She lacks sustained attention and in point of morals the average woman is, even for business, too crooked.

This last point is one that will merit a little emphasis. Men are queer creatures. They are able to set up a code of rules or a standard, often quite an artificial one, and stick to it. They have acquired the art of playing the game. Eleven men can put on white flannel trousers and call themselves a cricket team, on which an entirely new set of obligations, almost a new set of personalities, are wrapped about them. Women could never be a team of anything.

So it is in business. Men are able to maintain a sort of rough and ready code which prescribes the particular amount of cheating that a man may do under the rules. This is called business honesty, and many men adhere to it with a dog-like tenacity, growing old in it, till it is stamped on their grizzled faces, visibly. They can feel it inside them like a virtue. So much will they cheat and no more. Hence men are able to trust one another knowing the exact degree of dishonesty they are entitled to expect.

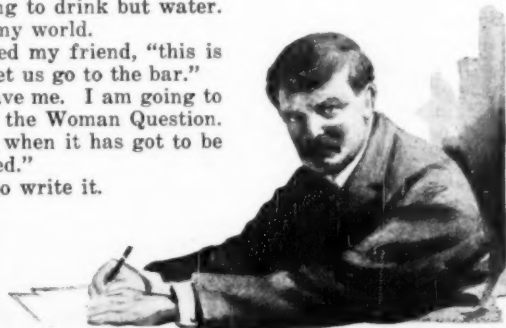
With women it is entirely different. They bring to business an unimpaired vision. They see it as it is. It would be impossible to trust them. They refuse to play fair.

THUS it comes about that woman is excluded, to a great extent, from the world's work and the world's pay.

There is nothing really open to her except one thing,—marriage. She must find a man who will be willing, in return for her society, to give her half of everything he has, allow her the sole use of his house during the daytime, pay her taxes, and provide her clothes.

This was, formerly and for many centuries, not such a bad solution of the question. The women did fairly well out of it. It was the habit to marry early and often. The "house and home" was an important place. The great majority of people, high and low, lived on the land. The work of the wife and the work of the husband ran closely together.

The two were complementary and fit-



ted into one another. A woman who had to superintend the baking of bread and the brewing of beer, the spinning of yarn and the weaving of clothes, could not complain that her life was incomplete.

Then came the modern age, beginning let us say about a hundred and fifty years ago. The distinguishing marks of it have been machinery and the modern city. The age of invention swept the people off the land. It herded them into factories, creating out of each man a poor miserable atom divorced from hereditary ties, with no rights, no duties, and no place in the world except what his wages contract may confer on him. Every man for himself, and sink or swim, became the order of the day. It was nicknamed 'industrial freedom.' The world's production increased enormously. It is doubtful if the poor profited much. They obtained the modern city,—full of light and noise and excitement, lively with crime and gay with politics,—and the free school where they learned to read and write, by which means they might hold a mirror to their poverty and take a good look at it. They lost the quiet of the country side, the murmur of the brook and the inspiration of the open sky. These are unconscious things, but the peasant who has been reared among them, for all his unconsciousness, pines and dies without them. It is doubtful if the poor have gained. The chaw-bacon rustic who trimmed a hedge in the reign of George the First, compares well with the pale slum-rat of the reign of George V.

But if the machine age has profoundly altered the position of the working man, it has done still more with woman. It has dispossessed her. Her work has been taken away. The machine does it. It makes the clothes and brews the beer. The roar of the vacuum cleaner has hushed the sound of the broom. The proud proportions of the old-time cook, are dwindled to the slim outline of the gas-stove expert operating on a beefsteak with the aid of a thermometer. And at the close of day the machine, wound with a little key, sings the modern infant to its sleep, with the faultless lullaby of the Victrola. The home has passed, or at least is passing out of existence. In place of it is the 'apartment'—an incomplete thing, a mere part of something; where children are an intrusion, where hospitality is done through

The chaw-bacon rustic compares well with the pale slum-rat.



a caterer, and where Christmas is only the twenty-fifth of December.

All this the machine age did for woman. For a time she suffered—the one thing she had learned, in the course of centuries, to do with admirable fitness. With each succeeding decade of the modern age things grew worse instead of better. The age for marriage shifted. A wife instead of being a help-mate had become a burden that

must be carried. It was no longer true that two could live on less than one. The prudent youth waited till he could 'afford' a wife. Love itself grew timid. Little Cupid exchanged his bow and arrow for a book on arithmetic and studied money sums. The school girl who flew to Gretna Green in a green and yellow cabriolet beside a peach-faced youth,—angrily pursued by an ancient father of thirty-eight,—all this drifted into the pictures of the past, romantic but quite impossible.

Thus the unmarried woman, a quiet distinct thing from the 'old maid' of ancient times, came into existence, and multiplied and increased till there were millions of her.

THEN there rose up in our own time, or within call of it, a deliverer. It was the Awful Woman with the Spectacles, and the doctrine that she preached was Woman's Rights. She came as a new thing, a hatchet in her hand, breaking glass. But in reality she was no new thing at all, and has her lineal descent in history from age to age. The Romans knew her as a sybil and shuddered at her. The Middle Ages called her a witch and burnt her. The ancient law of England named her a scold and ducked her in a pond. But the men of the modern age, living indoors and losing something of their ruder fibre, grew afraid of her. The Awful Woman,—meddlesome, vociferous, intrusive,—came into her own.

Her softer sisters followed her. She became the leader of her sex. "Things are all wrong," she screamed, "with the *status* of women." Therein she was quite right. "The remedy for it all," she howled, "is to make women 'free,' to give women the vote. When once women are 'free' everything will be all right." Therein the woman with the spectacles was, and is, utterly wrong.

The women's vote, when they get it, will leave women much as they were before.

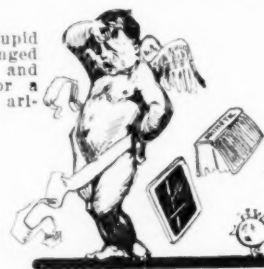
LET it be admitted quite frankly that women are going to get the vote. Within a very short time all over the British Isles and North America,—in the States and the nine provinces of Canada,—woman suffrage will soon be an accomplished fact. It is a coming event which casts its shadow, or its illumination, in front of it. The woman's vote and total prohibition are two things that are moving across the map with gigantic strides. Whether they are good or bad things is another question. They are coming. As for the women's vote, it has largely come. And as for prohibition, it is going to be recorded as one of the results of the European War, foreseen by nobody. When the King of England decided that the way in which he could best help the country was by giving up drinking, the admission was fatal. It will stand as one of the landmarks of British history comparable only to such things as the signing of the Magna Carta by King John, or the serving out of rum and water instead of pure rum in the British Navy under George III.

So the woman's vote and prohibition are coming. A few rare spots—such as

Louisiana, and the City of New York—will remain and offer here and there a wet oasis in the desert of dry virtue. Even that cannot endure. Before many years are past, all over this continent women with a vote and men without a drink will stand looking at one another and wondering, what next?

For when the vote is reached the woman question will not be solved but only begun.

Little Cupid exchanged his bow and arrow for a book on arithmetic.



In and of itself, a vote is nothing. It neither warms the skin nor fills the stomach. Very often the privilege of a vote confers nothing but the right to express one's opinion as to which of two crooks is the crookeder.

BUT after the women have obtained the vote the question is, what are they going to do with it? The answer is, nothing, or at any rate nothing that men would not do without them. Their only visible use of it will be to elect men into office. Fortunately for us all they will not elect women. Here and there perhaps at the outset, it will be done as the result of a sort of spite, a kind of sex antagonism bred by the controversy itself. But speaking broadly the women's vote will not be used to elect women to office. Women do not think enough of one another to do that. If they want a lawyer they consult a man, and those who can afford it have their clothes made by men, and their cooking done by a chef. As for their money, no woman would entrust that to another woman's keeping. They are far too wise for that.

So that the woman's vote will not result in the setting up of female prime ministers and of parliaments in which the occupants of the treasury bench cast languishing eyes across at the flushed faces of the opposition. From the utter ruin involved in such an attempt at mixed government, the women themselves will save us. They will elect men. They may even pick some good ones. It is a nice question and will stand thinking about.

But what else, or what further can they do, by means of their vote and their representatives to "emancipate" and "liberate" their sex?

Many feminists would tell us at once that if women had the vote they would first and foremost throw everything open to women on the same terms as men. Whole speeches are made on this point, and a fine fury thrown into it, often very beautiful to behold.

The entire idea is a delusion. Practically all of the world's work is open to women now, wide open. The only trouble is that they can't do it. There is nothing to prevent a woman from managing a



bank, or organizing a company, or running a department store, or floating a merger, or building a railway,—except the simple fact that she can't. Here and there an odd woman does such things, but she is only the exception that proves the rule. Such women are merely—and here I am speaking in the most decorous biological sense,—“sports.” The ordinary woman cannot do the ordinary man's work. She never has and never will. The reasons why she can't are so many, that is, she ‘can’t’ in so many different ways, that it is not worth while to try to name them.

Here and there it is true there are things closed to women, not by their own inability but by the law. This is a gross injustice. There is no defence for it. The province in which I live, for example, refuses to allow women to practise as lawyers. This is wrong. Women have just as good a right to try at being lawyers as they have at anything else. But even if all these legal disabilities, where they exist, were removed (as they will be under a woman's vote) the difference to women at large will be infinitesimal. A few gifted “sports” will earn a handsome livelihood, but the woman question in the larger sense will not move one inch nearer to solution.

The feminists, in fact, are haunted by the idea that it is possible for the average woman to have a life patterned after that of the ordinary man. They imagine her as having a career, a profession, a vocation,—something which will be her “life work” just as selling coal is the life work of the coal merchant.

If this were so, the whole question would be solved. Women and men would become equal and independent. It is thus indeed that the feminist sees them, through the roseate mist created by imagination. Husband and wife appear as a couple of honorable partners who share a house together. Each is off to business in the morning. The husband is, let us say, a stock broker: the wife manufactures iron and steel. The wife is a Liberal, the husband a Conservative. At their dinner they have animated discussions over the tariff till it is time for them to go to their clubs.



These two impossible creatures haunt the brain of the feminist and disport them in the pages of the up-to-date novel.

The whole thing is mere fiction. It is quite impossible for women,—the average and ordinary women,—to go in for having a career. Nature has forbidden it. The average woman must necessarily have,—I can only give the figures rough-

ly,—about three and a quarter children. She must replace in the population herself and her husband with something over to allow for the people who never marry and for the children that do not reach maturity. If she fails to do this the population comes to an end. Any scheme of social life must allow for these three and a quarter children and for the years of care that must be devoted to them. The vacuum cleaner can take the place of the housewife. It cannot replace the mother. No man ever said his prayers at the knees of a vacuum cleaner, or drew his first lessons in manliness and worth from the sweet old-fashioned stories that a vacuum cleaner told. Feminists of the enraged kind may talk as they will of the paid attendant and the expert baby-minder. Fiddlesticks! These things are a mere supplement, useful enough but as far away from the realities of motherhood as the vacuum cleaner itself. But the point is one that need not be labored. Sensible people understand it as soon as said. With fools it is not worth while to argue.

**B**UT, it may be urged, there are, even as it is, a great many women who are working. The wages that they receive are extremely low. They are lower in most cases than the wages for the same, or similar work, done by men. Cannot the woman's vote at least remedy this?

Here is something that deserves thinking about and that is far more nearly within the realm of what is actual and possible than wild talk of equalizing and revolutionizing the sexes.

It is quite true that women's work is underpaid. But this is only a part of a larger social injustice.

The case stands somewhat as follows: Women get low wages because low wages are all that they are worth. Taken by itself this is a brutal and misleading statement. What is meant is this. The rewards and punishments in the unequal and ill-adjusted world in which we live are most unfair. The price of anything,—sugar, potatoes, labor, or anything else,—varies according to the supply and demand: if many people want it and few can supply it the price goes up: if the contrary it goes down. If enough cabbages are brought to market they will not bring a cent a piece, no matter what it cost to raise them.

On these terms each of us sells his labor. The lucky ones, with some rare gift, or trained capacity, or some ability that by mere circumstance happened to be in a great demand, can sell high. If there were only one night plumber in this city, and the water pipes in a dozen homes of a dozen millionaires should burst all at once, he might charge a fee like that of a consulting lawyer.

On the other hand the unlucky sellers whose numbers are greater than the demand,—the mass of common laborers,—get a mere pittance. To say that their wage represents all that they produce is to argue in a circle. It is the mere pious quietism with which the well-to-do man

who is afraid to think boldly on social questions drugs his conscience to sleep.

So it stands with women's wages. It is the sheer numbers of the women themselves, crowding after the few jobs that they can do, that brings them down. It has nothing to do with the attitude of men collectively towards women in the lump. It cannot be remedied by any form of



The modern infant—sung to sleep with the faultless lullaby of the Victrola.

woman's freedom. Its remedy is bound up with the general removal of social injustice, the general abolition of poverty, which is to prove the great question of the century before us. The question of women's wages is a part of the wages' question.

To my thinking the whole idea of making women free and equal (politically) with men as a way of improving their status, starts from a wrong basis and proceeds in a wrong direction.

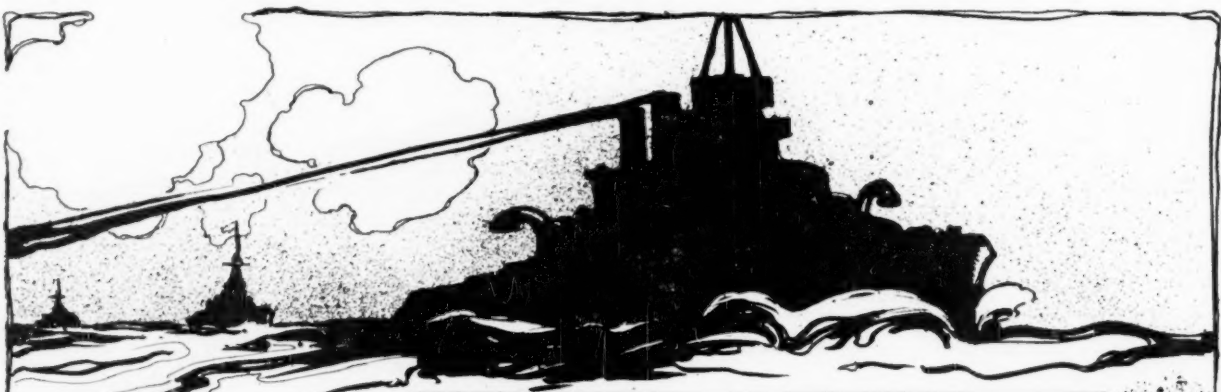
*Women need not more freedom but less.* Social policy should proceed from the fundamental truth that women are and must be dependent. If they cannot be looked after by an individual (a thing on which they took their chance in earlier days) they must be looked after by the State. To expect a woman, for example, if left by the death of her husband with young children without support, to maintain herself by her own efforts, is the most absurd mockery of freedom ever devised. Earlier generations of mankind, for all that they lived in the jungle and wore cocoanut leaves, knew nothing of it. To turn a girl loose in the world to work for herself, when there is no work to be had, or none at a price that will support life, is a social crime.

I am not attempting to show in what way the principle of woman's dependence should be worked out in detail in legislation. Nothing short of a book could deal with it. All that the present article attempts is the presentation of a point of view.

**I** HAVE noticed that my clerical friends, on the rare occasions when they are privileged to preach to me, have a way of closing their sermons by “leaving their congregations with a thought.” It is a good scheme. It suggests an inexhaustible fund of reserve thought not yet tapped. It keeps the congregation, let us hope, in a state of trembling eagerness for the next instalment.

With the readers of this article I do the same. I leave them with the thought that perhaps in the modern age it is not the increased freedom of woman that is needed but the increased recognition of their dependence. Let the reader remain agonized over that till I write something else.





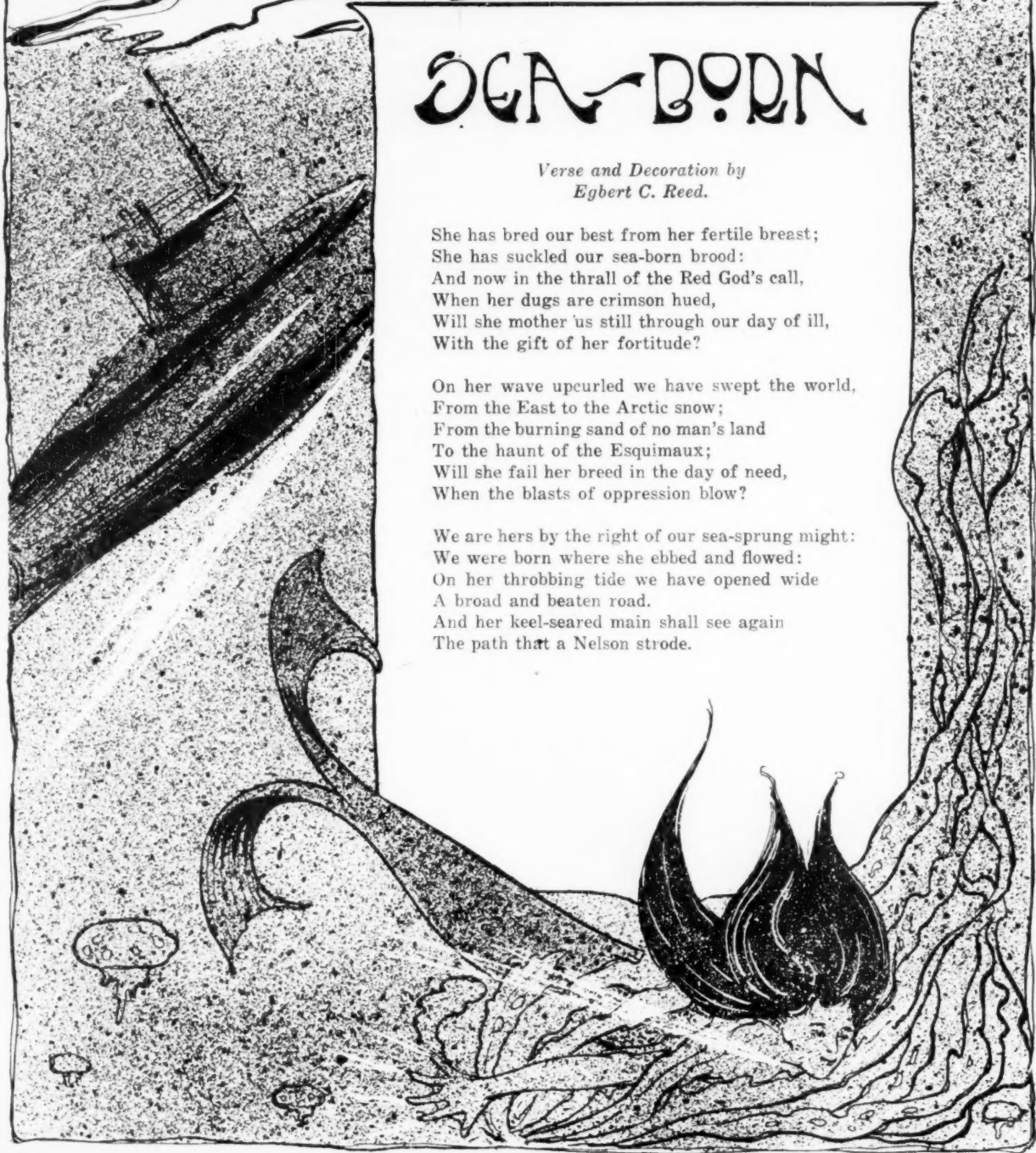
# SEA-BORN

*Verse and Decoration by  
Egbert C. Reed.*

She has bred our best from her fertile breast;  
She has suckled our sea-born brood:  
And now in the thrall of the Red God's call,  
When her dugs are crimson hued,  
Will she mother 'us still through our day of ill,  
With the gift of her fortitude?

On her wave upcurled we have swept the world,  
From the East to the Arctic snow;  
From the burning sand of no man's land  
To the haunt of the Esquimaux;  
Will she fail her breed in the day of need,  
When the blasts of oppression blow?

We are hers by the right of our sea-sprung might:  
We were born where she ebb'd and flow'd:  
On her throbbing tide we have opened wide  
A broad and beaten road.  
And her keel-sear'd main shall see again  
The path that a Nelson strode.



# The Next Man Up: By W. A. CRAICK

**H**OW often one hears some such questions as these raised—Who is likely to succeed So-and-So in the presidency of such-and-such a corporation? What are A's chances of stepping into B's shoes, when B retires from the position of general manager of C Company? Is M or N the next man in line for the active control of this or that big financial institution?

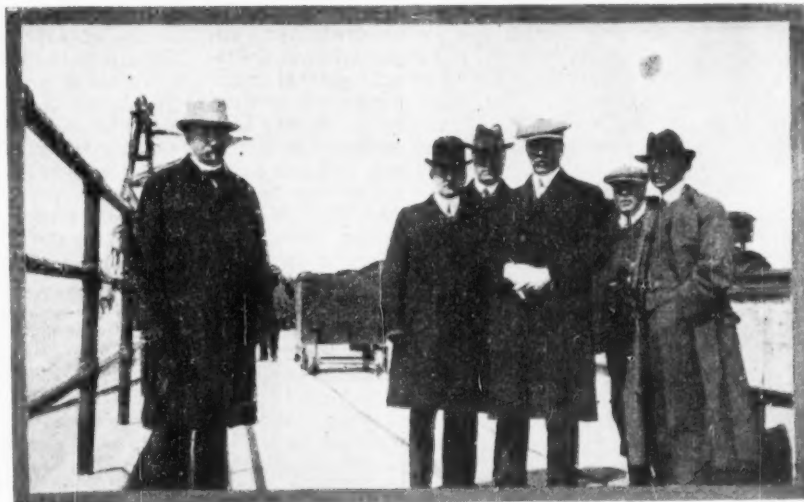
This speculation is quite natural. When so much business is being done on the strength of future developments, it is not unreasonable to give consideration to what may possibly eventuate in the way of changed managements. Much may depend on whether this man or that succeeds to power. The policy of the former may run in one direction—that of the latter may lie in an entirely opposite direction. Differences of character, habit and outlook, may have a very powerful bearing on the outcome.

Even beyond these practical considerations, there is a certain fascination in sizing up possibilities of preferment in big business. It is human nature to evince an insatiable curiosity regarding the future. While men often turn to gamble on the most uncertain and capricious matters, the deepest interest must inevitably lie in those circumstances of life with which human beings are personally associated.

In point of fact, however, in the case of most of the larger corporations of the country, the problem of a likely succession becomes quite a simple one. Recognizing the force of the inevitable, these big concerns have so adjusted their organizations that for practically every official of standing on their staffs, there is an understudy or one who could on short notice, step into his superior's place and do his work. It is an obviously necessary provision and at no point is its value more evident than in that final seat of authority—the office of the general manager. Here temporary chaos might reign, were the chief executive to be suddenly removed, leaving no one with the requisite knowledge or training to pick up the threads and carry on the business of the company without trouble or delay.

Who, then, are the next men up, the coming chief officials, in the case of the big business and financial concerns of the Dominion? That there are such men is obvious; that their prospective promotion is already to all intents and purposes, cut and dried, is a fair assumption;

## Prospective Successors to Posts of Authority in Big Canadian Business



THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE C.P.R. AND THE "NEXT MAN UP" IN THE ORGANIZATION.  
President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy on the left, with Vice-President George Bury standing next him in the group, at the opening of the Bassano Dam.

tion; that some day, sooner or later, and barring accident, they will become outstanding figures in the business life of the country, may almost be taken for granted. On the basis of their eventual prominence, if not on account of any present fame they may possess, these men should be persons of considerable public interest even now.

**A**PART from Governmental possibilities at Ottawa, which are admittedly of very great general importance, there is probably no question of succession to office in Canada of more compelling interest than that to the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. So powerful has this corporation become and so widespread has its sphere of influence grown that in prestige as a business concern, it ranks second only to the Dominion Government itself. To hold office as its chief executive is to occupy a proud position in the life of the country, while to rank as a prospective successor to that chief executive is to be in line for one of the most spectacular promotions in the business affairs of the Dominion.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who has been president of the company since 1898, is still, comparatively speaking, in the prime of life. He was born in 1853, and is consequently only sixty-two years of age. When so much of the important work of the world is being done nowadays by men between sixty and seventy, it is quite within the possibilities that Sir Thomas may continue to control the destinies of the C. P. R. for several years to come. At the same time, the uncertainties of life are such that it would be folly for a corporation of the size and importance of the big railway company to

be without the services of a man who could in case of necessity take up the chief executive's work without delay.

Who, therefore, is slated for the presidency after Sir Thomas retires? Who is the crown prince of the big transportation enterprise? To name the person with any degree of definiteness is impossible. Boards of directors have a way at times of upsetting all calculations. Yet, there are certain straws that show how the wind blows, and one of the most significant of these was the action taken last year on the retirement of Vice-President David McNicoll. Mr. McNicoll was vice-president in charge of the company's eastern lines, while western lines

were under the control of Vice-President George Bury. Both reported to the president, and both were on a parity so far as authority went, except that Mr. McNicoll had the additional standing which membership in the board of directors imparted.

Following Mr. McNicoll's withdrawal from active participation in the management of the road, a change was made in the organization. Instead of leaving the office of vice-president in charge of eastern lines as it was, its scope was enlarged to embrace all lines, and while a vice-president for western lines was still required, his authority was to be subsidiary to that of the new vice-president for all lines. The man, therefore, who was selected for the latter position, was to be a powerful figure in the system and quite plainly was to rank next to the president.

Mr. Bury received the appointment, and at the same time was constituted a member of the board of directors. As the only vice-president of the company, who is a director, and as the occupant of the very important office described, he is unquestionably to be regarded as the coming man in the C. P. R. organization. It is quite true that rumor mentions one or two other possibilities for preferment, but as matters now stand, public opinion considers Mr. Bury as the next man in line for promotion.

For many years Canada has had to look to the United States for its higher railroad officials. Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the late C. M. Hays and E. J. Chamberlin, were all born across the border and received their training as railroad men on American lines. Mr. Bury, on the other hand,





SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE'S ASSISTANT  
L. C. Fritch, a talented American railroad man, now General  
Manager of Eastern lines of the C.N.R.  
—Photo by Courtesy Canadian Railway & Marine World.

comes of the new generation of native-born officials, who have spent all their working days in the employ of Canadian roads. He belongs by birth to Montreal, and he started his career at the age of seventeen, and in the service of the company with which he is still associated.

Oddly enough, it was in Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's office that the young man obtained employment. Knighthood and presidential responsibilities were then far beyond the dreams of the brisk Irish-American railroader, who was at that period, filling the position of purchasing agent for the C. P. R., and it may be presumed that his new clerk had still less idea that one day both he and his superior would be occupying the highest stations in the service of the company.

For a short period, after his preliminary training under Mr. Shaughnessy, Mr. Bury acted as private secretary to Sir William Van Horne, then general manager of the road. Just to show how he never lost an opportunity to improve himself while in this position, it may be mentioned that whenever he traveled with Sir William, either in Canada or the United States, he was accustomed to spend every moment of his spare time in prowling around yards and terminals taking in how things were done. Following his experience as private secretary he was transferred from the clerical to the operating department and appointed assistant superintendent at North Bay. From then on promotion came to him rapidly. He was ambitious, energetic and eager to secure the approbation of his superiors. He took pains to post himself, not only on matters connected with his immediate sphere of activity, but on railroad problems in general, becoming

thereby an all-round authority and valuable accordingly.

THE name of George Bury first began to come into prominence about eight years ago, at the time he received the appointment of assistant general manager of western lines. He was then stationed at Winnipeg, and was right-hand man to the late Sir William Whyte. Two years later he was promoted to be general manager, and on the retirement of Sir William in 1911, succeeded him as vice-president in charge of all lines west of Lake Superior. During this period, Mr. Bury was active in making those enlargements and reconstructions that were features of

the railway development of the last decade in Western Canada.

A "live wire" is the description accorded Mr. Bury by those easterners who have been brought into contact with him for the first time since his return to Montreal from the west.

His activity, coupled with his western ideas of how things should be done, has served to infuse a new and vigorous life into the head office organization. He has introduced numerous innovations, has made drastic economic reforms, and is bending his energies to the solution of the pressing problem of the day—how best to give a maximum of service at a minimum of expense. In appearance, Mr. Bury is of medium height and stocky build, with light-colored hair and moustache. He is of a quick, nervous temperament; is an energetic worker and a man not only of administrative ability but of inventive genius and literary tastes. He

was forty-nine years of age on his last birthday.

SO much for prospective succession in the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. What of its old-time rival, the Grand Trunk? Here, the speculator in future promotions is faced with a somewhat more puzzling problem. In the Canadian Pacific organization, one of the company's vice-presidents, by reason of superior authority and membership in the board of directors, admittedly takes precedence; in the Grand Trunk, all the vice-presidents are supposed to stand on a parity, and it is impossible to say that this official or that is, by vote of the board of directors or otherwise, superior to his colleagues. It becomes necessary, therefore, in the case of the Grand Trunk, to discriminate among the vice-presidents and seek to determine which of them is popularly, or in the estimation of railroad men, at least, regarded as next in line for advancement.

At the present moment, Vice-President Howard G. Kelley appears to be the favorite. The departments over which he presides are undoubtedly of prime importance in the railway organization, and for this reason, if for no other, it might naturally be assumed that next to those of President Chamberlin himself, his duties are of the greatest moment in the management of the road. He is in charge of construction, transportation and maintenance—three of the vital branches of railway operation, and while his colleagues in the departments of finance, law, traffic, etc., are handling weighty matters in their respective spheres of influence, it is generally admitted that his work is exceptionally important, giving



SIR DONALD MANN'S ASSISTANT  
This is A. J. Mitchell, who as comptroller of Mackenzie, Mann & Co., has had much to do with the construction of the C.N.R.  
He, too, is regarded as a "comer" in the organization.





THE ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

John Aird, one of the strong men in Canadian banking, who during the recent protracted illness of General Manager Laird, has been exercising the full powers of management.

ing him an implied, if not an actual, precedence among them.

Mr. Kelley is another of those American-trained railroaders who has come over the line to help Canadians run their railway systems. Born in Philadelphia fifty-seven years ago, he graduated from the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania as a civil engineer and entered the employ of the Northern Pacific Railway in 1881, being assistant engineer on location, construction and bridge work. Then followed some experience as a mining engineer, after which he reverted to railway work and was connected in an engineering capacity with several western roads. It was from one of the latter that he was selected by the late C. M. Hays in 1907 to become chief engineer of the Grand Trunk, while four years later, in recognition of efficient service, he was advanced to his present position.

There can be little doubt that much of the credit for the steady improvement in Grand Trunk service of late years belongs to Mr. Kelley. His training as an engineer has had its influence on his work, and he has approached problems that have confronted him in a broad and far-sighted manner. He believes thoroughly in organization under competent heads, while he has a way of quietly inspiring enthusiasm that is slowly but surely having its effect. He is popular on the road and being a very active individual with plenty of go about him, he makes his influence felt personally from end to end of the line.

Personally, Mr. Kelley is on the short side, so far as height is concerned, but he is the possessor of a very remarkable head that distinguishes him as a man of

senior of Mr. Kelley and in the ordinary course he should have many years more of active connection with the corporation. Still as matters stand to-day, Mr. Kelley is to be regarded as the second figure in the management and a presumptive successor to the president but whether or not he will eventually advance to this position is dependent on so many contingencies that he would be a bold man who would dare to make the prophecy.

PASSING now to the third big railway system a somewhat more complicated situation is encountered. If the line of succession appears fairly clear cut in the case of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Systems, the same can hardly be said of the Canadian Northern. There is this essential difference at the outset. The former are corporations owned

exceptional brain-power. He makes a very delightful companion on the road, and is as courteous and hospitable a person as one could wish to meet. Being a man of education and refinement he evinces many qualities that the average railroader is not supposed to possess, and in both manner and appearance holds his own in any company. It is understood that he is highly regarded by the English directors, who place much confidence in his judgment on matters pertaining to construction and maintenance.

Of course Mr. Chamberlin, the present head of the Grand Trunk System is by no means an old man. As a matter of fact he is just six years the

by thousands of shareholders and their chief officials are in a sense employees of the respective companies. The latter is a company, the controlling interest in which belongs to a second company—Mackenzie, Mann & Co.—of which the highest officials of the road are the principal owners. In other words office and ownership go together in the case of the Canadian Northern, as they do not in the case of the other corporations.

Apropos of the firm name—Mackenzie, Mann & Co.—the story of how it originated is not without historic interest. When William Mackenzie and Donald Mann started their railroad enterprise, they went to the head office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Toronto with the intention of opening an account. They had both been engaged in contracting on a large scale and had a considerable sum of money to deposit. Indeed, Sir William maintains that they had more ready cash that day than they have ever had since.

After interviewing B. E. Walker, then general manager, the latter took them down to the banking room and gave instructions to open an account. Immediately the question arose, under what name should it be placed on the books. The pair looked at each other questioningly when Mann said, "How old are you Mackenzie?" On learning that Mackenzie was the older Mann said, "Then call it Mackenzie & Mann." It was accordingly about to be written down, Mackenzie & Mann, when the senior partner exclaimed, "Make it Mackenzie, Mann & Co. I've got a son that I want to bring in some day and the company can include him."

So Mackenzie, Mann & Co. it became, but unfortunately the boy referred to did



THE ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL

As next in command to Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, A. D. Braithwaite holds a conspicuous position in Canadian banking circles.

not live to enter the partnership. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir William's eldest son, who gave every promise of becoming as able a man as his father and one who might have been expected to attain high standing in Canadian affairs, was cut off almost on the threshold of his career.

The circumstance that ownership plays an important part in the C.N.R. situation introduces an element which makes predictions as to probable developments extremely difficult. It may seem natural to suppose that when the time comes for the two doughty railroad knights—Sir William and Sir Donald—to step aside, their offices will be filled by their sons and heirs. This would be quite reasonable of course, but still certain contingencies might arise, which would make this course impossible. There is the prospect of Government intervention for one thing and, that this is not entirely outside the probabilities, is the view of many thinking people. Indeed, one very influential Canadian, when asked the question, who would be the next president of the Canadian Northern System, replied, "I don't know, but I am confident he will be nominated by the cabinet of the day."

As the situation exists at the present moment, the Canadian Northern is virtually a four-man proposition. That is to say, there are four big men in control of its affairs—Mackenzie, Mann, Lash and



THE ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF CANADA'S THIRD LARGEST BANK

C. E. Neill, of the Royal Bank, is young and aggressive and deserves credit for a good deal of the Bank's progress of recent years.

Hanna. The two former are the constructive forces that are calling the system into being. Mr. Lash is the very necessary legal ally of the owners, while Mr. Hanna is the controlling power in the operating department.

It is quite safe to predict that so long

as any of the four are in harness and the Canadian Northern fabric is intact, they will be individually or collectively the dominating force in its management. Under present circumstances, should Sir William suddenly step out, Sir Donald would unquestionably step in. Should both retire, Z. A. Lash or D. B. Hanna would undoubtedly follow them in office, even though room might have to be found at the same time on the directorate for the younger generation.

These possibilities are fairly certain, but one recalls that, with the exception of Mr. Hanna, who will be fifty-seven this year, the other three men are now well past the three-score mark, Sir Donald sixty-two and Mr. Lash sixty-nine. It is tolerably well known that both Sir William and Sir Donald would be glad to step aside when once the system is complete, assuming honorary positions on the board and allowing others to take up the more arduous duties of management. The reflection suggests the question, who are the men in training to take their places eventually? Or to put it more bluntly, who are the

next men up in the Canadian Northern organization?

THE question is a plural one. It is doubtful whether Sir William Mackenzie himself would be able to place

*Continued on Page 103.*

## OCTOBER

*By Lucy Betty McRaye*

October fires her beacons with a brand of frost and flame;  
The maples burn from hill to hill to mark the way she came.  
With scarlet and with crimson leaves the woods emblazoned be  
When tanned October sets a light to every maple tree.

The apples lie in ruddy heaps beneath the rifled boughs;  
The upturned earth is brown and cool beneath the furrowing ploughs;  
The young blades of the new wheat grow as virginal and green  
As meadows in the lap of spring, the umber fields between.

Round as a yellow pumpkin is, rises an autumn moon;  
The empty corn shocks in the grip of rough winds shake and croon;  
Fantastic as a tawny line of witches, lean and dry  
Astride to ride on Hallow'een across a velvet sky.

The vines are stripped and garnered are the golden harvest sheaves;  
The ripe nuts cluster underneath the bronze and russet leaves;  
The scented smoke of burning brush wreathes in a thin blue haze  
When dusky-eyed October sets the maple trees ablaze.





# The Years of the Wicked

MISS HEPZIBAH'S bare foot took on the appearance of a white lily as it dipped cautiously into the shaft of moon-

light. The shaft of moonlight streamed in between the cretonne curtains and came to rest in an irregular patch on the rag carpet beside the bed. The bed itself creaked; the utmost stealth of movement notwithstanding, it creaked so loudly in the quiet 2 a.m. that Miss Hepzibah held her breath and listened in sudden panic.

Above the throbbing of her pulses she could hear the breathing of the dog. That was all. She wasn't worrying about Prinney; for he was pretty well trained and, while he was nose-on to the crack at the bottom of the door with the clothes-line that tied him to the bed-post taut as a bow-string, he hadn't let out a sound.

There was a certain business-like menace in that silence which seemed to substantiate the grim assurance possessing the lines of Miss Peters' mouth as she tip-toed about the room. Also there was a gun hanging on a rack beside the bed—a doubled-barrelled affair, a muzzle-loading old-timer that had killed many deer in its day. The knife which dangled on the bed-post, where it would be handy for severing the bulldog's leash in an emergency, was just a plain domestic butcher-knife which Miss Hepzibah used for cutting up rhubarb stalks and so forth; but one could have shaved with it quite handily—almost. In fact, Miss Hepzibah Peters was armed—to the teeth!

REACHING for the gun, she wound the dog's line several times around her wrist and quietly turned the knob of the door. With a flaming red dressing-gown wrapped about her meagre form and pale blue woolen bedroom slippers peeping out now and then beneath the hem, she began a cautious advance. On the landing, half way down the stairs, she pulled the dog behind her and craned her thin neck forward till the moonlight, shining through the glass of the front door, bathed her forehead and used her two front curl-papers to make a shadow on the wall that looked like the devil.

There was nobody in the hallway below. The sounds seemed to be coming from the parlor. That was the room which she kept shut up with blinds drawn. One by one, the family had gone to the cemetery from this room. It contained all the family heirlooms, including a melodeon whose yellowed keys nobody ever fingered, mohair chairs upon which nobody ever sat now, a pair of china dogs which nobody ever played with and sundry black walnut frames enclosing crayon portraits which nobody ever looked at except Miss Hepzibah.

For she lived alone now, Miss Hepzibah—very much alone indeed—and she did not encourage visitors. The few whom Prinney and his mistress did tolerate were content to munch their cookies and sip their raspberry vinegar in the kitchen; certainly the fine rag carpet which

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

Illustrated by HARRY EDWARDS

Grandmother had made with her own hands was no place for stains and crumbs.

So the parlor was the room which was kept shut up till the air was musty. And that was where Miss Peters hid a little, old, Japanese urn, of brass—hid it in a dark corner beneath a board that was loose in the flooring. And this urn had money in it—not very much, barely enough for her to live on without selling the old place.

Peeking breathlessly through the crack of the open door, she had just noted that the blinds were all up as far as they would go, admitting a flood of moonlight, when the dog broke away from her abruptly and with a ferocious growl charged into the room as if shot from a catapult.

Followed a hoarse yell, a crash of glass, the black figure of a man diving through the window, the black streak of the bulldog, leaping after—running feet, barking!

Miss Hepzibah had been knocked off her feet by the dog's sudden plunge. She picked herself up slowly, hobbled over to the window and glanced out. Then she crossed to the dark corner where the carpet was turned back and a black hole yawned in the flooring. The little, old, Japanese urn was lying on its side not far away and, when its owner had finished picking up the scatter, she put it back, replaced the board and drew the carpet over it once more.

On one of the chairs a thirty-two-calibre revolver shone wickedly in the moonlight, evidence of a haste inspired by an over-powering fear of dogs. Miss Hepzibah handled the thing gingerly and tossed it out the broken window.

She went back to her bedroom. There she lit the lamp, laid out her best lustre dress and her ridiculous little black bonnet, rusty with age and use, and proceeded to make a careful toilet. When her front hair was frizzed to her satisfaction and the bonnet ribbons tied to suit her, she hunted up the Grandfather's worn old carpet bag and descended to the kitchen. Here she lifted a trap door and climbed down carefully into the cellar where a hanging shelf, that was laden with a variety of things, swung to and fro to the touch.

And all this time Miss Peters was as coldly purposeful as she could be. Her thin, sallow face was set in dominant severity; her eyes glittered like bits of metal; her feelings seemed to be all curled up inside her and her outward calm was the deceit of placid surfaces beneath which rage dangerous torrents deep down.

WHEN she came up from the cellar she blew out the lamp, left it on the table with some matches beside it, picked

up the muzzle-loader that had killed many deer in its day and, marching out of the house, deposited it and the carpet-bag on the step

while she locked the door behind her. Not till then did she look to see which tree the midnight intruder had chosen.

He had chosen well. The big willow forked about four feet from the ground and lent itself more readily to hasty ascent than any of the others. Leaving the carpet-bag on the doorstep, Miss Hepzibah marched down the graveled walk between the borders of Sweet William and Forget-me-not and struck straight across to the tree at the foot of which the bulldog growled his savage regret. In the bright moonlight her angular form bore down like a Nemesis.

"For heaven's sake, call off that dog!" called the man hoarsely. "It's me—your nephew—Dan."

She stooped to peer upward, squinting her eyes to catch sight of the black shape of him among the shifting moon mottles on the leaves.

"You'll be a-climbin' down now," she commanded.

"Call off that hell-hound, d'you hear me!" he roared.

SHE spoke sharply to the dog, who whimpered and trotted over to her side obediently. Once more she twisted the dragging rope about her wrist.

"You'll be a-climbin' down," she repeated, a trifle louder. And he started downward, laughing shortly, one eye fastened warily on the dog. He paused in the fork of the tree.

"Nice doggie! Nice ol' feller!"

"He won't be a-bitin' you 'less I be a'tellin' him to. You'll be a-climbin' down!"

"Right-o. Down it is." He jumped and started forward very much at his ease.

"Stop!" shrilled Miss Hepzibah. She raised the gun. "You jest stop where you be or I'll shoot you!"

"Wh—why, Aunt Zib! Aintcha tumbled to me yet? Don't you know who I am?"

"I know who you be, Danny Larcombe, right well. Turn your back and march straight ahead. We be a-goin' to the stable to hitch up old Bill."

"Not so fast!" His eyes had narrowed with quick suspicion. "Not by a darn sight! I don't mind helpin' you to hitch up, but I gotter know where you're goin'."

"When the time comes fer you to know, Danny Larcombe, you'll know. You be a-comin' with me. What's more, I beant' a-goin' to stand fer no foolin' this time."

"This time?" he echoed, scowling angrily. "Say, ol' girl, you better cut out the funny business an' talk a little sense! Savvy?"

HE took a threatening step towards her, at which she promptly unwound one loop of the dog's rope from her wrist. He saw the movement and his heavy jaw dropped. Something very like triumph flashed into Miss Hepzibah's eyes.



"Some time ago, Danny Larcombe," she began with quiet determination, "you stole some money fer which you went to jail. You lied to me about it—writ that you didn't do it—an' when you broke out an' come runnin' fer me I was fooled into helpin' you to git away from them as was a-lookin' fer you. I thought mebbe you'd be a-gittin' a fresh start down there in the States where you said you was agoin'."

"An' what do I find, Danny Larcombe? I find that you was a-lyin' all the time—that you was nothin' but a thief! An' to prove it I find you back here now—in my house—in the act o' stealin' every cent I hev in the world! There be them as be worth their salt, Danny Larcombe," cried Miss Hepzibah, indignantly, "an' there be them as ain't!" She waved her arm toward the stable.

"We go now to hitch up old Bill an' we'll jest be a-drivin' over to the Pen'tentiary you broke out o' an' we kin make it nicely by sun-up ef we're a-gettin' started to wunst."

Larcombe swore. He scoffed loudly. Nevertheless his eye was wild as he glanced quickly about him. The dog growled, tugging at the line and whining with desire. Miss Hepzibah let another loop drop from her wrist. The man stared at her intently and for the first time fear crept into his look.

"Aw now, Aunt Zib, you can't be meanin' all that," he objected in a jocular tone. "Why, Aunt Zib—Why, say, I wasn't tryin' to swipe your coin. Think I'd do that after the way you've always been so good to me? What kind of a nephew d'you take me fer anyway?" He laughed at the very idea. "Honest, Aunt Zib, I wasn't—"

"Quit lyin'!" snapped Miss Hepzibah, her eyes blazing with sudden wrath. "I beant a-goin' to wait much longer, Danny Larcombe, fer you to be a-marchin' to the stable. I'll be a-turnin' the dog on you when I count three 'less you be a-movin' the way I be a-tellin' you to! Ef the dog don't git you, I'll jest be a-shootin' you!—One!"

"Fer heaven's sake, Aunt Zib, listen a minute, will you! Have you gone clean dippy? Y'ain't meanin'—?"

"Two!"

The dog snarled as he felt the rope loosen still another loop. He strained forward eagerly.

"Now look here, Aunt Zib, you hold on a minute! I'm—"

"Th—ree!"

"Goin', doggonit!" finished Dan Larcombe, savagely.

**A**BOUT he went, overpoweringly anxious, and started forward with alacrity towards the ramshackle, old stable in the rear of the premises, Miss Hepzibah following grimly and the dog's drooling jaws within a yard of his heels.

It did not take long to get the harness on the old horse. Larcombe lingered near the lantern, after lighting it, stroking one big hand along the animal's neck.

"Well Bill, ol' boy, I ain't seen you fer quite some time. Wonder if you've fergot me plumb, same as *her*," he apostrophized. "Eh, ol' nag? D'you 'member the little kid you used to ride on your back?" He laid

his head on the old horse's neck with a show of affection.

"Drop that knife! Drop it, I say!"

The words came like the spilling of marbles on the surface of thick glass, so quick and hard and sharp they were. Miss Hepzibah thrust forward the muzzle of the gun till the black holes of it stared cavernous menace.

"I told you afore I beant a-goin' to hev no foolin', Danny Larcombe!"

He stared at her with a new respect as he loosened the clutch of his fingers on the wooden handle of the cobbler's knife that was stuck in the stable beam, where she had left it one day after mending the harness.

"Y'aint needin' no specs yet, Aunt Zib," he conceded.

"I beant a-goin' to hev no foolin'," she repeated with asperity. "Take down that there rope!" He lifted the coil from its peg. "We'll be a-hitchin' up now."

The dusty old democrat stood conveniently near the door and it was with a sudden appreciation of the situation that he guffawed as he backed the horse into the shafts and slipped the tugs over the iron hooks of the whiffle-tree.

**B**UT his mirth was short lived. She made him climb into the back of the democrat. She made him stretch himself on his stomach with his arms behind him. When she proceeded to tie his hands together he protested vehemently that he would go peaceably without this indignity. The dog growled ominously.

"The wise shall inherit glory: but shame shall be the promotion of fools," she quoted severely. "Now, roll over! Roll!"

He rolled. She then tied his feet securely, running the rope from his ankles over the dashboard, carrying it back underneath the rig, around the rear axle; in the end of it she fixed a slip-knot and throwing this over his head, drew it taught around his throat with no gentleness.

"Kuk—gug—gug!" he gurgled. He kicked and the dog promptly grabbed his boot.

She loosened the rope so that he could breathe and released the boot. Then lifting in the dog beside him, she fastened the brute's rope to the handle of the seat. With the gun between her knees, she jerked on the lines.

"Aunt Zib!" he implored, terrified.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw that Prinney had stretched himself out comfortably upon the prisoner's stomach.

"He won't be a-bitin' you 'less I be a-tellin' him to," she reassured. "Or 'less you move vi'lent."

At the doorstep she pulled up to secure the Grandfather's old carpet-bag. A moment later they had rolled out into the highway that stretched off in the moonlight, a winding ribbon of white, thick with dust. It promised to be a strange journey.

**D**AN LARCOMBE, thug, all-round good-for-nothing, convicted of embezzlement and other things, preserved silence for some time. Dan Larcombe, wanted for jail-breaking, was thinking—thinking so hard that his small, crafty eyes were almost entirely out of sight be-

neath the fleshy folds of his eye-lids while his heavy mouth was drawn to one side in a smirk of contempt that bared his yellow teeth. The contempt was largely for his own physical cowardice—for the inherent terror of dogs that enabled a thin, old woman to tie up a big bulk of a man like a trussed pig and take him back to the jail from which he had escaped nearly a year before. It was his hoodoo, that terror with which he had been born. If he had had a weapon of any kind—! If he hadn't left his gun—!

Larcombe cursed himself as emphatically as was possible on his back without unduly agitating his diaphragm. Even so, the pastime provoked a warning growl from the ugly passenger who rode the swell of it—a growl which presented Mr. Larcombe with the unusual and altogether unpleasant sensation of a pipe-organ thundering bass to a congregation composed of a liver, a spleen and sundry giddy nerve centres.

"Aint this joke gone far 'nough, Aunt Zib? Y'aint really meanin' to hand me over to them fellers yonder?" he ventured at length in such a subdued, meek voice that Miss Peters glanced at him sharply.

"Do it look as ef we be a-goin' into town to do shoppin'?" she demanded scornfully.

"Have you clean fergot as I'm your own nephew, Aunt Zib?"

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place," quoted Miss Hepzibah, compressing her lips grimly. "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh."

"Aw, cut it!"

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind."

"Guess that's right, Aunt Zib—if you hand me over. You used to tell me you loved me," he attempted wistfully. "Them was the days when you made we wear a pink sash. 'Member the time, Aunt Zib, when I run away an' got the sash all spoiled tryin' to tie it 'round the ol' pig's neck? It was on my—my birthday, Aunt Zib, an' you was goin' to give me a party. 'Member?"

"It—it was on your birthday," nodded Miss Hepzibah sadly.

"Seems like that was a mighty long time back, Aunt Zib."

"You was six then. You'll be thirty-four, come next Friday."

"Gee! I'd fergot the dates. It ain't goin' to be what you might cail a—happy birthday, is it, Aunt Zib? 'S my unlucky day, I guess."

"It aint a-goin' to be no happy birthday, Danny," agreed Miss Hepzibah, tremulously.

"You—fergive me fer spillin' the sash that time, Aunt Zib," he suggested craftily.

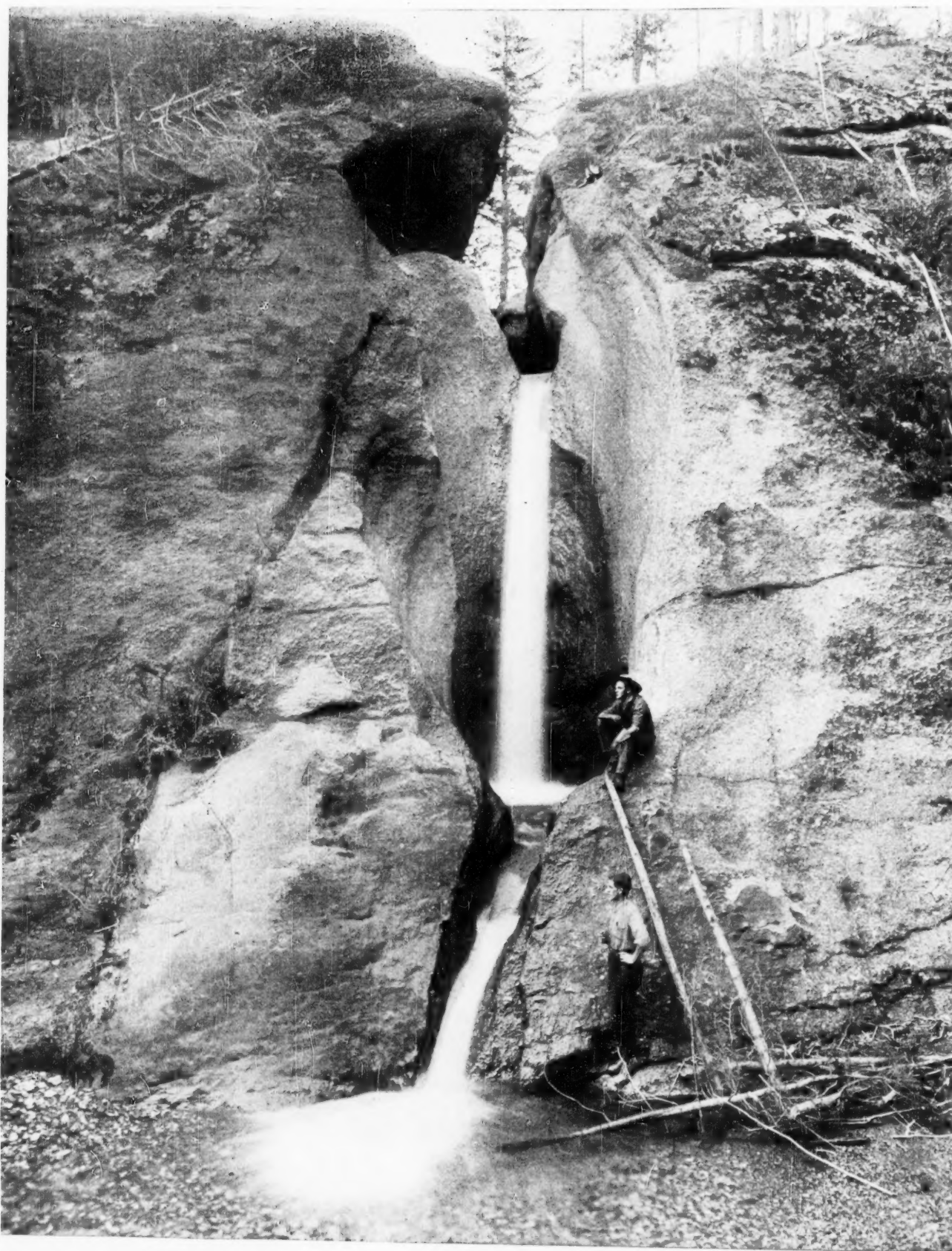
"I hev fergave you wunst, Danny Larcombe," sobbed Miss Hepzibah, unable longer to restrain her tears. "I hev fergave you a hunderd times! An' how hev you repaid that forgiveness?—by comin' back to steal from the hand as helped you an' breakin' the heart as loved you! Oh how could you do it? How could you do it?"

*Continued on Page 82.*



—He took a threatening step towards her, at which she promptly unwound one loop of the dog's rope from her wrist.





—"Devil's Punch Bowl," a remarkable waterfall in the North Rockies.



# The New British Columbia

THE building of a second transcontinental railroad

By NORMAN LAMBERT

and muskeg at a height ranging from ten to thirty feet. Physical obstacles

across Canada was undertaken with the view of making competition in the business of carrying freight and passenger traffic. The opening of that second transcontinental highway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, for operation to the Pacific coast, last fall, has done more than create a new line of transportation through the mountains and the Middle West. It has given the tourist in Canada a new variety of scenery. It has done even more than that. It has introduced to the people of this country, a part of their heritage which is altogether unlike any other part: a vast realm with a new character, by no means the least attractive in a Dominion of many parts and many features.

The danger which lurks in any description or discussion of the new route through northern British Columbia, is that which rises out of the very human frailty of making comparisons and contrasts, or setting up the old against the new. The more southerly line through the mountains, now well-known by people all the way round the world, still appeals in undimmed beauty to many tourists, while the less beaten path of the new north has charms to capture the exclusive praises of another group of travelers.

But the truth is, there is no absolute basis of comparison in this question of picturesqueness. Just as beauty, pure and inspiring, is contained alike in different types of architecture, so it may be found in varying stretches of landscape, or mountain view. The degree of beauty in a piece of scenery, as in one of the periods of architecture, is largely a matter of taste. For years, the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia have been accessible to the traveling public over the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and our picture has accorded with that now stale, but still apt, descriptive estimate of B.C., as "a sea of mountains." Stupendous cliffs, towering high, and sheer precipices, descending to mighty rushing rivers, skirt the fine path along which the train threads its way from level to level, and from one range of mountains to another. Massive creations of rock and snow and ice stand on all sides, and to the winding ribbons of steel ahead, there seems no outlet; when suddenly the reeling retinue of coaches is ushered up and through a narrow pass, and on into a new world of mountain grandeur. The magnificence of it all is almost overwhelming. Then the summit of the last range is reached, where

"The ~~sea~~ has cleared the mountain croup and crest,  
And we ride the iron stallion down to drink  
Through the canons to the waters of the West."

THAT is the scenic course through the mountains that we have learned to know. The new one of the north reveals a different British Columbia. It leaves a

picture which is truly the complement of the other. Instead of the heights of impending ruggedness, the spiral tunnels and precipitous slopes to the rivers leading through the passes, you see long vistas through wide, tree-clothed valleys, with tall, graceful, snow-capped mountains, like Titan guards, in the background. Much beautiful soil and a luxuriant vegetation are to be seen in addition to rock and snow. Coursing smoothly through the wide valley lands, are rivers which wind and twist themselves into a distant wilderness of green forest. The railroad from which you look, does not mount in spiral fashion up some rocky cliff, and then descend in like manner, to a narrow outlet beside a roaring torrent. It pursues the even tenor of its way over easy grades from Prince Rupert to the Yellowhead Pass where it emerges into Jasper Park and proceeds through the foothills of Alberta. The wider valleys of the north and the more convenient courses of the great rivers have laid a more regular path for the railway man than by way of the Kicking Horse and Rogers Passes, and the feats of engineering, necessarily have not been so marvelous as in those high and narrow defiles of the Southern Rockies and Selkirks. But both routes have an equal wealth of natural beauty. The radiance and charm of one cannot spoil the other, for both ways through the mountains have distinctive features. They are typical of two parts of the same province, whose topography changes as you follow the map from the south to the north. The two principal scenic highways through British Columbia are not rivals: they are complementary.

To feel the gripping influence of the wild, untouched, northern regions of British Columbia, make the journey from Vancouver toward Alaska, on board one of the stout little coasting vessels that will carry you between the grey-blue coast of the mainland on one side and the mountainous shores of innumerable protecting islands on the other side, for six hundred miles: Until one morning you slip through narrow straits into the peaceful harbor of Prince Rupert. Here, in latitude 54, within sight of the mountains of Alaska, the vanguard of the pioneers who came three centuries ago, as the first of the English to colonize the new continent of America, have built their last camp. Little more than six years old, the pioneer camp is now a self-contained municipality with a population of over five thousand. In that short period of years, an almost impossible townsite, set upon a rocky plateau, has been blasted and drilled until its business thoroughfares, at least, have become as even and passable as those of the most modern city. But for the greater part, Prince Rupert is still a town of improvised highways. Trestle-roads lead out from the central, business streets, to the residential districts, surmounting rock

still present themselves on every side. And, pervading the whole scene, is the alluring atmosphere of magnificent wilderness. Standing on one of the rocky pinnacles, overlooking the town and its splendid harbor, with the dark wilderness of wooded mountain rising behind us, the writer in company with one of the pioneers of that northern kingdom gazed across the waters of Hecate Straits to the dim outline of the Queen Charlotte Islands, sixty miles away. But for the town below us and two or three weather-beaten looking fishing-boats in the harbor, the view might have been that which Drake beheld, sailing northward centuries ago in his little *Golden Hynde*:

"Thro' seas unsailed by mortal mariners,  
Past isles unhalld of any human voice,  
Where sound and silence mingled in one  
song  
Of utter solitude."

And as we stood and looked, a big, white-headed eagle suddenly rose from the waterfront, with a fish dangling from its talons and flew back rapidly over the town, to its secluded nest, high up on the mountain side. The interruption of the scene over which one might ponder, was pleasing rather than annoying. It suggested still the unconquered and untamed wilderness, where man was not yet the monarch.

THRILLING and inspiring as is the experience of being present to-day at the building of Prince Rupert, it is even more stirring to follow the trail of steel eastward from the Pacific along the transcontinental line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and see in the panoramic stretch of natural scenery, the tokens of national wealth which should be tapped by the present generation of Canadians. The line of steel winds around the southern end of Kaien Island, upon which Prince Rupert is located, and crosses to the mainland at the mouth of the Skeena River. Following the north bank of that broad, swift river, past the salmon canneries of Port Essington and Inverness, the granite hills of Aberdeen, the rushing, angry waters of the canon, the scene of many narrow escapes and tragic wrecks, the fruit lands of the Kitsumkalum and Lakelse valleys, the copper deposits at Usk, onward through a beautiful forest for another hundred miles to the silver-lead mines of Hazelton and the copper mines of Rocher de Boule mountain, there is a vast and varied picture, worthy of "a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair." At New Hazelton, one is at the point farthest north on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific. An ancient road to the gold fields of the Yukon here turns northward, accompanied by the old single Dominion telegraph line coming from the East. After leaving Hazelton, the transcontinental road bends southeastward and crosses the Skeena River. The Skeena,

which turns directly northward is soon lost and the railway follows the winding Bulkley River through a fertile valley from Smithers to Endako, to the great tract of rich fruit and grain lands watered by the Nechako River, which joins the mighty Fraser at Fort George. Through the Bulkley and Nechako valleys, the vision may wander far. You are high up on one slope and below a ribbon of water may be traced through a ground of green tree-tops east or west, until entirely overhung with forest. Yonder, across miles of forest land, the horizon rises to a line of snowy mountains which leave the impression of beauty rather than size. From Prince Rupert to Fort George the land thus bordering the railway is full of rich promise for the future. It has within itself the possibilities of a great kingdom, nestled securely between the Pacific and the Rockies.

New British Columbia with its spacious valleys, awaiting the vigorous invasion of a sturdy agricultural class of settlers, has as yet a small population. The new line of railway has been in operation less than one year and the little villages, and even the larger places along the way, such as Fort George, are more the result of the past years of railway construction, than the central creation of a well-settled and partly developed adjoining district. The railway is dotted with stations of more or less prospective importance. At present community life is rare. One is confronted now mainly with the rugged physical character of the country. In this new and unique region of a province, which is not like the

Canada which most Canadians know, one wonders about the people and the society which one day will live in that part of the Dominion. Like the free and independent little Swiss nation, the future race of British Columbia shall be made, its character shaped, by its country. Different in climate, in physique, in traditions from any other province, British Columbia will decide many difficult problems, which now are regarded as a national seriousness, without aid from parents or sisters.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, farthest west! She looks on the setting sun, and through its glamorous, exotic colorings, into the faces of strange peoples. Need she fear the influences, effete perhaps, of those Oriental races? A process of natural selection will leave no place for the effete. Only the stalwart and brave can meet the demands of that province whose dominating mountains and dangerous, tumbling rivers, whose giant virgin forests covering wide stretches of rich land, and the hard rock of the mineral areas, the very wind and rain and fitful sunshine which envelop all that wonderland in hues of



This is a particularly interesting part of the road through the Rockies: an old bridge across the Skeena near Hazelton is shown in the distance.

light and shade of infinite variety, will always conquer. In the hush of the mountained vastnesses of British Columbia will be bred the great men of future Canada. Long has that cradle waited for its children "with the hearts of Vikings, and the simple faith of the child." From the depths of that listening, brooding Northland, "the last of the lands and the first," come lonely murmurings from the soul of the country, which seem to say:

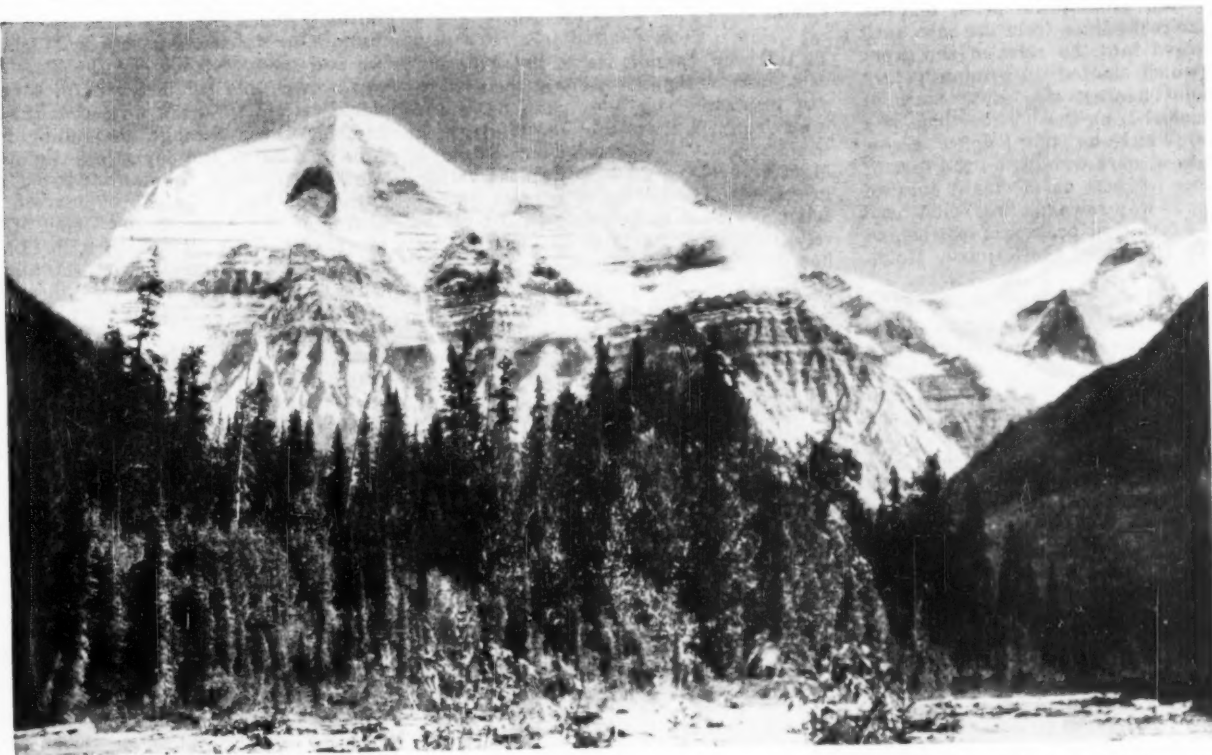
"Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my way.  
And I wait for those who will win me,  
and I will not be won in a day."

LEAVING that empire of solitude lying west of the Rockies, and following the Fraser in another inclination, southeastward and upward, to its headwaters, the path of the railway leads into a new national playground. Through Yellowhead Pass and into Jasper Park, the mountains reach higher and the valleys become deep and gaunt. The turbid Fraser approaches its glacial source, and changes into a crystalline stream which looks like a blue thread in the distance. Here, the resemblance to the scenery of the more southerly Rockies, along the line of the C.P.R., is striking. Rocky Mountain and Yoho

Parks have their counterparts around the Yellowhead Pass and in the valley of the Athabasca. The last range of the mountains, if you are traveling toward the East, or the first range if you are traveling westward to the Pacific coast, is the great divide, not only between Alberta and British Columbia, but also between the East and the far West. The Canadian-born is not wholly Canadian until he has experienced the sensation of a first sight of the mountains, and has found one of the narrow passes and plunged into their midst. Description is futile, because the experience is not one of the eye and the senses: it is spiritual. Besides, no two first views of the mountains are the same, nor are any two subsequent views the same, for that matter. One must see and feel for one's self: that is all.

Mount Robson, the premier peak of the Rockies rearing its ice-clad, symmetrical form to a height of 13,700 feet, is an experience in itself. It stands alone, to the north of the railway, just within the British Columbia boundary line that separates that province from Alberta. It rises into prominence, as the train leaves Tête Jaune and begins to climb to the Pass. If the late afternoon sky is clear of the clouds, that almost constantly enshroud the topmost lines of the majestic mountain, you may look across a wide valley which has been swept clean of trees to the mighty Robson. On such an afternoon in May last, the writer was fortunate in





—Mount Robson, the wonder peak of the range.



—"Reflecting as perfectly as any mirror."



getting that clear view. Only a wisp of cloud floated around the peak, and we traced the rocky lines from the base until they merged into the sides of the great glacier which slanted up gradually to a filmy point against the sky. Glints of green flashed from the icy precipice of a crevasse, which on the heights above, looked like a mere wrinkle on the face of the glacier. Slowly as the train pursued its tortuous way towards the Yellowhead Pass, the towering peak was lost behind the rising heights of the Rainbow Mountains.

TWO gems, set like turquoises in the hills, were Moose and Yellowhead Lakes, the two deep, glacial sources of the Fraser River. Passing these, you soon slip through the northern gateway to the Rockies, the Yellowhead Pass, and plunge along another valley into Jasper Park and the province of Alberta. Within the confines of the 5,400 square miles of the national forest reserve which has been given the name of Jasper Park in perpetuation of the memory of old Jasper House, a famous Hudson Bay post in the early days of the fur-traders, fresh mountain heights, unnamed and unexplored, are to be found to tempt the most eager alpine climber. Chief among the peaks of Jasper Park, are the lordly Mount Alberta which rises 13,500 feet to throw its shadow across the B.C. border towards its giant sister, Robson; Mount Geikie and The Pyramid; and here, nursed in the cradle of such mountains, are the glaciers where two great rivers are born, the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan. Then comes Jasper Pass, or rather, the portal of the Athabasca Valley which leads eastward from the Yellowhead. This outer gateway is easily discernible in the distance by the overhanging heights of Roche Perdreux, or Folding mountain, whose phenomenal conformation was rather aptly described by Lord Milner as "like a gigantic sponge cake, cut in two." It and its more lofty sister, Roche à Myette, haunt the eastward trail of the railway for nearly a hundred miles, until they are lost in the dis-

tant clouds beyond the utmost range of vision.

BUT one cannot leave the "jasper" portal without turning at the eastern end of Jasper Lake to gaze back and worship, from the top of the trail which winds over the wild sides of Roche à Myette. Looking westward up the valley, green with its covering of fir trees, Jasper Lake nestles in a mountain-locked basin, reflecting as perfectly as any mirror, the fleecy sky and the surrounding snow-caps. And away at the far end enters the winding Athabasca River which loses its current beneath the placid surface of the deep lake it has created. Two other rivers with their valleys open here at a junction point. The Rocky flowing north and the Snaring south, form a "Meeting Place of the Waters," whose loveliness would vie with Moore's immortal Vale of Avoca. All that is sublime and beautiful in Nature is centred there. Westward is the winding Athabasca, the Rainbow and the Selwyn ranges; northward, Roche Jacques; and in the south, the horizon is a serried line as it rests on the main range of the Rockies, where Mount Geikie stands out boldly in the foreground. Slightly to the southeast, rises Simpson's Pass on

whose summit reposes the famous "Committee's Punch Bowl," a little alpine lake, radiant in its constant setting of glacial ice and snow. At one end the little lake spills over, and sends a stream surging down to join the head waters of the Columbia. Down through the rolling foothills of Alberta and out across the plains of Saskatchewan to Manitoba, old Ontario, and the dreamy provinces on the shores of the Atlantic, the vision of the mountains and valleys of British Columbia will always remain with the native-born Canadian, who has seen them and felt them. The Rockies stand like a barrier in the geography of Canada, between East and West. They and the Empire that lie between them and the Pacific, are not a barrier, but a bond, between the West and the people of the East who have been there. See Canada first! And there will be no danger of future cleavage in these far-flung Dominions, which reach "from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the end of the earth."

### Color Music

An ingenious American has discovered a way of playing music by colors. Before

his audience he stretches a gauze screen and across this screen he plays many colored lights. The symphony is expressed by means of different shades of lights just as the orchestra expresses the composer's thoughts by means of notes. When the horn breaks into a magnificent crescendo the dull red glow on the screen strengthens and burst forth from among the blues and violets. The theory of this colored music is that seven primary colors form the basis for a scale and can be wrought into artistic effect by harmonizing them with music. The colors are played by a keyboard with fifteen keys following a score. Thus red on the color scale corresponds to the note C, violet to B flat, yellow to D, steel to E flat, pearl white to E, deep red to F, blue to F sharp, orange to G, purple to A flat, green to A, a purple blue B.



Folding Mountain: "Like a gigantic sponge cake cut in two."

# Who, How and Why: The Wicked Partner

By H. F. GADSBY  
Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

**C**OMES sauntering along a corridor of the House of Commons, a brisk, middle-aged gentleman with iron-grey hair, toothbrush moustache and a naughty little twinkle in his shrewd blue eyes. He is a very well-groomed gentleman indeed, well manicured, fresh shaven, hair trimmed daily and clothes cut to the minute. No loose ends anywhere. Father Time, who likes to see his children neat, rewards him by taking five years off the fifty-one the books give him credit for.

This well-groomed, middle-aged gentleman is the object of many hearty greetings as he passes along the corridor. It is only a short distance, perhaps fifty yards, from the Green Chamber which he has just left to his private office in the east wing which he is now seeking but in that fifty yards at least a score of people buttonhole him or fix him with their glittering eyes. Members of Parliament fall on his neck and all but kiss him. Senators, proud but perishable, woo him with gentle salutations. Fat contractors, rich red-tape officials, resident correspondents, casual visitors spring up from everywhere and nowhere to shake his hand, bask in his smile, put a flea in his ear, or otherwise beguile him.

He walks, so to speak, a king. He is the dispenser of high law and middle justice and likewise manager of the grab-bag. In other words, he controls the biggest year-in-and-year-out spending department of the Government of Canada and on that account alone he would be a popular and busy gentleman, even if he had no other merits. At all events everybody seems to realize that they've got to catch him on the jump or wait a long time for another chance. When he disappears at last through a little archway and closes a green baize door on himself and a railway magnate who won't be happy until he has arranged for certain consideration from the Dominion treasury, a vast sigh goes up from those who have been unable to touch the hem of his garment. The Miracle Man has got away!

**Y**ES, the Miracle Man to his friends and admirers but to the Opposition and its newspapers the Wicked

Partner. Although the Hon. Robert Rogers assumes a pleasing shape to the unprejudiced observer and man to man is a mighty likeable fellow, the Opposition paints him with horns and a tail. Not because they hate him, not at all, but to enable the public to recognize the picture. Without some such landmarks the average voter might form as high an opinion of the Hon. Robert as they entertain themselves. In politics you give the Devil his due, mostly for advertising purposes. Of course there is always the danger of overdoing it and making the bogey man a hero by reflex action as it were, but that is a risk which has to be taken.

As a matter of fact the Wicked Partner occupies, outside the Premiership, the highest post of honor in all countries which believe in responsible government. It is the title of greatest respect and usefulness among nations which enjoy or imitate Anglo-Saxon institutions. It is part of the representative system—about three-quarters of it, I should say. No Opposition, whatever party it belongs to, would do without a wicked partner on the other side. He must be there to hang the blame on. It is a principle not only of

politics but of theology. The Hindoos use Siva just that way. Siva accepts their curses quite cheerfully and finds compensation in the real influence he exerts on human dealings. Similarly no Government can be without a Wicked Partner to whose capacity for friendship, sordid detail, horse sense and general good management it can trust and

thus leave itself free to pursue the highest ideals of statesmanship.

**B**RIEFLY that is the Hon. Robert Rogers' job. He does all the chores and a great deal of thinking. He takes all the blame and his colleagues take all the glory. He is necessarily a philosopher—half cynic, half epicurean—and he doesn't let the newspapers

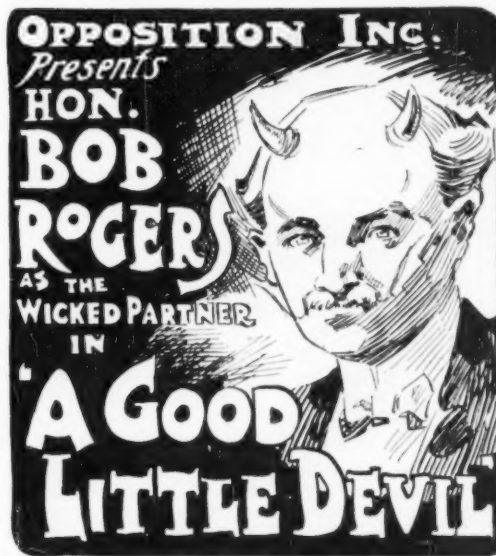
get under his skin. Like all cabinet ministers, he consoles himself with the reflection that if you see it in the Opposition newspapers it probably isn't so. He leaves it to history to set him right with the people. In the long run posterity will learn the truth. Meanwhile, business as usual.

The Wicked Partner, as I said before, is a title of honor. It is invariably bestowed by the Opposition on the most efficient executive and competent manager in the Government group. If the Wicked Partner is on the other fellow's side he is wicked, if he is on your side he is capable. The quality of his wickedness, therefore, depends on where you sit. If he thwarts and outwits and crosses you at every turn he is wicked and you are at liberty to hope that he chokes. But if he helps you along and smoothes things out, eases your trouble, then he is an admirable person and a great administrator. My experience of politics goes to show that the Wicked Partner is always the most accomplished diplomat in the Cabinet. If he wasn't somebody else would be on the job.

Diplomacy or hale fellowship, I don't know which, but everybody has a good word for the Honorable Bob's buoyant disposition. Even his political opponents like him. They like him as teetotalers might like a John Collins—against their principles but not hard to take. As a distinguished Liberal, formerly a Cabinet Minister, once said to me:

"I am on good terms with the Wicked One," meaning the Honorable Robert, "Oh, yes I see him quite often. He gets things done for me."

**F**ROM which it will be seen that Wicked Partners are recognized by both sides of politics as part of the constitutional scheme and that their special function is getting things done. It is generally conceded that, in the matter of getting things done, no single individual in the long series of able and distinguished Wicked Partners from the passing of the British North America Act down to the present



FROM A TAPESTRY AT BAYEUX, ONT.

The Norman kings thought so highly of their wicked partners that they frequently chose them from among the bishops and this gave the office an air of sanctity.



day has excelled the Hon. Robert Rogers.

As the man who not only gets things done but gets them done in time to be of service to an anxious candidate the Hon. Robert Rogers is very much in demand at all times. He is loved, as you might say, by all who want to get things done and is maligned or envied by those who can't get them done as well or as quickly as he can; the heartiest mixer of Cabinet standing since the great Sir John A. Macdonald.

ALTHOUGH the Wicked Partner is not mentioned in the British North America Act and has no more standing in constitutional law than the Cabinet, he has a very definite place in British history. He came over with William the Conqueror and, adopted and modified by the pressure of the centuries, has persisted right down to the present time. The Norman Kings thought so highly of their Wicked Partners, otherwise their Prime Ministers, that they frequently chose them from among the bishops and this gave the office an air of sanctity which was almost as good as a disinfectant. After the bishops came the lawyers and lawyers are still the fashion in England, although the great self-governing states of the Empire are breaking away from tradition and selecting business men. But bishops, lawyers, merchants, no matter what, the Wicked Partners have always had two points in common—they were able and brave. They dared much and did not fear reproach. When they passed their word it was as good as a deed registered. They kept faith. It has been my privilege to meet most of the Wicked Partners known to Canadian politics for the last twenty years and I can truthfully say that they were all men who stood by their friends and their bargains. Not even his enemies will deny the Hon. Robert Rogers these general characteristics which belong to the whole race of the Wicked Partners.

Every self-governing nation with Anglo-Saxon institutions boasts a Wicked Partner or perhaps a couple of them. In the United States it was William Jennings Byran, who always reminded one of the road to hell because he was paved with good intentions. In England the Unionist party had conjured up two Wicked Partners. One of them, Winston Churchill, saved his Empire by having the British navy at the right spot at the right time and the other, David Lloyd George, having put British finance on a war footing, is now by unanimous request doing the same thing with the armament factories. Both these Wicked Partners, you will observe, had genius and that is why they were esteemed wicked. If a man is as wise as the serpent the popular logic is that he must be as wicked as one.

LIKE Dr. William Pugsley, his Liberal predecessor in office, the Honorable Robert Rogers was chosen Minister of Public Works, because he was the humanest being in the Conservative party. It is above all things necessary to have as a Wicked Partner a highly hu-

man being. Since I started this comparison I am bound to say that as between two human beings, William Pugsley and Robert Rogers, it's a draw. Both are equally human. Dr. Pugsley's manner may be more suave but the results aimed at are the same. Methods in both cases are alike—getting things done. Perhaps the Hon. Robert has a shade the better of it in public affection. Fame calls him "Bob," whereas, even in its most playful mood it has never alluded to the St. John statesman as "Doc." This may be a little straw but it blows in the Hon. Robert's direction. A Wicked Partner must be popular before they begin to whittle his name that way. Likewise the Hon. Bob has several shades the better of it in public execration.

Politics being outside the bounds of this article we are constrained to overlook the Hon. Robert Rogers' performances as an election wizard and to consider him solely as a human being and a Wicked Partner. We have proved to our satisfaction, if not to our readers', that a Wicked Partner is as necessary to a Government as a bearded lady to a circus. All that remains to prove now is that the Department of Public Works is the proper place for him.

NO one who thinks it over for a minute can doubt that Public Works is the spot for the Wicked Partner. It is so recognized by custom and tradition. Nowhere but in Public Works, which is a sort of overlapping and over-riding department for every other department, would a Wicked Partner have scope. The Hon. Robert Rogers was promoted from the Interior Department to the Public Works for no other reason—a Wicked Partner must have elbow room. Ample room and vergo enough as the poet says. Abstract logic indicates that Public Works is an altogether unnecessary department. Why shouldn't each department look after its own public work? Why shouldn't the Post Office Department build its own post offices, the Militia Department its own armories and so on? What right has the Public Works Department to butt in? It only means added trouble and expense. Quite so. Quite so.



He is a very well groomed gentleman.

But look at it from another point of view—that of political necessity. So far as technical usefulness goes the Public Works Department may be a lumbering and costly fifth wheel but considered as a clearing house for all the human nature of party politics, considered as the discriminating eye, the receptive ear, the tender heart and the helping hand of the Government which happens to be in power—considered in that light, I repeat the Public Works Department is not only highly necessary but worth twice as much money as it costs now or may cost at any future period of Canadian history.

What's more, the Hon. Robert Rogers is as competent a Minister of Public Works as this country is likely to have. As a Wicked Partner he has no new tricks for the simple reason that all the tricks were old the year after representative government was invented. But the old ones he performs well and in all other respects he corresponds with the advertisements. He is genial but firm. He is a good judge of hard-luck stories. He never makes the mistake of assessing human motives too high. He strengthens the weak brother and reasons with the rebellious one. Also he spreads fly paper for the wavering Liberal. A particularly deft way he has with deputations—isolating, as it were, some single aspect of the argument and expressing admiration and surprise that they should have hit upon the one convincing thing which he had overlooked. This little comedy is very flattering to the deputation and as the Honorable Robert has a real sense of humor it generally goes off well. On the whole I would say that our Minister of Public Works is the most expert practical psychologist in the business. Outside a university library you will not find another like him. He is experimenting all the time.

The Hon. Robert Rogers was born a Conservative and had his hereditary predispositions confirmed by his guardian Sir John Abbott, who was afterwards Premier of Canada. Sir John used to take little Robert with him on his election canvasses, "mostly to sleep with him and keep his back warm." "At any rate," Mr. Rogers explains, "I contracted a taste for politics at a very early period of my life and I haven't got over it yet."

THE Minister of Public Works is among those who went West and grew up with the country. He was only thirteen years of age when he came from Winnipeg to Brandon, but Brandon townsites did not look like a good investment in those days and the boy went back home. Six years later he returned to Manitoba and settled in Clearwater where he remained in business for fifteen years. Politics kept calling to him from the first.

"I ran my first election in Mountain," said Mr. Rogers. "I was twenty-one. It was against Thomas Greenway, the leader of the Opposition. He beat me by three or thirteen, I forget which. At any rate it wasn't enough to keep me out of the game for good."





With the first sight of dawn came Take Lareescu, an unsheathed sword in his hand. The gigantic leader of the hill-men was mud-stained and dishevelled but thoroughly well pleased with himself.

# The Last Ally

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

**SYNOPSIS.**—Donald Fenton, a young Canadian, was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. Returning to enlist, he finds it necessary to travel through the Balkans and in Ironia calls on his old friend, Percival Varden, who has married the Baroness Draschol and settled down in Serajoz, the capital. Ironia is bound to be drawn into the war and rival factions are fighting to direct her course. Fenton goes to a royal ball and meets Princess Olga, daughter of Prince Peter, leader of the faction fighting to enlist Ironia with the allies; and falls in love with her. He happens to overhear the assassination of Prince Peter planned at a meeting of the Society of Crossed Swords, which has been formed in the interests of an Austro-Germanic alliance. His presence is discovered and he narrowly escapes being shot. He meets Miridoff, the leader of the society, in the ballroom and finds that he is a marked man. Next morning, Miridoff, who has been chosen by King Alexander as the future husband of Princess Olga, calls upon her to communicate the King's wishes and meets with a rebuff. That day General Pau, the French hero, passes through Serajoz on his way to Russia, and is given a great reception, stage-managed by Fenton. Next day, as a result of the riots in Serajoz, Prince Peter decides to send the Princess to Kail Baleski, his country estate. Anna Petrova learns of a plot to waylay her and carry her off into the mountains as a hostage against her father's activity in the allied cause. Fenton follows in Varden's motor car and reaches Kail Baleski to find that the abduction has been successfully carried out. Here he meets Phil Crane, a young English engineer, who has been working in the Ironian oil fields, and has just escaped from detention. Crane accompanies Fenton into the mountains where they meet Take Lareescu, the leader of the hill people who offers to help them. In the meantime Olga is taken to an old hunting lodge near Miridoff's estates and is there kept a prisoner. Miridoff threatens to assassinate her father unless she consents to marry him at once, and arranges for the ceremony to take place over the tongs. Fenton meets Miridoff and in a struggle on the cliffside the latter is thrown over. Fenton then takes his place at the ceremony. In the meantime the lodge has been captured by Lareescu and Crane. It is found to be equipped with wireless.

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

COMPLETING the sending of a final message, Crane suddenly sprang up from the instrument. Dragging her from her chair, he waltzed her around the room with the wildest delight, winding up the performance by lifting her bodily to a seat on the table. Standing before her, he declaimed excitedly: "You've witnessed the making of history, girl! A most stupendous piece of luck has come our way. I've blundered on to the means to bring Ironia into line. Tomorrow we'll be at war with Austria!" And he danced up and down the room, his red face redder than ever.

The first flush of his excitement over, he picked up his pipe again and began to pull at it furiously.

"Pardon the exuberance," he said. "I felt so pleased with myself and everything in general that I simply had to do something. You see, I've got an idea, a scheme that's going to take some working out. It's a big idea, too. Didn't know I had it in me. But say, look here, I can't leave for fear the operator over the line there in Austria takes it into his head to let out some more state secrets. Now, that's a good girl, run down and order Fenton to come up here."

While Anna had gone, Crane did some hard thinking. He had the faculty of quick calculation. It had instantly occurred to him how the message he had waylaid might be turned to good account, and in a dim way too, he sensed the details necessary for the success of his scheme. Swiftly he turned and touched the keys. In a

few moments he was in touch with the Austrian regiment from whom the first message had come. So intent was he on the business in hand that he paid no attention when the others entered the room.

"Where exactly is the Ironian regiment ready to join yours?" This was the question he sent. In a moment he got his answer, and, having assured the officer with whom he was in communication that his earlier request should be attended to, he turned and nodded to Fenton.

"Fenton," he said, "I've just received a message that reveals the whole of Miridoff's plan. It came from Austrian headquarters ten miles across the line. An hour ago, in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, a thousand Austrian troops moved out of camp in the direction of the Russian frontier. The plan, as I understand it now, is this."

He grasped a piece of paper and roughly sketched a map of the district.

"Here's our present position approximately," he explained. "We're about three miles from the frontier. Now here's the Bhura River which serves as the dividing line between the two countries. Five miles up the river, a small tributary branches off from the Bhura into Ironian territory; but if you cross this stream just at its junction with the river you find yourself in Russia. An Ironian regiment, which has been stationed on the frontier, is now camped close to the junction point.

"The plan is simplicity itself. The Austrians march until they reach this junction of the two streams. Then they

signal to the Ironians, who are officered by men in Miridoff's pay. A joint raid across the river into Russian territory follows, with the burning of a village or two. The Russian troops will soon drive the raiders back, of course, but the mischief will be done. Ironia will have committed an open act of war against Russia."

"A diabolically clever scheme," exclaimed Fenton. "Not even the death of Miridoff can stop it. Certainly we can do nothing now."

"Can't we?" cried Crane triumphantly. "By the roaring bull of Bashan, we can stop it! I have a plan that will just reverse things completely. Look at this map again. Two miles west of the first tributary there is another stream branching off the Bhura in the same direction as that higher up the river. If the Austrians in the darkness were to mistake this stream for the one higher up, they would cross the Bhura there and so get into Ironian territory instead of Russian! Now, just supposing that they made this mistake, they would run right into an Ironian hamlet consisting of a church and a dozen houses or so. In accordance with instructions, they would proceed to set fire to this, with the idea that it was a Russian village. Ironians, conveniently stationed there for the purpose—under our friend Larescu—would promptly attack the invaders and drive them back across the river. The same result follows as is expected if the plan of Miridoff is carried out, except that the position of the countries will be reversed. Austria will have committed an open act of war against Ironia. It will act like a spark in dry tinder. Ironia will blaze up and war will follow immediately."

"That is all very plausible!" said Fenton, "but, the possibility of the Austrians crossing at the wrong stream is negligible. Their plans will be too carefully laid for any miscarriage."

"They will cross at the wrong place!" declared Crane, triumphantly. "The wireless message that first came through was from the officer in command of the Austrians. He's new to this part of the country and, as the Bhura is starting to flood, he wanted Miridoff to send someone over to guide him to the best junction-point with the Ironian troops. I wired back that one Neviloff was leaving at once for the purpose. Well, what with the darkness of the night, the floods and the similarity of the two streams, Neviloff will see that they get over the wrong one!"

"Neviloff?" The question came from Fenton and Anna simultaneously.

"Exactly. You see, I had to have some name and that was the first I thought of."

"Do you mean that you intend to go yourself?" asked Fenton, in surprise.

"That's the grand plan, Don," replied Crane, enthusiastically. "I speak both German and Ironian, and there ought to be a suitable uniform around this place somewhere. Well, I ride over to Tisza," he indicated a point on the map just across the border, "and report to the Austrian commander there. Luckily

I've been all along the Bhura on a surveying trip. What would be easier on such a night than to make a mistake and bring them over the river too soon—over into Ironia, where the tribesmen of Take Larescu will be waiting to provide a suitable welcome? The plan can't go wrong."

"You propose to decide the fate of Ironia on a gambler's throw," said Fenton. "It's a wonderful scheme, Crane. But, man, do you realize what it would mean to you? You take your life in your hands. If they find you out, they'll shoot you on the spot. It will be a Hungarian troop sent for this work—and the Magyars are a vindictive lot. But even if you escape detection at first they would certainly suspect when they discovered they had been led astray."

"No danger at all," said the Englishman easily. "I've got it all figured out, and there's not one chance in a hundred of failure. When the fighting starts, I'll slip away easily enough. Now, Fenton, you get started on your part of the undertaking, which is to have Larescu on hand with a couple of thousand of his men to drive the Austrians back. We'll have to take a chance on the Ironian troops not moving out. I don't think they will! In all probability, Miridoff intended to ride over there and direct things. Not hearing from him, they will wait for further orders."

Fenton grasped Crane's hand warmly.

"Phil, it is worth trying," he said. "If it succeeds, the credit for deciding the fate of Europe may belong to you. I wish I could go with you."

"When Mr. Crane returns I shall tell him how wonderful it is I think him to be," said Anna, shaking his hand in turn.

"I'm coming back right enough," replied Crane, with a steady regard—and retaining her hand the while. "And when I do, I shall have something myself to say to you."

Half an hour later, warmly cloaked, and booted and spurred, Crane rode down the mountain side toward the Bhura River. Looking back, he could see a beacon light burning brightly on one of the highest peaks, and he knew that Larescu was gathering his band for the night's work.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Planning a Future

AS the hours passed, the hill country awoke to restless activity. On several prominent peaks the beacon fires blazed, summoning the followers of Take Larescu. From all sides they began to troop in, silent, grotesque, armed to the teeth. The glen, along the ridge of which Fenton had carried his bride earlier that night, was soon crowded with the hill men. By midnight more than a thousand had assembled, and from all directions they were still coming at the urgent summons of the flaring beacons.

Take Larescu took charge of the situation and skilfully wrought order out of chaos. He organized his followers into

detachments, and to each allotted positions along the stretch of foot-hills where the Austrians would be awaited. On receiving their instructions from the gigantic master of ceremonies, the detachment moved off into the enshrouding darkness as silently as they had come. The oddly garbed figures coming and going in the flickering light of torches, the warlike gestures, made the whole proceedings seem a phantasm of the imagination, a wild, strange dream.

Fenton, wearing the military cloak of Miridoff, watched proceedings from a vantage point in the rear. He had early found that Take Larescu was master of the situation; and had discreetly withdrawn into the background. Larescu had fought through several campaigns and had gained a reputation as the Napoleon of mountain warfare. So he could be counted upon to give the Austrians a warm reception.

A light touch on the Canadian's arm caused him to turn. Olga had come quietly behind him. She was muffled snugly and warmly in a heavy cloak with a hood, so that Fenton could discern little else but a pair of glowing eyes.

"We have much to talk about, my lord," she said, placing an arm through his. "Could not you manage to spare me a few minutes now?"

"I am at your service for eternity," said Fenton, happily. "There is nothing for me to do here in any case. Larescu has taken everything into his own hands."

It was distinctly cold. Fenton guided his wife up a steep and rocky path that led to the foot of the centuries-old beacon light, in which the fire was now slowly dying down. At the foot was a smooth rock of some size and here they seated themselves. Fenton's arm found its way protectingly around the slender form of his princess bride; and the lovely hooded head, without any hesitation, nestled back against his shoulder.

"I have won you, after all!" exclaimed the Canadian, exultingly. "It is hard to realize that you are really my wife—and yet I felt right from the first that nothing could keep us apart. We were intended for each other, even if half the globe did separate us."

"One can see the hand of fate in it all," whispered Olga. "It must have been intended by One who is mightier than we. For you see, I had made up my mind to give you up. Nothing could have induced me to marry you, dear, of my own free will."

"Olga!" cried Fenton, indignantly. "Then you don't love me after all? If you really loved me, nothing could have kept you from me in the end."

"Yes, dear boy, I loved you—from the first, I think," she replied, looking up. Seated directly beneath the beacon, they were partly in the shade; and Fenton could not see her very clearly—but he discerned enough of the loving message in her eyes to bring about an extended interruption of the conversation.

"That will do, Donald," she said finally. Then she laughed—the happy, light laugh of one who loves and is loved,



which begins without cause and ends as suddenly as it begins. "It is the first time I have said your funny name, husband mine. Did I say it right?"

"I hope I never hear anyone else utter the name," said Fenton, ecstatically. "After hearing it on your lips, it would seem profanation from any other source."

"It is rather a nice name—although it seemed so strange at first," she said judiciously, as she repeated it over several times almost in a whisper. "I used to wonder if I could ever come to call you that."

"Now you've given yourself away," cried Fenton, triumphantly. "If you had wondered that, you couldn't have made up your mind that you would give me up."

"I have indulged much in day dreams since I met my strange lover from over the seas," she said. "But—it would have made no difference. My father would never have consented to my marrying you; not even if you had saved his life many times and had been a thousand times too good for an ignorant little Ironian princess—as you are. And I would never have disobeyed him. You do not understand us, my own. We Ironians are bound by custom, by traditions of which you have no conception in your free country. It would have broken my heart, but—I would have remained Princess Olga all my life."

Fenton was silent, pondering this thought, terrifying to him even in negative perspective.

"But I am now quite free in my conscience," she went on. "I thought to save my father's life by marrying the man I feared, and the good Father of all gave me instead the man I loved. It must have been His will that I should come to you. And so I look forward to the future before us, which may be very dark at times, with no misgivings. And I am so happy."

There was another suggestion of future troubles contained in her words of welcome to Fenton, for it promised an opportunity to protect her, to assert his right and power to shield her. His arm about her tightened almost fiercely.

"I begin to see that after all I owe a lot to Miridoff," he said. A silence of several moments followed.

"You will have to take me away from Ironia," said Olga, a

little out of breath from the ardor of her husband's embrace. "I could never go back to court. My father will refuse to forgive me at first, and will perhaps talk of having our marriage set aside. But, in time, he will perhaps learn to forgive his wayward girl. That is the only reason I cannot feel complete happiness now." She paused for a moment.

"You see what you have done," she went on, with a gaiety that did not entirely mask the strain of sadness beneath. "And so, my lord and master, what are you going to do with me? I begin a new life with you."

"The future will be in your hands as much as in mine," interpolated Fenton. "When the war is over, we shall travel all over the world. Then will come the question of settling down, of building a permanent nest. I hope, when the time comes, you will have found no place more to your liking than my own country."

"I would go anywhere with you," she said, confidently. "I have made up my mind on one thing, never to let you out of my sight. If you go where the fighting is to-night, I go too."

"That you do not," said Fenton, laughing with cool masculine superiority. "Darling, I am going to take you back at once to the lodge. And you must go right to bed and to sleep. You need rest. And in the morning I shall bring you news of the repulse of the invaders."

"No," said Olga, determinedly. "I could not sleep. I must go with you. There will be no danger. There are many women down there in the glen. And see—I came prepared. I shall be quite safe with you in this costume."

She threw back her cloak, and stood revealed in the dress of a woman of the hills. She made a pretty gypsy figure in her bright-colored garb. Fenton took her face in both his hands and shook his head at her adoringly, submissively.

"You shall have your own way," he said, "in this and—I am afraid—in most things. I begin to realize how well fitted you are for the new world; where women have found the way to get everything they want."

They returned slowly to the glen below; and Larescu greeted Fenton with a roar of exultation.

"They come!" he cried. "One of my men has brought the word. The Austrians are crossing the river!"

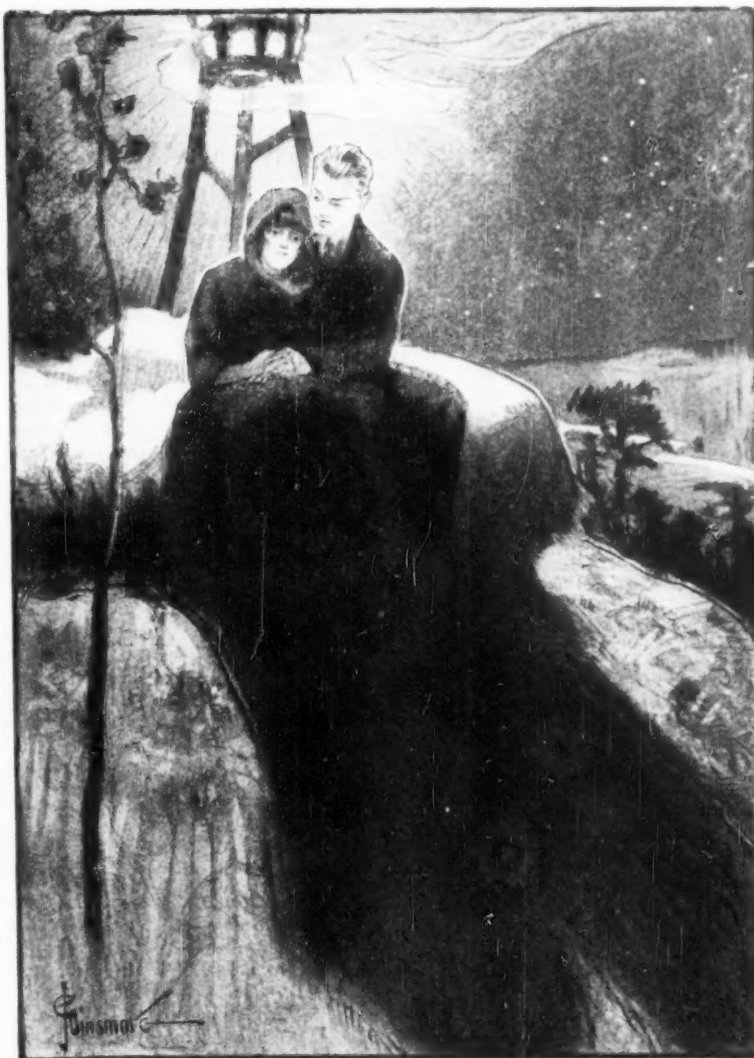
## CHAPTER XXII.

### Ironia Invaded

THE Austrian cavalry regiment, which had ridden out of Tisza shortly before midnight, with Crane in the van, struck the Bhura River a mile below the point where the first tributary branched off. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see very far ahead, even with the assistance of the torches that a few of the troopers had attached to the ends of their lances. The roads were so muddy that but slow progress was made. Evidences of the floods farther up the river had already been encountered at points where the road ran close to the river banks. On the lower reaches of the Bhura the water was beginning to overflow the banks.

Crane reined in his horse and turned to the officer who rode beside him.

"The stream we are to cross runs south from the Bhura a mile ahead," he said in German, "but I am doubtful if it will be possible to get over there. See, the water is rising high. Continued on Page 90.



Fenton guided the way up a steep and rocky path that led to the foot of the beacon light. They seated themselves on a smooth stone at the base.



# Sir George Paish—Imperial Adviser

WHEN the nations shall have laid down their arms and we see, not as through a glass

darkly but clearly-defined and sharply-drawn, the lessons we have learned, we shall realize the wisdom of conducting a nation's and an empire's business by those principles upon which we shall base our courses of action were we considering the business of making money and the conduct of industrial enterprise. The calling of Lord Kitchener to the War Office was a step in that direction. The readjustment of the British Government was, in a great measure another. The appointment of Sir George Paish, economist and editor of a financial paper, to the post of assistant and advisor to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a third.

George Paish, now Sir George, by the suggestion of a grateful Government and a magic pass of the sword of the King, has achieved greatness. He earned it every bit. And having run the race and pressed toward the mark of his high calling — Finance (and spell it with a capital F in these days if never before) — more greatness was thrust upon him.

Sir George is that rare species of human—a self-made man. You notice I say "rare." Most so-called self-made men are really nothing of the sort. Self did not make them; circumstances were their collective creator. Not so, Sir George Paish, Knight Bachelor, sometime financial adviser to the British Treasurer, and editor-in-chief of the authoritative financial journal of the world, the *London Statist*. He started at the bottom of "young ambition's ladder."

AT the very bottom. His foot when he started, was below the rung called education, for at fourteen he was the youngest member on the very staff which has honored him as one of its chiefs these fifteen years. Paish never had a university education. He never had educa-

By HUGH S. EAYRS



Sir George Paish

tion, if you say that education must be templed in a building of bricks and stone and administered to hungry students by professors, capped and gowned and a'—at all. The Board School, defunct in Great Britain, since Mr. Balfour's Government abolished it, was Paish's fount of knowledge. It corresponded to our public school here in Canada.

So that young Paish, between running messages to the composing room for the occupant of the editorial chair of the *Statist*, had to lay a firm hold on manuals and text books and learn, while he was earning a little money so that he might help at home, that which he ought to have been getting at a good secondary school. From the first he had a passion for mathematics and economics. While he was yet in his early teens he sat far into the night wrestling and juggling with nothing more or less than the intricacies of finance. Finance! At fourteen, when his only connection therewith ought to have been in the way of pocket money!

In this way young Paish was a prodigy. He had a very quick mind, a lightning mentality which was sharp on the uptake, grasping the opportunities, the weaknesses and the *fortes* of situations at first glance. You can see that, now, in his face. The clear blue eye is like a hawk's; it misses nothing and it takes no time to read to the bottom of things.

SIR GEORGE is a man to whom the colloquial adjective "brainy" may be fittingly applied. Look again at the broad brow, the clever forehead, the expanse of it. If it belonged—as it does at that—to men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Woodrow Wilson, we should say it denoted the intellectual—as indeed it does. My dictionary describes "intellectual" as the "power of understanding." Ergo, since Paish un-

derstands a great department of our individual and national living he is intellectual.

There is one other quality that Sir George has always had on hand. It gained him at twenty-seven the position of assistant editor on a staid British financial journal (wonder of wonders—I can say no less) and it brought him six years later, to the joint editorship of the *Statist*. "Joint" in this case, is another name for "chief."

This quality is his obstinacy. Here again you may see it indexed in his face; to be more particular, in his pointed and pointing nose. Sir George—typical John Bull, as he is in cast of features—follows his nose and it rarely leads him wrong. It is a determined, persevering, dogged nose. There is nothing hesitating, nothing dubious about it—nor its owner.

PAISH has had a hobby horse. He has it still: witness the pages of the *Statist* week by week. It is the superiority of the working and management of American railways over British. In this, at least, he takes off his hat to Uncle Sam and for years on the Board of Trade Departmental Committee on Railway Accounts, thus indirectly in Parliament, and by his writings and speeches he has rubbed it into the railway directors of Great Britain that they have to learn their business all over again if they would be economically sound. That is Paish's opinion; many gainsay it, but not so that he would notice. He knows railways from the sleepers up.

To come to particulars: Paish has urged for years that the British railways follow those of the United States in the matter of more scientific operation, more powerful locomotives, the use of large instead of small capacity wagons, and the compilation of ton-mile statistics. In return for the adoption of such measures, he claimed the British railways would effect economies in working costs and increased efficiency in transportation. Many of these reforms were ultimately made, though the railway boards did not acknowledge Sir George's suggestion at all. The compilation of ton-mile statistics has not been taken up yet, and Sir George is still on the trail. He is still especially interested in railways.

HE has not neglected other branches of finance therefor: far from it. His grasp of high economics, industrial relationships, trade and general finance is probably second to none. For that reason when, in the time of testing, Great Britain needed above all the right cashier at the cash desk, Mr. Lloyd George called in this man who knows finance through and through, upside down, in all its crooks and turns. And, by the way, the decision of the Government to give a business man and an editor an important say in matters so vastly affecting the public weal was a step in the right direction. Whatever is

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Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in "Mr. Wu"—a weird and horrible Chinese realism in which Mr. Lang appears in a character scheming, sensual and brutal.

## A Canadian Adonis of the Stage

By MARGARET BELL

IT seems rather extraordinary that so many sons and daughters of clergymen should adopt the stage as a profession. Or perhaps, on second thought, not so extraordinary. Too much of a good thing often becomes a surfeit, we are told. Then, there may be other reasons. Clergymen have been known to have beautiful daughters and handsome sons. The only profession which has been proven can flourish on mere physical beauty, is the theatrical profession. So it is, perhaps, natural enough after all.

At any rate, when Reverend Gavin Lang, parish minister of Inverness, New Brunswick, first looked upon his son who, later, was to bear the name of Matheson, he was undoubtedly impressed with the babe's striking features. Fathers have been known to detect beauty in their children at birth. And certain it is that the bonny Lang baby was born with the same cleft in his chin, which has been such an asset in all his stage life. Then, there was a pair of liquid, blue eyes, that promised to develop lashes, which would be the envy of all boys who ever stood before a

mirror. Even as an infant, this Lang prodigy had a way of raising his eyelids as no other infantile eyelids were ever raised. And the mouth gave promise of that Cupid uptilt at the corners, which has since made him the despair of hundreds of matinee girls.

AS the cleft in the chin developed, so also did the boy's reasoning faculties. He used to lie awake at night, wondering how he could make the most of the gifts, with which the Fates had seen fit to endow him. Not the least of all these gifts, be it remembered, was the Apollonian visage and Hyperian curls.

First, he imagined himself an orator. That was only semi-satisfactory. An orator, be he ever so magnetic, must, for the most part, appeal to the intellect of his audience. Therefore, orators need not necessarily be handsome. So that idea was thrust away.

The only profession open was the stage. True, it seemed a far cry from the pulpit

to the boards, but the tediousness of such a journey was gradually being obliterated by

modern trains of thought. And the stage idea was the greatest panacea yet found, for the boy's troubled indecision. It satisfied his romanticism.

So the stage was decided upon, as the great, glittering background to reflect the young Lang's physical brilliance.

Naturally, there was somewhat of an eruption when he announced his decision. At first, it would not be heard of. Was it for this that he was sent to Inverness College and St. Andrew's University? Was he going to waste his Latin declensions and Greek roots on the most futile, the most Satanic of all the professions, law included? Whoever heard of *educating* a boy to become an actor? It is enough to be an actor, when one cannot be anything else.

BUT the son was determined. He had been given a cleft in the chin but he had been given more. The chin itself was square and able to match with any other chin in determination.



So it seemed that the only thing to do was to tell nobody in all the parish a word about it, but pack the boy off to England. Just as Canada is made the depository of all younger sons who have not lived up to the English standard of conventionality, so England becomes the bosom into which are gathered many of the ambitious professionals from Canada.

There was a man in England who seemed to be a little apart from the typical theatrical producer. His plays were taken from the works of the great dramatist, whom everyone once made it a cult to know—before the coming of G. B. S. If anyone stood for respectability in Thespianism, it must be he. So Matheson, the son of good parents, became a member of the F. R. Benson Shakespearean Company.

AND very successful he was too. He soon learned what it was to have feminine fingers fashioning amorous notes to him. His vocabulary broadened in epithets, from the reading of these notes, and that marked fastidiousness of dress which had always characterized him, became even more marked. After all, the costumes which are associated with periods in which tyrannous Shakespearean kings lived and died, are most becoming. They encourage physical fastidiousness, they cater to the eye which is always on the look out for artistic effects.

Such an eye was Matheson's. And, moreover, such was his physique that it did full honor to the Elizabethan scarlets and blues and purples in which it was clothed.

Ellen Terry heard of him. And what's more, she went to see if what she had heard was true. What she really had heard is not chronicled, but the result of her going and seeing was the same result that occurred to someone else, hundreds of years before. Conquest. Except that it was the conquered who went and saw, not the conqueror.

Then occurred an occurrence. The handsome Orlando, Orsino and Bassanio



Matheson Lang is one of the finest looking men on the stage—"the despair of hundreds of matinee girls."

was sent for. Sent for moreover, by England's greatest exponent of England's greatest dramatist. She was about to leave on a tour of the provinces. The spangled canopy under which the star of Lang's brilliance was to shine, was "Much Ado About Nothing." Terry's *Beatrice* was desirous of a new *Benedick*—a fresh, young *Benedick* with vim, voice and vitality: in short, a *Benedick* unspoiled by long association with his role. And one, who would prove a handsome *Benedick*. So there you are! One's talents cannot be hid. Even one's physical talents.

TIME, however, and the success of the *Benedick* rehearsals, induced Terry to give "Much Ado" in London. A rare opportunity for a young actor! And even more rare for a young, colonial actor, unschooled in the ways and wiles of the great city of cities. At last, was he ex-

periencing a dream of his youth!

The Terry tour of the provinces embraced other plays. *Benedick*, after his successful jaunt through London publicism, rested there until the time should arrive for the continuation of his journey.

That continuation, oddly enough, was destined to take place in another land. It was just about that time that Benson decided to make a tour of the West Indies. England's tongues were undulating with the name of the newest find in Thespianism. London's photographers were richer by many shillings, several scrapbooks were bulging with flattering clippings—well, what more can an actor ask for? At any rate, such brilliance was all that was necessary for West Indies. And out went Matheson, to play leads for F. R. B.

When he returned to London, H. B. Irving was preparing "The Jury of Fate," for early production. And again Lang appeared on the scene at precisely the right moment. His name was put down in the "Jury of Fate" programmes, and his quickly increasing repertory added another cubic to its artistic stature.

And more cubits were soon to be added: in the same year, as a matter of fact. At the Comedy Theatre, a production called "Josephine" was in the state of preparation. Young Lang, now being established in London as an actor with possibilities, was considered a great acquisition to any stage. So it was not unnatural that he should have been offered the leading part.

That romanticism which is clothed in costumes especially becoming to a handsome physique, however, had always appealed to him most. There is a great deal of satisfaction in a romantic role, especially if the player be blessed with a romantic visage—and a pair of romantic appendages.

So the next part which the young hero essayed was consistent with his ideas on such a subject. Tristan in "Tristan and Isolde." That was in 1906.

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**SYNOPSIS.**—*This is the story of a trust-maker, told by himself. He has traced his experiences from the time that he was secretary to John J. Vandervort, New York railway magnate, through all the vicissitudes of his career in business, to the period when, having assisted in the formation of a Wholesalers' Guild, he is fighting for control with*

*Aiken, the president, who has tried to squeeze him. In order to throw Aiken off the track and, to give himself an opportunity to complete a plan he has worked out for the overthrow of the unscrupulous president, he pretends to sail from Montreal, for England, but leaves the boat secretly at Quebec, where he remains till Aiken has sailed.*

# The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

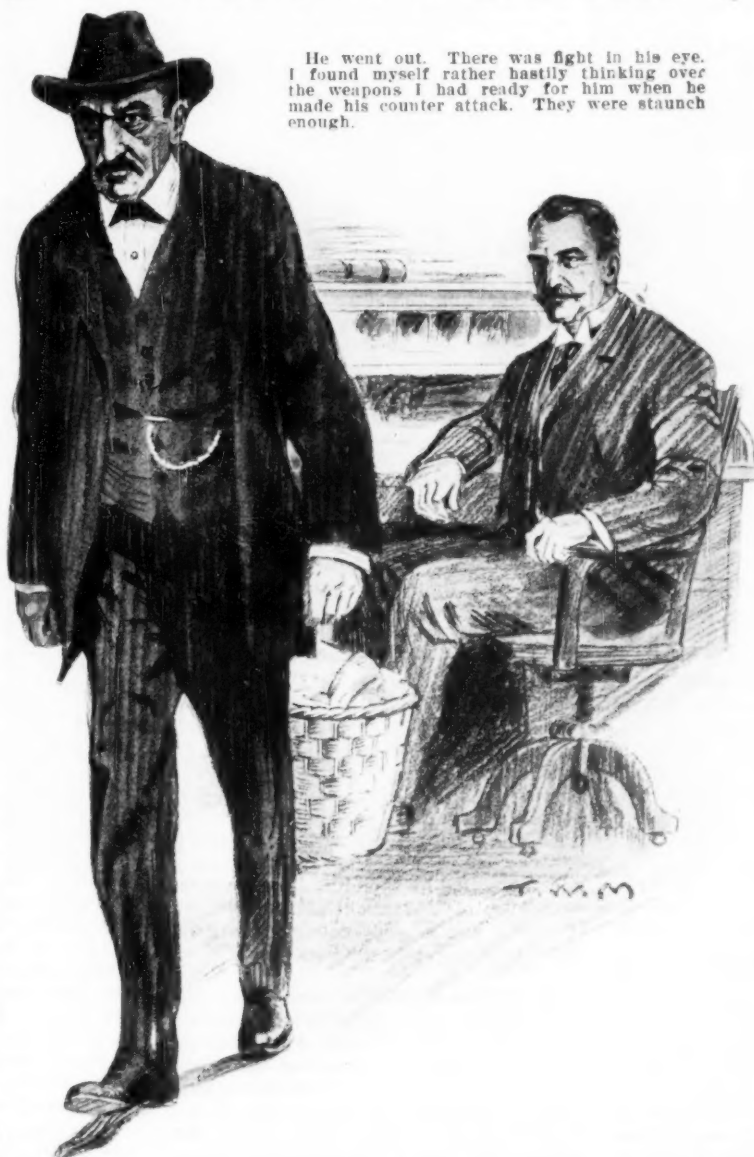
By **BRITTON B. COOKE**

Illustrated by **T. W. MITCHELL**

**A**LL my resources had been strained by the position in which Aiken had forced me. In spite of the successful advertising campaign put on by our mills, and in spite of the fact that we were selling the better goods, Aiken's control of the marketing machinery of the Wholesalers' Guild cut down the volume of our orders to a point where we could barely meet our overhead expenses. The mills were running at a loss. And now was my opportunity!

Aiken had sailed this morning for England, believing I was already there and that the Wholesalers' Guild was therefore safe from any interference. Within a comparatively few hours he would be out of communication with Montreal—this was in the days before wireless. When once the hull of the vessel dropped out of sight of the officials at Father Point I could set about my task of putting Aiken where I wanted him.

The day of waiting in Quebec was the longest I had ever spent, and yet in one respect, a most important day. Weary of the confinement of the room, afraid to take train for Montreal lest I should meet some of Aiken's friends who might deem it necessary to advise him at Father Point, I strolled at length down into Lower Town and along one of those narrow cobble-paved streets where there is now a single track railway line, and ancient stone shops with baled hay and other sweet-smelling articles crowding out of their shadowy interiors. Here at least, thought I, I am safe from observation by any of the Aiken crowd.



He went out. There was fight in his eye. I found myself rather hastily thinking over the weapons I had ready for him when he made his counter attack. They were staunch enough.

I was surprised therefore to see approaching me in the secluded street one of the two financial backers of Aiken—Sir Robert Jones. The pompous president of the steel corporation was walking down

the narrow pavement accompanied by a little dusty-looking French-Canadian—one Percard by name, as I afterward learned—quite an elderly man, shabbily dressed and seemingly of the habitant class. Yet I observed with what respect Sir Robert treated the little man. He was all attention and all affability. He had no eyes for anything in the street.

**T**O make sure, however, I stepped into one of the open shops, almost stumbling over some baled hay as I did so. It was a dark little interior and apparently untidily kept. Regaining my feet again—for I had almost tripped a second time over a coil of rope, I made my way to the rear of the shop where, in the pale light from a deep-embossed window, I saw an old man working at a desk. I felt that he expected some sort of explanation for my noisy entry and so I inquired the price of hay.

"Where do you want it delivered?" demanded the little man looking up with sharp, shrewd eyes.

"Why—here—in the city," I said.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Oh, a—a couple of bales."

"We don't sell such small quantities," he said. "Nothing but barge loads, f.o.b. Montreal, or Quebec or Chambly—or any river point."

"Wholesale?" I exclaimed.

"Wholesale only," he returned, bending once more over his books, and drawing down the skull cap that was perched on the back of his head.

This man was, to begin with, the owner of a fleet of St. Lawrence hay



barges. He was also other things. It was there in his shop that I learned one of the secrets of the financial world in Canada. It had been no wonder that I met Sir Robert Jones arm-in-arm with a shabby little Frenchman in this little narrow street in lower town. That shabby man, as I learned from Blondin, the keeper of the shop, or rather the office, in which I had taken refuge, was no less than Jean Baptiste Percard—"the great Jean Baptiste Percard!"

"But who—" I demanded, "Who is Jean Baptiste Percard?"

"Who? You do not know?" My host—for he had turned host and had proffered me a thimble of wine and a seat beside his shabby walnut desk—seemed highly amused. "You mean to tell me," he said, "that you Upper Canadians do not know? Perhaps you are not acquainted with business?"

"O, yes, I am," I said, "slightly."

"And you know him not?" with a sigh. "Well! Well!"

"But who is he?" I persisted.

"He is the richest man in Canada."

"Indeed?"

"The richest man in Canada."

"This Jean Baptiste Percard?"

"Precisely, m'sieu'."

I PONDERED this for some time while my host drew forth pipe and pouch and proceeded to smoke.

"Do you not know?" he said, "that you are on the richest street in the Dominion of Canada?"

"Pardon me—" I could scarcely refrain from smiling, "but it does not—it is not apparent on the surface? And besides—I thought Sir Robert Jones was the richest man in Canada?"

"Sir Robert?" with a dry chuckle. "He is the poorest of the poor."

"How so?"

"Jean Baptiste Percard owns him, body and soul."

"Owns him!"

"Lends him all the money he has in the world except the money from bond flotations. It is Percard who gives him his personal backing—and when, as now, there is no more money to be borrowed for a while in England or in Boston—it is here that Sir Robert Jones must come."

Further details of the conversation do not matter. Suffice it that if Jean Baptiste Percard was the richest man in Canada—richest in actual gold—Henri Blondin, the hay shipper to whom I was talking, was the next richest, if not indeed as rich himself. From remarks which Blondin let drop I saw that he was not a member of the group of which Aikin and Jones were members. His interests were opposed to theirs, and he would not be the one to communicate any news of me to any friend of Aiken, even had it occurred to him to do so. I had told him casually my name and something of my business. He seemed interested and that night we dined together at his house, a bachelor affair in one of those quiet streets which one can always picture to oneself but can never find in Quebec without a guide.

Henri Blondin's life had not been a smooth one. Here was he living out the rest of it and seeking—what I was

able to give him. He had begun life on a rocky farm north of Lac Joseph in the Laurentians behind Quebec. He had moved with his parents to a prosperous hay-farming locality alongside the shores of the St. Lawrence. Year in and year out he helped in the hay harvest and the loading of the picturesque sailing vessels that to this day dawdle up and down the river with the fragrant crops piled high above the deck line, and quaint old mended sails catching the breath of the great river as it slips out to the Gulf. By great economy the parents accumulated a considerable sum of money which the son, when he matured, husbanded. He became the local private banker for the habitants in that vicinity. All the hoardings of his fellows for miles around that prosperous country came to him for investment. And he in turn loaned them out on mortgages in the eastern part of Ontario and in the West, wherever there were French-Canadian farmers. His mortgages were always secure. He co-operated closely with his Church in the handling of funds. But one day one of the railroad group with which Aiken and Sir Robert Jones were allied, came to Blondin for a loan—a big loan; and Blondin, being tempted, invested accordingly, only to find after some years that he had been played with. There were other claims against the assets of the railroad speculators which would have to be satisfied before the claims of Blondin's investors. By main strength of will and clever dealing Blondin was able to liquidate most of his holdings but not without loss. This loss he held against the big railroad group. It had not only touched his purse; his reputation as an honest custodian of other people's money had been in the balance.

When I left Quebec that night for Montreal, careless now whether the Aiken allies found I was still in Canada or not, for Aiken was now out of sight of Father Point, I had made a tentative alliance with Henri Blondin. Here in Quebec where he had embarked in the hay business on wholesale lines, owning and operating a fleet of one hundred shabby but efficient little craft, he had re-accumulated a fortune and had re-established himself as the banker for a large section of his old neighborhood. Not only that but I knew later that he was the financial agent for one of the richest religious organizations in Canada—whose property in various parts of Quebec and outside of Quebec brings in enormous revenue, all of which has to be invested and reinvested by Blondin. I had won the confidence of this financial force. Here, if ever I had a large enough enterprise and a good one, was the backing!

MY immediate business was the Wholesalers' Guild and the ousting of President Aiken from that position. As I stepped from the train at the Place Viger Station in Montreal everything seemed immeasurably fairer than it had been for many a year. The porters, the cabmen, the morose street car conductors of Montreal—there is no city in which public servants are either so obliging or so disobliging—seemed to fit into my mood. Victory was within my grasp. Before two days were out I would

be ordering my own Guild—for it would be under my control then—to buy goods from my own mills—and Aiken's mills would go hungry.

At the office of the John Goss Company of Montreal—the parent house of the Wholesalers' Guild—I was met as usual by the sober old general manager who lent such an air of fair dealing and general respectability to the establishment. I had to ask him who was the secretary of the company—for this office had been disposed of by Aiken along with the orders to his own mills—and was directed to a nervous-eyed clerk in the cashier's department. He was very obsequious. What could he do for me? A meeting? A meeting of the board! But—he really had no authority. He—

"Look here, my lad," I said, for I was in such good humor with myself and with everyone else that no amount of opposition could seriously disturb my rosy prospects, "Don't let us waste any more time than is necessary. Just look up the by-laws of this corporation and you will see that Mr. Aiken inserted a clause by which a board meeting may be called without notice by the president."

"But you are not the president?" observed the clerk shrewdly.

"Wrong again," I said, "You will see by the original draft that, whenever the president is not able to attend or is detained, the vice-president is authorized to act in his stead."

THE clerk bit his finger nails. It was apparent that he was strictly and entirely an Aiken partisan. The situation that had arisen in the absence of his chief was more than he knew how to handle. He made several small objections, then withdrew to a telephone saying he would have to ask the firm's legal advisor but I stopped him at that. I knew the ways of lawyers. There might be means of getting out injunctions or otherwise impeding the natural course of retribution that was about to fall upon Aiken's head.

"No you won't," I said. "Just come in here with me." And I led him by the coat lapel into the room we called a board room. "You know as well as I do that as vice-president of this company I have authority to call this meeting and call it at once. Mr. Aiken has gone to Europe. He has taken with him his proxies—that is to say he has not issued them to anyone else—and I am for the time being in complete control of this company's affairs."

"But—" he objected.

"Just listen: granted you can stop me from holding this meeting and doing what I want to do, you are then in a safe enough position and can rely upon Mr. Aiken to reward you handsomely when he comes back. But granted you cannot stop me except by an injunction which would be issued much too late to prevent the meeting—you may be placed in a difficult position—discharged in fact."

He blinked and swallowed the point.

"I see," he said. "You'll fire me—"

"Straight as a bee line."

"Perhaps you can't get a quorum," he objected, weakening.

"You and I and those three stool-pigeon directors sitting at yonder desks

have hitherto been quorum enough for Mr. Aiken."

"That is true," he said. "Very well—I will call the meeting."

"At once."

"Yes, sir."

The formalities were few. We five gathered in the board room and I took the president's chair. The minutes were read—a childish affair—and I called for notices of motion. Failing to elicit any from the clammy-faced lot that sat round the table, I directed the best-looking specimen of the lot to take the chair while I presented a motion.

"I move," I said, smiling despite myself, "That a general increase in the salaries of the office staff be approved, this increase to be equivalent to five per cent. of the wages of all men who have been with the company more than a year. Who will second this motion for me?"

"I will," chorused four voices, including that of the *pro tem* chairman.

"It is moved—" chanted the chairman, recovering his senses; and recited the motion.

"Contrary? None. I declare the motion carried."

THE secretary dug his nose into the minute book and wrote feverishly for several minutes while I prepared my next motion.

"I move," I said, "That the unissued treasury stock of the Wholesalers' Guild, Limited, amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars be now issued and allotted to purchasers approved by this board."

"What?" shouted the dummy secretary getting to his feet with a jerk. "Is there any unissued stock?"

"I second it," piped a wisp of a director at my side.

"It is moved—" began the chairman again, but he was interrupted.

"But what? What—" The secretary was on his feet gasping bewilderedly. "What right—"

"Gentlemen," I said, "our secretary apparently has overlooked or was not aware of the fact that the original authorized capital of this company was \$300,000 of which only \$150,000 was issued. By a clause in our charter and in our by-laws we are authorized to issue the remaining stock. It is now a necessary step—in order—er—that we may enlarge the scope of the corporation."

"Any contrary?" whined the chairman.

"I'm contrary," declared the secretary.

"Those in favor?"

Three hands went up.

"Declare the motion carried," said the chairman.

HAVING finished his task I relieved him of the chair and closed the meeting after instructing the secretary, who was obviously worried, to order the new shares printed by the Gold Dollar Bank Note Company of Ottawa, and placed in trust with the Reliance Trust Company of Montreal and Toronto, for sale.

"Shall I advertise the stock?" asked the secretary.

"You will *not*," I retorted, "but wire to the Bank Note Company at once!"

Three days later I bought, through the Reliance Trust Company of Toronto and

THE war with Aiken was by no means over. Far back in the scant school days I had enjoyed in bleak Garafraxa I could recall occasions when, being for the moment obsessed with extra courage, one of the smaller boys would retort to the local bully with a blow—and flight. The feeling as one took to one's heels after having committed this sacrilege against the biggest boy, returned to me in lesser degree when, after the memorable board meeting, I went back to the hotel. I was too elated to resume the ordinary thread of existence in the ordinary way. There would be trouble after this—a big war, but for the moment I enjoyed the full taste of victory. Could I eat ordinarily?

Or sit calmly and read a paper? Or gossip idly with an acquaintance? Whatever I did it was merely my outer and habitual self that attended to. My real self was drawing pictures of Aiken, all unconscious of the mischief that had overtaken him, sitting smoking complacently on the deck of the liner as she approached Birkenhead. I had made sure that the news would not reach him there. A little judicious bribing of his former dummies had fixed that. I did not intend that he should charge up all the expenses of the trip to England against the Wholesalers' Guild without accomplishing the errand that took him there, a thing he would be sure not to do if he heard what had happened. Aiken would go about the country buying what he thought should be bought, interviewing mill managers and being invited to their houses and their clubs—and all the time a bomb was waiting to explode under him when he returned to Canada! Such a bomb!

OLD HANNY, his face as mild and as innocent as a sleepy tom cat, moved across the rotunda like an amiable locomotive looking for company, reached out a big paw and shook my hand in silence.

"What's that for?" I demanded.

"What's that for!" he

echoed mockingly.

"How did you know?"

"How do I know I'm alive?"

"But who—who told you?" I persisted.

"Don't bother me," he grunted. "Come and have a drink."

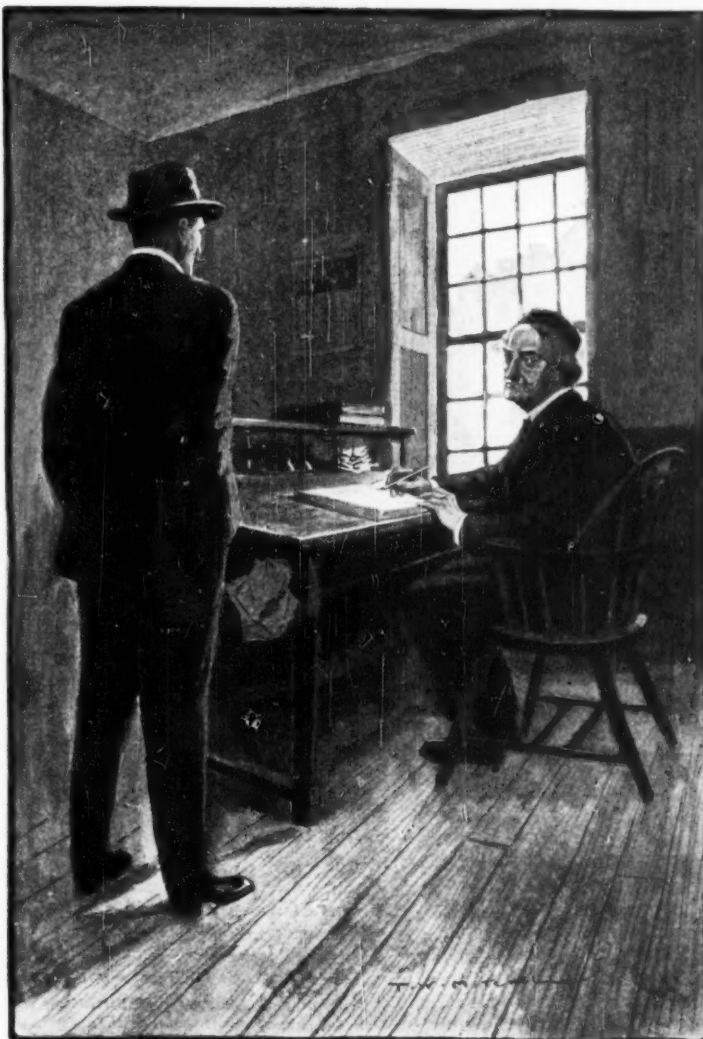
"Can't do it," I said.

"Eh?"

"A drink would pretty nearly make me drunk just now."

"Don't be foolish. Come on. Take mineral water if you like."

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I made my way to the rear of the shop where in the pale light from a deep-embossed window I saw an old man working at a desk.

Montreal one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the newly issued treasury stock of the Wholesalers' Guild—the entire amount. I now owned practically three-quarters of the stock. Aiken was swamped.

When I had completed the deal I summoned the secretary and told him how matters stood. "Now," I said, "You know where your loyalty lies."

"I do indeed, sir," he murmured pleasantly.



# TRYST: By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

I SHALL always remember Bethune as a man who for a few years dwelt among us and then moved on and left behind him a fascination that drew our imagination to follow him and forecast, as it were, the ultimate haven of his so suddenly enfranchised spirit. He lives before me now, a vital entity, suggestive of every potent issue of birth and education.

One meets at rare intervals, men who have so subconsciously nursed their individuality that it expresses itself without effort or advance and radiates from some mysterious tissue a quality at once attractive and removent to which we yield without hesitation or protest. And with this quality there exists a natural pride, a mental hauteur that adds its own distinctive touch. We recognized it in Bethune. He was very silent, yet we talked to him without reserve leaning upon his palpable understanding. He had hosts of friends who admitted him to their inner circle, yet he cultivated one not more than another. I never heard him say a hasty thing but sometimes a fire seemed to light his eyes and betray unguessed depths of feeling. Unmarried and possessed of ample means, he seldom referred to his people who, I was told, were an Irish-Italian family. Physically, he was of middle height and rather heavily framed. His eyes and hair were very dark—his mouth large and motionless.

It was my wife who first told me of a queer friendship that had begun to exist between her sister Naomi and Bethune. It was, it appeared, an achievement for any woman to attract him. I doubted if Naomi had—and said so.

But Ruth only shook her head. "It's the call of the average to the unusual." She looked at me and laughed. "My dear you ought to know that."

"I do," I said ruefully, "but I've tried to improve."

One very satisfactory thing about Ruth is that she does not stop to collect compli-

ments on her way. They do not even divert her.

"And then," she continued, "she's thirty without being in the slightest sophisticated. Very few women accomplish that. But he's not in love with her."

"But they golf together and don't use caddies."

"Possibly—so do you and I. I know perfectly well what I hope—but I may be disappointed. And besides if he did marry, I hardly think he'd surrender the most attractive side of himself."

"Why?"

"I've a curious idea that he's saving himself for something. That's the only way I can put it. It would not be the real Bethune who would marry, but the obvious, ostensible person we know. He's very polite and charming but I've a strong suspicion that for him most of us don't



Naomi got up, walked to the window and stood slapping her habit with her crop.

really exist. He's so intangible to me that when I saw him last at dinner I wondered where the food went."

At that moment the door opened and Naomi entered. She climbed into a sofa and demanded tea.

"Ripping ride," she said breathlessly. "Came in from the Hunt Club in half an hour. Mr. Bethune wouldn't stay. Hurry up the kettle, will you? My horse has no blanket."

My wife and I exchanged glances. "You're very good friends," I hazarded.

"I like him. He makes me talk, so I suppose any woman would like him. Oh, by-the-by, I told him you two were off to Egypt." She hesitated, then finished with a laugh that didn't ring quite true.

Knowing Naomi, we waited and I handed her the cigarettes. In a moment she began again, speaking through a fine grey cloud.

"He didn't say anything for a moment, then remarked in the coolest kind of way: 'I wonder whether they'd let me go with them?'"

I caught Ruth's eye. The domestic semaphore was at work. There are moments when the male mammal knows his place.

"Here's the tea now," I ventured inanely.

"I hadn't the slightest idea that Mr. Bethune wanted to leave town," said my wife impersonally.

"When do you leave? Next week, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Our arrangements are all made," added Ruth with a touch of coldness. I knew that she rebelled at this shattering of her prophecy.

Naomi reached for her cup. "Then he'll be with you. I'm sorry—our horses went awfully well together and I'll have to find someone else to play with."

"He hasn't been asked yet. And one doesn't carry out that sort of thing off one's own bat."

I said nothing, but it had instantly occurred to me that Bethune so rarely made any suggestion that when he did

make one the thing was apt to go through and curiously enough, as soon as Naomi had spoken, I had had vivid visions of him, the third of our party, traveling everywhere and doing everything with us. The idea presented itself as being, in spite of its suddenness, anything but preposterous, and the smoothness with which the film of the future seem to unroll was ample evidence.

Ruth shifted her ground and I recognized the first movements of a tactical retreat.

"Why in the world should he want to leave town? He told me a few days ago that the furnishing of his flat was just finished."

"Why don't you come with us?" I floundered. "And make a *parti carré*?"

Naomi got up, walked to the window and stood slapping her habit with her crop. "That horse is getting cold—and thank you, but it's not come to that." Then she pitched her cigarette stub into the fire and, standing back from the door, added: "Mother says she'll take the car for the winter if you'll keep Simmons on. By, Ruth. By-by, Bob. Thanks all the same, I know you meant well."

The front door crashed and, as the quick hoofs clattered up the pavement, I left the conversation entirely to my wife. The slight pause that followed quite justified me.

"I can't see why any man should want to break off such a charming friendship," she began presently. "She's the only woman he's paid any attention to since we knew him. Naomi told me that he gave her a curious sensation of being safe. Think of it—safe!"

"Then you suggest that I—?"

"I know perfectly well," she continued, undisturbed, "that he's as sedate as her grandfather—probably more so."

"Her grandfather was a two-bottle man," I hazarded. "My grandfather told me; and he knew."

"We've improved on him, thank goodness. And can you tell me why Mr. Bethune's whim should upset our plans?"

"I don't see that they do. It's the greatest compliment you've ever had—except one."

She turned to me suddenly. "You want him?"

"Don't you think that it would introduce an element of er—interest. As you tired of me for instance, you—"

"When I see you begin to slide, Bob, and know perfectly well that willy nilly I shall be drawn after you, I wish you did not yield so easily."

"Life is one long surrender."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "Oh, I can foresee it all. Mr. Bethune will come and, of course, be extremely polite and affable and then after we get back and it's impossible to imagine what it would have been like without him, you'll ask me if it wasn't a splendid success, and, of course, I'll say yes. You might as well know now that my prophetic soul can go that far."

With that she left me and, when next morning Bethune telephoned to enquire whether he could see me at my office, I felt a pleasurable glow that I was at least contributing toward the truth of Ruth's forecast.

THERE are conversations that stick in one's mind. Bethune as he talked seemed to be involuntarily taking cover after cover from his hitherto uncommunicable personality. He seemed neither apologetic nor confidential, and yet it was by no particular stretch of fancy that I saw Naomi's aura suspended over him. His wanderings and hobbies; these were touched upon lightly and then with a curious shade in the voice that for a year had attracted me, he went on deliberately:

"There are things almost too personal to mention but I feel that I ought to speak, even if what I say sounds childish or ridiculous. Did you ever hear of a man, who through loyalty to something he did not understand, appeared disloyal to things that everyone understands?"

He paused, but I did not speak. This was too palpably a preface to that which he had come to say.

"I have a strange and overwhelming belief that I am linked in some mysterious way to some woman I have never seen or heard of," he resumed quietly. "I cannot even tell whether she is alive or dead." He glanced at me with a sudden petition in his eyes that moved me strangely. Then the level voice went on with a new quality of appeal.

"It is quite impossible for you to grasp this, so I can only ask you to accept it as being literally and absolutely true. You can, however, imagine what it must mean to a man who not only has all the natural visions and longings of life, but also is in a position to live normally and happily. I cannot cut myself off from the society of women. I admire them enormously, and I suppose that has to do with my Latin-Hibernian blood: But if I were to ask a woman to marry me, I would only be offering her that which in my soul I know is not meant that I should offer. The thing that is me has passed beyond my control and until I find the woman who, to put it baldly, has me, I am only a shell that has the likeness of a man, but is empty nevertheless."

He leaned back, thrust his chin into a lean brown hand and eyed me closely. It was as though after years of indecision, he had plunged into speech and was searching my heart to discover whether even now, he had spoken at random. It seemed, furthermore, as though the very pendulum of his spiritual existence was swinging there before me, and that I might put out a finger and stop it. Then behind his gaze I divined that which he had not yet said. The hearing of it was no surprise.

"And if you think it odd that I should ask to travel with you," he went on, "it is for two reasons. One is that the volition of others may guide me to my great discovery, since my own efforts, as you can imagine, have been fruitless. The other is that it would be a great privilege to be near one who is so like Naomi, one who would be entirely undisturbed and even untouched by whatever tribute I might pay. It's a ferocious thing," he added under his breath, "to hurt that which one desires to worship."

IN the silence that followed, he got up and bowed formally. "I must ask you to overlook the fact that I have spoken

as I did not believe it would ever be possible for me to speak."

"Hold on," I blurted. "May I ask one question?"

"As many as you like."

"What started this? When did you know first?"

He colored like a girl. "You will think me more unnatural than ever, but if you—"

"No, never mind!" I said hastily. "It's all right. I suppose it's an influence of some kind."

He nodded. "Yes—exactly."

"And you can't throw it off until—"

"Until I can demonstrate in one particular way that I am free."

I got up and held out my hand, "My dear fellow, the matter of your coming with us was settled before you asked me. I hope you'll not get tired of us, and that you'll consider yourself a perfectly free agent."

"And Mrs. Vincent?" he put in with a touch of wistfulness. "Do I not impose up—?"

"My wife will be very glad," I answered him.

Knowing Ruth, I knew she would—within the first week.

I saw little more of him till we met in New York, but curiously enough it was Naomi who said, "Thank you." Her earnestness puzzled me till, remembering the other mystery, it all seemed reasonable enough.

"You know there was a good deal of misunderstanding about us. You certainly got hold of the wrong end of it."

It would have been futile to assure her that it was Ruth. "So your spirits merely met and touched, as the poet puts it," I said pointedly.

"That's all." Then she looked straight at me. "How much did he tell you?"

"We had a very interesting talk," I parried, "and since he was evidently overwrought, the Egyptian trip seemed to be just the thing for him."

She nodded. "So you know—and I know—but how about Ruth?"

"I considered it his private affair and let it go at that," I confessed, feeling like a stealthy conspirator.

"Did he show you his?"—she hesitated—"his evidence?"

"Good Lord, no! How could he have any?"

Naomi bit her lip. "I'm a good deal of a fool and please forget my question."

"Certainly. But"—I regarded her keenly—"my dear, can you forget?"

She glanced out of the window but I could see that her lip trembled. "There is very little for me to remember," she said unsteadily.

There are moments when the best intentioned man feels as though he had trodden on a lily bed. I reached for her hand. "I'm sorry. Tell me just what you want me to do."

"Nothing."

"You can't think of anything? I'm not always as clumsy as I look."

She smiled mistily. "The only thing I can think of is that I have to play Norah Farrell eighteen holes this morning for the Ladies' Trophy, and if you get a chance to do Mr. Bethune another good turn—do it—for my sake, Bob." Then



she kissed me swiftly behind the ear and vanished.

I yielded to a curious sensation, that as she went, the circle in which Ruth, Bethune and myself were to exist for the next few months, tightened perceptibly. I was far from guessing what might be the evidence of which she spoke, but the fact that she knew seemed in some way to fortify me in having Bethune with us.

**M**Y justification I found in the gratitude in his face when we met at the steamer. There was just a handshake and a promise to meet at dinner and then he obliterated himself in the swarm that populated our mechanical ant hill. There was, too, a certain poignant romance in the reflection that whatever heartache he left behind, he had set forth again to tour a teeming world in an attempt to silence a voluble myth of his own creation. He was rubbing elbows with business men, tourists and invalids, and amongst us all he was alone, in that all heavens were the same to him.

Madeira was only a blur on the horizon, when Ruth revealed how completely indeed Bethune had been adopted by her childless heart.

"I'm not very happy about him. I don't know whether you've noticed it but he seems more restless than when we started. He's like a man who has let go of some thing before he's taken hold of another."

"Or before he's been taken hold of," I ventured. "There's salvation in that."

As usual I missed fire. "I'm thankful I married one whom I can understand perfectly," she continued calmly.

"Then you don't feel any lack of—er—the joys of exploration?"

"No, dear, nor the uncertainty of it."

This might mean anything, so I let it pass and we lapsed into contemplation of what Homer used to call "the laughter of the sea."

**W**E were well into the Mediterranean before I was convinced that a change had actually taken place in Bethune. He was now like a man who, as my wife said, was fumbling steadily in the future. He was just as courtly and had just the same reserved charm but his sentences broke off abruptly and his eyes were as wistful as a girl's. It seemed that he already anticipated some hitherto unguessed development of his journey and was viewing it from as many angles as he might. There was no further offer to speak of his own affairs, but I knew he was immensely appreciative.

In another ten days we were on our dahabeah, heading for Wady Hafa. Bethune spent hours staring south toward the Nubian desert.

"I'm nearer to knowing what peace is than ever before," he said one evening to my wife, glancing up at the perfect curve of our pointed sail.

Ruth was understandingly silent and, after a moment, he went on again. "I suppose the difficulty of getting one's perspectiveness is that there are too many people in the world and the disturbed soul can neither do justice to itself or others. While here—"

"I don't know that I quite agree with you."

"I often wonder at the extraordinary amiability of people, especially of women," he continued. "And I've an idea that if they were not content with so little, they'd get more."

Ruth laughed, and quite brazenly I laid down my paper to listen.

"A sensible woman knows what she'll get before she marries," she retorted, "as for the others," she shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes—but think of it," he persisted. "The terrific surrender, the domination—whether conscious or not—the stiffening into one form or another of what was before so pliable and fancy free. Doesn't all that deserve the very best a man has to give?"

Ruth was moved in spite of herself. "And what would you call that?" she said gently.

"Something to lean on—companionship.

You have that and if I may say so—it's beautiful to see—even though it hurts."

"Marriage precedes love, as I see it. Women are attracted by what they think they recognize in a man, and afterwards often learn to love something quite different."

"Yes—I suppose that may be true, but the beauty of love is that it's unexpected." He dropped into silence for a while, then turning to me: "I saw in a Cairo paper that an old friend of mine, Barry, is digging near Abydos."

"Digging what?"

"Tombs—he's a rampant Egyptologist—caught it from Petrie, I think. Before that he was studying religious rites in the upper Congo."

Ruth shivered a little. "Mummies and that sort of thing?"

"Yes—like to see it? I hear he's not far from the Nile."

"No thank you. To-day is enough for me and to-morrow and next day. I never had any respect for my ancestors."

Instantly Bethune withdrew into his shell. He gave me the impression of having made an impetuous excursion and retreated swiftly to some inner security. It occurred to me that this was his sole suggestion since leaving America and, knowing how finely tempered is the link that holds roving Britons together, I cast about for something with which to heal his wounded sensibility. Looking at him I thought he had never looked more restless—and—yes, lonely.

But his mind worked more quickly than mine. He put the matter aside so completely that I felt he insisted that since we were one there should be no divisibility, so far as he was concerned.

**W**E moved lazily on, locked through Assuan and spent days at the half-submerged ruins of Philae that seemed doubly suggestive, rising out of the unwrinkled stream. Then we dropped back and some days later moored near Abydos where Barry was digging.

That evening Bethune, who had been surveying the cliffs that mark the western boundary of the Sahara, told us he would spend the next day ashore.

"I've changed my mind. I'd like to go," said Ruth instantly. "I've thought quite a lot about my ancestors, since you spoke of it first."

Bethune's left eyelid drooped, as it always did when he was surprised. "Perhaps you'd better not. It's a long ride on donkeys and means three hours to get there anyway."

"Can't your friend put us up?" I continued.

"It doesn't mean that. We'll be back to-night. The

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Presently he found a leather case and, as he opened it, I could hear his teeth chatter; but his eyes were blazing. In another moment he laid the other half of the bracelet on the dusty bosom and bent forward, brows to the earth in the immemorial posture of worship.

# Canada's Opportunity: By AGNES C. LAUT

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—In this day of stress we must face conditions that arise squarely. The disturbing effect the war has had on the currency of the belligerent nations, even in the pound sterling, has introduced new elements into the problems of world trade. Britain, wealthiest of nations, can finance the war to a successful conclusion; but in the meantime readjustments may be brought about in international trade relations. In the accompanying article Agnes C. Laut suggests the possibility of the dollar becoming the dominant currency of exchange and points out what Canada should do in such a contingency. European gold is pouring into North America, and Canada should strive for a full share of the benefits.

**"DOLLAR EXCHANGE"** was an expression unknown to the world a year ago. Suddenly it has become a phrase of magic import in banking circles. Nor is it possible to exaggerate its significance.

Dollar exchange means more than the erection of a Golden Calf for worship in Wall Street. It means more than the coming of the nations of the world to the United States and Canada for food, for munitions of war, for credit, for capital, as the nations of the world went down to Egypt of old for corn. It means far more than all the funnels of world gold pouring their yellow treasure into North American markets. It means more than every single nation of first rank in Europe going to the United States for loans within a year, not to mention three of the leading nations of South America and one of Asia. These things touch only the financiers; and dollar exchange affects every man, woman and child in North America.

Dollar exchange means more than huge balances of trade piled up in favor of Canada and the United States, though that reacts on farmer and rancher and artisan more than on financiers. Figure this statement out explicitly! The war increased the price of wheat and stock by thirty per cent. That is thirty per cent. went straight to the farmer. War orders in the United States total half a billion to June of 1915, a billion to December of 1915, a billion and a half to April of 1916; and on all manufactures, it has been most carefully figured out by the National Civic Federation of New York two-thirds goes in wages to hand labor. Now the banker has acted only as a banker—not as a speculator, not as a buyer—on these war orders; and his charge has been from one-half of one per cent. to one per cent. and two per cent. But dollar exchange means more than all that billion and a half balance of trade reacting in prosperity to farmer and rancher and artisan and banker.

Exactly what does dollar exchange mean? In importance it ranks as the most vital factor that has ever come into American finance.

**LET** us quote the views of the biggest financial men in the world to-day!

Says the *London Statist*—Sir George Paish's mouthpiece: "The change in the economic situation of the United States is so remarkable as to be miraculous. The United States

is swimming in gold. The ambition of New York bankers is to make New York the great international money market of the world. New York has the whole field of international finance at her feet."

Says Hartley Withers: "New York has the chance of a lifetime; and the opportunity depends on the willingness of the American public to finance new loans to foreign countries."

Says Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan Banking House, who are handling such vast sums for the Allies: "America is becoming a large factor in the loan market. We shall become a credit instead of a debtor nation, and such a development sooner or later will certainly tend to bring about the dollar as the basis of exchange."

**WHAT** has brought about the possibility of dollar exchange?

First of all: Huge borrowings from Uncle Sam by foreign powers. Including Canada's war loan and economic loans to Argentina, Sweden, Switzerland and Brazil, American bankers have loaned abroad since the war began over \$300,000,000. Of this, \$125,000,000 was to warring nations for war purposes. The other \$175,000,000 may be described as economic rather than war loans.

Second: Huge food purchases by foreign powers. Of last year's crop in wheat, flour, forage, oats, etc., Uncle Sam sold to Europe \$700,000,000 worth in 1915. The huge growth in Canadian exports to Europe is an old story to Canadians.

Third: War orders up to a billion in the United States; a quarter of a billion in Canada.

Fourth: The fact that war prevents Europe paying for her purchases in exchange trade.

Fifth: The fact that the new American Federal Reserve Act permits banks that are members of the Federal Reserve Banking System to discount foreign credits and acceptances drawn for sixty and ninety days against exports to Europe.

Sixth and most important of all: That the longer the war lasts, the more and more the gold reserves of European nations must be reduced. Germany has made a house to house canvass to exchange paper money for gold coin and gold trinkets. France has called on the nation to give up gold coin for notes. The Bank of England has advocated the payment of all

debts in paper money rather than gold, that the gold reserves of the banks may remain intact. Why? So that England may pay foreign obligations in the only coin current internationally—gold.

**THERE** is no use quoting the percentage of gold reserve in each nation; for it changes from day to day; and in the cases of Germany and Austria, it is impossible to verify the figures.

Nor does it mean much to say Austrian exchange is at a discount of 34 per cent., Russian exchange is at a discount of 24 to 34 per cent.; German exchange, 14 to 16 per cent.; Italian exchange, 10 to 12 per cent.; French exchange, 3 to 4 per cent.; English exchange 1 per cent. to 1½ for this exchange also fluctuates daily.

The way the trade experts of Washington put it is this: "Foreign bills are declining severely in price. It is difficult for foreign debtors to get means of payment. If a shipper has an article to sell, he can get the price when exported only when the foreign buyer agrees to give him in payment a remittance sufficient to realize that price in New York. If the article brings a pound in London—the pound in London is worth only \$4.75 instead of \$4.87—the seller is 12 cents out more than he would have been if he had sold in New York. He must either sell in the United States to the foreign buyer, or demand as much more for the price as exchange is down. The producer simply raises his price to off-set the shrinkage in exchange, or he demands payment in American dollars. He thus transfers the loss in exchange to the buyer."

**AN** example will make it plainer. There is an immense amount of wheat being smuggled across to Germany and Austria from Sweden and Russia and Roumania. We'll suppose wheat is at a dollar a bushel in American money. Your Roumanian peasant loads up 50 bushels and hikes across the line. If he takes payment in Austrian money, he will demand \$1.34; but the smugglers all over Europe are beginning to demand payment in American currency; so your Roumanian peasant gets an American dollar—\$50 in all; but each dollar is worth \$1.34 of Austrian goods. So with his \$50 American currency, your Roumanian peasant can buy \$67 of Austrian goods, which he can take





back and trade at home. Exchange against Austria has made the price of his wheat really \$1.34.

"Well," says your average man, "what is all that to me? Where do I come in? Am I to gather up a lot of depreciated European coin and sell it for good American coin?"

No, my friend, you are not; but exactly the advantage, which accrues to the Roumanian peasant accrues to every one in America, who has anything to sell to Europe.

The banking way of putting it is—*Dollars are up*. Dollars have become precious. "When dollars are at a premium," said a governor of the Federal Reserve Banks to me, "the world must come to the land of dollars to do its trading. Instead of sending the great standard products of the North American continent like grain and wool and cotton and copper and tobacco and meat to European markets to be resold there to the nations of the world, these great standard products would be sold in the land of their production, and dealers here, instead of in Europe will have the middlemen profits, which have formerly gone to Liverpool on wheat, and London on copper, and London on wool, and Bremen and Manchester on cotton, and London on furs."

"Well," says your average man, "what's that to me? Expect me to go in the middleman business in these things? How am I affected by your old dollar exchange?"

WHEN I was a child in the Canadian North-West, we used to have yearly trouble about false classifying and grading No. 1 Hard wheat. Liverpool dealers used to be accused of mixing No. 1 Hard with inferior soft varieties and sending that out to world mills as Manitoba Hard at Manitoba prices. It was only after great agitation and the protests of American grain exchanges that the thing stopped. The same sort of thing happened repeatedly in embargoes against Canadian cattle. You could prove again and again that no disease existed among Canadian herds. An embargo knocked the bottom out of Canadian prices; and, having the power of a world buyer, the English dealer induced the Board of Trade to put that embargo on; and on it stayed.

Now what has happened in the grain market? An association has been formed of every grain export house in the United States and Canada; and this association rules on what terms its grain shall go to Europe. This has nothing to do with price. The price of a world requirement is ruled by one law alone—the law of supply and de-

mand; but the association can rule on the terms of price. Formerly Europe paid for grain in 60 to 90-day drafts. Since the war broke out this delay in payment has been reduced to seven days. Henceforth, Europe must pay in New York cash for American wheat. Figure out the discount saved on an annual exportation of \$300,000,000 of wheat between cash and 60 days payment. All lighterage, cost of discharge, freight and port dues, etc., will henceforth be paid by the buyer. The buyer must provide war risk insurance.

THIS at once brings up the vital question: Who pays the freight on world commodities? Apparently—the buyer pays; but look a little deeper! Why does Moose Jaw receive less for wheat than St. Paul, or Chicago or New York, but just exactly the difference of the freight to St. Paul, or Chicago, or New York? I raise Alberta wheat in New York State; and I receive the New York price just exactly less the freight to New York, which is five cents a bushel. My friends in Alberta receive less than I do by just exactly the freight to New York—40 to 50 cents in winter, 30 to 40 cents in summer. Apparently, the buyer pays the freight. *In reality, he pays to the seller the world's market price less exactly his own commission and the freight to the world's market.* Put it plain! When I receive \$1.25 in New York State for wheat, my relatives in the West receive 80 cents plus. Now the Atlantic freight rates on wheat

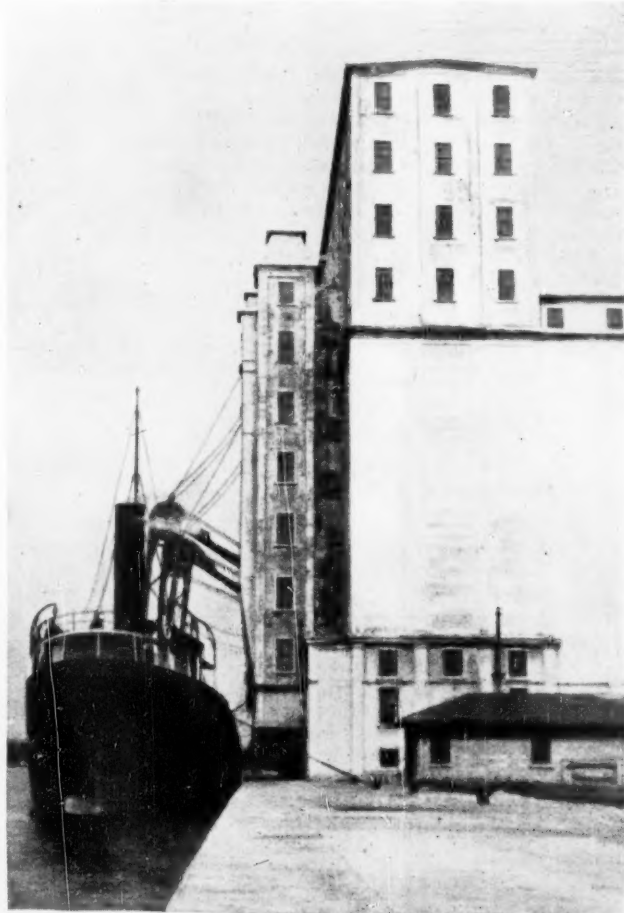
fluctuate from three to seven cents in peace to 20 and 36 cents in war. We may flatter ourselves that the buyer pays the freight. He doesn't. He pays us, in America, the world's market price less commission, exchange, storage, discharge, insurance, freight. If the world's market were in America, the seller would get the world's market price; and the buyer to obtain the wheat would bear the expense of the freight. In times of peace this would mean a saving of three to seven cents—according to Atlantic freights—a bushel to the grain growers; and the same conditions apply to wool and cotton and meat and flour and tobacco and furs and copper.

EVERY farmer who ships apples or cattle to a world market knows, for he gets back his account, price less commission and freight; but on world commodities the freight is hidden in final returns; and only the big dealers realized that it was America and not Europe that paid the freight. In this case, the readjustment would touch every grower of grain in America and might be expected to react in prices three to seven cents higher in times of peace. If you have a 600-acre farm in Alberta and it raises 25 bushels to the acre or a crop of 15,000 bushels, it would mean to you from \$450 to \$1,050 higher for your wheat.

But the matter of saving on discounts and freights and insurance is not the most important part. The big gain to a nation lies in what must be called for lack of a better name—*re-exports*. Did you ever try to figure out why London and Hamburg and Bremen are great and opulent cities?

"Trade," you say, "trade does it." I know; but how does trade do it? Well—these cities buy from all the rest of the world, and resell to all the rest of the world, and take toll in the form of profits and exchange on the barter. That is exactly it. That is what makes England the most opulent nation on earth—the constant stream of world profits from all rivulets and rivers and oceans of world trade flowing through English harbors. England's foreign trade—incoming and out-going—totals from six to seven billions in times of peace. Of this two billions is of foreign stuff which she has made over and re-exported. That is what re-exports mean. The re-exports of London alone equal the total of wheat sent from all America in its most productive years. The re-exports of Liverpool alone equal the annual wheat crop of Canada. You see now the wealth in re-exports for any nations; and re-exports are only possible in a world market.

Up to the war, the United States re-export trade comprised only seven-eighths of one per cent. of all its commerce. Chemicals, rubber and coffee were the only commodities that Uncle Sam re-ex-



Wheat freighter on the Great Lakes.

ported in quantities. Then take the commodities which England controls: pepper, cocoa, tobacco, wool, skins, furs, quick-silver, cotton, oil, rubber, coke, leather, copper, wheat.

**UNCLE SAM** produces the world's cotton; but he buys \$25,000,000 of manufactured cotton from Europe. Uncle Sam buys 60 per cent. of the world's rubber. He buys it in London. Take the influence of London on the world prices of copper and silver of which Canada is bound to be a bigger and bigger shipper as times goes on. London buys \$40,000,000 of copper yearly. Four or five men, world experts, daily gather round a table in London. The world's demands, which have come in, the world's supplies, which have come in—are compared together. The experts balance supply and demand, and set the price for which the man with a pick out in British Columbia or up in Cobalt is working from dawn to dark.

Two or three factors have given England this pre-eminence.

First of all: The bankers afforded the credit and exchange.

Second: England has magnificent harbors for the merchantment of all the world and the commerce of all the world.

Third: England has the most magnificent fleet of merchantmen in the world to bring the world's traffic to her doors.

In what position is North America to take advantage of new conditions which may arise?

As far as the U.S. Atlantic ports are concerned, with the exception of such private ventures as the Bush Terminals of Brooklyn (the most perfect terminals in the world) the harbors are deplorably deficient in world needs. Private ownership and railroad dominance bar out fleets of independent steamers. But in the South at Galveston and New Orleans, and on the West in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Tacoma, every preparation is being made for a world traffic.

Of merchant vessels, engaged in overseas trade, when the war broke out, Uncle Sam had less than a dozen. Under the new shipping law, he has now about 200—a long way to travel before he has England's 12,000.

And all the shifting of world traffic brought about by the dollar going to a premium.

**AND** where does Canada come in on all this. What's the little dollar at a premium going to do for her—with her excess national expense of \$90,000,000



The Bush Terminals of Brooklyn are among the most perfect in the world.

owing to war? That depends on whether her statesmen have the grasp to take time, not by the forelock, but by both the front horns. Canada has an almost monopolistic grip on two or three world commodities. On forage, she stands easily first. On wheat, in a very few years, she will dominate world markets. In nickel and copper she is to-day a commanding figure, though that command is disguised by the matte going out through American ports. On lumber, she stands easily first. On fisheries close to first. If Canada could make herself a world market for these products, she could pay off her war debt in ten years.

How is she to do it? As London and Liverpool and Hamburg and Bremen do it—by setting about to do it. By stopping back township politics. By cutting out penny graft. By thinking big and pulling together.

No man in the United States has done more to extend foreign commerce than James Farrell, President of the Steel Trust. It was he who fought for a foreign sales department at a time when U.S. Steel had bigger domestic demands than it could fill: "Because," he warned, "the day will come when the domestic market is filled; then we'll have a glut and idle mills unless we have outlet on a foreign market." Farrell fought for the foreign market and won it largely in South America and Russia and China. Asked about the United States becoming a great world power in finance, Mr. Far-

rell pointed the way: Three powers must pull together as they pull in London and Liverpool and Hamburg. First, the banks must extend credit for expansion; second, harbors and railroads must work together, not against each other as they do in the United States; third, there must be a merchant marine to carry traffic to the ends of the earth. But most important of all—banks, harbors, railroads and merchantmen must work together to capture foreign markets.

That same way lies Canada's effort if she would grasp the opportunity before her.

### Manufacturing Radium in Scotland

Hitherto the production of radium has been largely an Austrian monopoly. The government mines are at Joachimsthal; while large quantities of crude uranium ore were purchased from England, the bulk coming from the dump-heaps of the Cornish tin-mines. The final reduction, however, was carried out both in Germany and France as well as in Austria. Some time ago Great Britain embarked upon the industry, and has refined a certain quantity of the precious mineral. The war has virtually cut off supplies of foreign radium from Great Britain which is now dependent on her own resources. The Scottish venture is due to the enterprise and energy of a Glasgow metallurgical chemist, Mr. John S. MacArthur, who has established his factory within easy reach of Loch Lomond. The founder of this latest industry, who has familiarized himself with the problems of his task, has been carrying out experiments with a small plant, and has trained a small staff of men for the work. The extraction and refining of radium from the crude ore is a prolonged and delicate operation, the material having to pass through about fifty processes. The proportion of radium per ton of the finest ore is about ten milligrammes, so that the yield cannot be described as heavy; but as the world's annual production of this rare radioactive agent is only about thirty grammes, it will be seen that there are great possibilities for the new industry. It is anticipated that the Scottish plant will be able to turn out about six grammes per year. It is also intended to work upon the production of radium fertilizer as well as the by-products, uranium and vanadium, since these articles are in demand, the last-named more especially, as the market for vanadium steel, of which vanadium forms a component, is increasing rapidly.



# The Conscript: A Story of the War

THE young doctor, who had kept intently at work as his visitor talked, suddenly straightened up and regarded the other through his thick glasses with an air of aroused interest. In one hand he clutched a test tube, his long, sensitive, capable fingers wrapped almost protectingly around it.

"No, Karl," he said, with finality, "I am not going to offer myself for the front. If I am drafted for service, I suppose then I must go. But until then—"

His visitor, who was garbed in a worn uniform that flaunted an empty sleeve, made an impatient gesture.

"But, remember," he protested, "you were all for war. I talked peace, while you were for placing the whole world under German kultur. Nothing would content you but absolute world domination."

"Exactly," said the doctor, quietly.

"And now that the war has come," said the other, "now that Germany has stirred herself to war at the bidding of those who held the same views as you professed—now you refuse to do your part. You owe it to your country—"

"Exactly," repeated the doctor. "I owe it to my country—to stay here. I would give an arm too for my country, or a life perhaps—my own, which ordinarily I would be free to do. But I would in so doing rob the world of the lives of countless millions—which I am not free to do!"

He paused, a heavy frown drawing grim lines around eyes and brow.

"Listen," he went on. "Everything has gone wrong. We willed war, yes; but not this kind of war. Who could have told that it would not be the same as Germany's other wars—a furious campaign of a few weeks, the grand, victorious pounding of an efficient war machine through hostile land, and then peace at the cost of some thousands of soldiers' lives? But this—this war of nations and not of armies—this is different. If we could have known what it meant—national life stopped, trade ruined, useful lives by the hundreds of thousands thrown away in futile fighting—there would have been no war, Karl! We have created a Frankenstein, a monster that has run amuck and is crushing civilization under foot. I have lost a brother, whose work in the cause of science had he lived would have been beyond computation, a friend who bid fair to fill the vacant place of Wagner and scores of others to whom I was very close, specialists all of them, men of wonderful promise—unnecessary loss, Karl, a criminal loss that men such as these should die as soldiers. I have come to hate and dread the monster that we have let loose on the world!"

He paused again. When he resumed an undercurrent of excitement crept into his voice.

"The loss of life in this war has been appalling!" he said. "Full-bodied men

By WILLIAM BYRON

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

are dying in hundreds of thousands. But every year that this old world spins on its axis more people still die from a deadlier cause than war—men of all ages, delicate women, little children with the hectic fever in their cheeks and the racking cough that spells their doom. The white plague—"

He held the test tube up to the light with a hand that shook slightly. It contained a pale-colored fluid of glistening transparency.

"I have found it!" he said, in a tone of voice that expressed something of triumph, but more of wonder and reverence. "Here it is—the serum that will cure consumption. I hold in my hand the lives of millions of the world's diseased and their descendants!"

His excitement communicated itself to his companion. The soldier rose and regarded the contents of the tube with interest.

"You are sure of it?" he asked, after a moment.

"I know," said the doctor, quietly. "It is not like those other cures, that quacks have foisted on the world. It is a cure for all cases—the greatest medical discovery of centuries. I need just four weeks more to confirm the quantities and retrace every phase of my experiments. I must be sure of everything to the last milligram, you know. And then!—Then I can prove to the world that tuberculosis need no longer be feared!"

"And that is why I can't offer myself for service in the war that I, in a small way, helped to bring about," he concluded. "That is why I dread this war—for fear I may be dragged into it before I have had a chance to complete my work, just as my dead brother and friends were."

THERE was a rap at the door. The doctor carefully placed the test tube with its precious contents back into a holder and answered the summons. The curiosity of the soldier drew him to the bench, and with his remaining hand he lifted the tube up for a closer inspection. As he gazed almost with fascination at the seemingly innocuous fluid, a cry from the door drew his attention that way.

With fear and rage convulsing every feature of his usually mild face, the young doctor strode back into the room, a slip of paper crumpled in his hand.

"I am drafted!" he cried. "My God, Karl, drafted for immediate service! Do you realize what that means? I must abandon my work and go out to the trenches, to kill and perhaps be killed! I have almost in my grasp the secret that will lift from the world its heaviest load of woe. But I must drop it and march out as a private with a rifle over my shoulder—cannon-fodder! If I am killed—"

He broke off aghast, too startled even

to utter a word of warning. For the soldier had essayed with his unsteady hand to replace the tube in the holder and had

allowed it to graze the sharp edge of a burner.

There was a slight crash, a splintering of glass and the secret of life for countless millions poured in an opalescent stream down the soldier's faded grey uniform.

THERE was a long period of silence. The doctor had sunk on a low bench, his head in his hands. The soldier gazed at him with a rueful air of remorse.

"It was all I had," said the doctor finally. "That is, all of the complete mixture. I could replace it, of course—if I had time. But to-night I start for training camp!"

"But surely someone can be found to intrust your secret to! Why not get an assistant to complete the experiment?"

"That is impossible—now," said the doctor. "I work by methods of my own. The greatest genius that lives couldn't pick up the threads where I have left them. We would have to work together for weeks."

"Then," cried the soldier, "get leave of absence for the necessary time. It could be secured."

But the other laughed almost vindictively at the suggestion.

"You, a German soldier, and do not know that there is nothing of sufficient importance in this world to override military orders! Did they stop to consider what the death of my brother Max or my friends would mean? In the eyes of the military machine that we, in our blindness have built up, it is more essential that Private Anton Hangard, drafted to-day, report for duty on the exact minute named in the orders, than that Dr. Hangard complete his discovery of a cure for the disease that kills its hundreds of thousands every year. How the officers would laugh at this latest excuse of an unwilling conscript!"

With bitter resignation, he gathered up his papers and threw them haphazard into a drawer. Then he turned his face, livid and tragic, on his penitent companion.

"If I fall, Karl—the secret dies with me—Think of what that means!"

A WEARY surgeon and an anxious-eyed nurse walked slowly along the narrow aisle between the rows of cots. It was the end of another day for them, a day crammed with hasty operations and feverishly rapid work among the ever-increasing stream of wounded that came to them from off where the dull roar of the guns day and night told of active fighting.

They paused for a moment at one of



With fear and rage convulsing every feature of his usually mild face, the young doctor strode back into the room, a slip of paper crumpled in his hand.

the cots and gazed down at an emaciated figure tossing wearily in the last delirium.

"Poor Hangard," said the surgeon. "He gave great promise when I knew him years ago at Munich. But it's all over with him—acute miliary\*, contracted through exposures in the trenches. We've had lots of such cases. It takes them off in a few weeks. I wouldn't give Hangard a day now."

\*Galloping consumption.

The dying man ceased his tossing and lay still. His eyes opened and fixed themselves on the surgeon.

"Yes, I am close to the border," he said faintly, "You see I had made a special study of this particular affliction of the flesh—from which I am dying. But you are too liberal, doctor. Personally, I give myself less than an hour."

There was another pause. Again, Han-

gard roused his straying faculties and began to speak in tones of entreaty:

"Go—to my place at Munich. I have data—there. Try, try—"

His head dropped back on the pillow. The hectic fever that had burned in his cheeks, slowly died down. The racking cough grew less violent with weakness. His eyelids fluttered. They could barely catch his last words:

"The supreme irony—"



# TWELVE Pillars OF SUCCESS

## Character

NUMBER VIII

A RECENT analysis of newspaper advertising shows that

eighty-eight per cent. of it is honest and legitimate, and only twelve per cent. suspicious or dishonest. "If this twelve per cent. of illegitimate advertising were eliminated," says an advertising expert, "the newspapers would receive advertisements from all or most of the business men who do not now use their columns. The standard of newspaper advertising would be raised so that a newspaper advertisement would stamp an article as of high quality and would give the confidence to the public that is now produced by the word 'sterling' on silver or by the Government stamp on a bank note."

There is no other policy, to say nothing of the right or wrong of it, that compares with honesty and square dealing, whether in a newspaper, a business concern, or a man. There is nothing in this world that will take the place of sterling honesty. A character above suspicion is the corner-stone of success.

In spite of, or because of all the crookedness and dishonesty that is daily being uncovered, of all the scoundrels that are constantly being unmasked, integrity is the biggest word in the business world to-day. There never was a time in all history when it was so big, and it is continually growing bigger. There never was a time when absolute honesty of character meant so much in business, when it stood for so much everywhere, in all circles, as it does now.

My opinion was recently sought regarding a young man under consideration for a very important position. Knowing the young man in question only slightly, I called up his former employer, for whom he had worked a long time, and asked him what he could say for the young fellow. "He is every inch a man," was the quick reply, "and there is nothing more to say."

Nor did I want to know anything more. Such a recommendation from my friend meant volumes. It meant he had the highest possible personal regard for his former employee and the greatest admiration for his ability. It meant that the young man was honest, that he could be trusted, under any circumstances, with any responsibility. It meant not only that he would be loyal to his employer, but that he was able, that he had good judgment, that he was not likely to do foolish things or make bad breaks. It meant that whoever employed this young man would not need to worry about his credit, or about the firm's progress during the proprietor's absence. It meant that he would watch its conduct and its reputation, that

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

he would not throw away or imperil any opportunity for its advancement, that he

would be a live, progressive, up-to-date, tireless worker.

A large part of the business of the world is based on reputation. Bankers make loans, or refuse them; jobbers give credit or refuse it, largely on a man's reputation. Is he reliable? Can you depend on his word? Will he do as he agrees? These are vital questions on which credit is based.

A well-known bank president says: "Millions of dollars are loaned on character, for there are men of such high standing, though not rich in this world's goods, that they will not borrow more than they can repay."

Another banker says he would rather lend money to the honest poor man, than to the rich knave who could give substantial security.

I know two young business men who have very little property, but who have a credit of a quarter of a million dollars because their bankers believe in them. They bank upon their character and their ability to succeed more than upon the assets in sight. Their known honesty and their reputation as hustlers, indefatigable workers, is worth more to them as capital than many thousands of dollars in cash.

"It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you," says Charles W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University. "It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable."

During the Civil War in America, when General Lee was consulting one of his officers as to a certain movement of his army, a farmer's boy overheard the general remark that he had decided to march on Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. The quick-witted boy at once telegraphed the fact to Governor Curtin. "I would give my right hand," said the Governor, "to know if this boy tells the truth." A corporal replied, "Governor, I know that boy. It is impossible for him to lie. There is not a drop of false blood in his veins." In fifteen minutes the Union troops were marching toward Gettysburg. The world knows the result.

There is nothing like a clean record, the reputation of being square, absolutely reliable, to help a young man along. There is nothing comparable to truth as a man builder. Nothing else will do more

toward your real advancement than the resolve in starting out on your career to make your word stand for something, your signature to mean something, to always tell the truth, whether it is to your material interest or not. Truth and honesty make an impregnable foundation for a noble character.

WHEN a poor struggling young lawyer, Abraham Lincoln would never take the wrong side of a case. "I could not do it," he said. "All the time while talking to the jury I should be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

The title of "Honest Abe" had a great deal to do with making him President of the United States. Everybody who knew Lincoln believed in him. They saw in the man a deep dead-in-earnestness, an absolute honesty and straightforwardness of principle from which nothing could swerve him. It was the unquestioned faith in his honesty that gave him such a hold on the hearts and minds of the people. Nothing could shake their confidence in him.

Truth is the natural utterance of the honest character. It is the voice of God himself. A man is impersonal when speaking the truth, when in the right. What he does or says is no longer a question of personality but of truth. We instinctively feel something beyond and above the man who speaks, that is proclaiming the divine principle.

Why is it when one man in a community speaks, everybody listens, and believes what he says? Why does his word carry so much more weight than another man's? It is because there is character behind the word. Another man in the same community might say the same thing and it would make no more impression on the public mind than water makes on a duck's back. Why? Because there is no principle behind the words, no reliability in the man back of the utterance.

It is always the character behind the man, behind the subject, back of the physician, the merchant, the lawyer, or the business concern that counts.

Not long since I asked a business man about the standing of a certain trust company. His reply was that "it was money good, but man bad." That is, the concern had not a real man behind it.

One of the greatest curses of modern times is the great fortune without a man behind it—the fortune of the man without character, without moral stamina.

Many of the men who control vast fortunes to-day would, but for their wealth, have no standing whatever in their communities. Those who know them have very little respect for them personally. They are not nearly as strong morally, and do not rank as high mentally, as many of their employees. Whatever standing they have may be attributed to their money.

To amass a fortune and spoil a man in the process is pretty poor business. There is no more contemptible thing in the world than a dishonest, morally twisted, soul-starved man, standing beside a huge pile of dollars.

We have nothing to say against making money. That is necessary and desirable to a greater or less degree for all of us. It is making money at the expense of character that must be condemned as the greatest failure in life.

"As a merchant he is a success, but as a man a failure." How often do we hear this said of a man. Or, "He is a great physician, a clever lawyer, or a successful financier, but as a man there is something lacking."

THE trouble with many millionaires is that they were not men before they were bank presidents, trust company presidents, financiers. Their great lack is that they are paupers in character. Their death leaves the community no poorer. No matter how prominent they may have been when living, in a few years they are entirely forgotten by the public. They never made a ripple on their time; they made no footprints which, "others seeing, take heart again."

Our love and our confidence are won by character, not by

wealth or skill. Our esteem is based on manhood, not on dollars.

Running through a list of genuinely great characters at random, we always find there is a strong backbone of purpose in them. We sense the temper of their manhood, the stamina of their character. We sense the great moral force in them, regardless of their vocations, something which they consider more sacred than money making, business considerations, or even life itself. When talking with them you feel they cannot be bought, they are not for sale. You know well that it would be useless to try to bribe them or to influence them, for they stand on the bedrock of principle, immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. Such characters are the salt of civilization.

Some of the world's noblest characters have sacrificed their all for principle, and for its sake many have cheerfully gone to the stake and to the gallows.

Things are so planned in the moral universe that in order to get very far, or to accomplish very much in this world, a man has to be honest. The whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the deceit, the sham. Ultimately only the right can succeed, only truth can triumph. The whole lesson of life goes to show that no amount of smartness, of brilliancy, of scheming, or long-headed cunning, can take the place of downright honesty, or be a substitute for personal integrity.

When Marshall Field was burned out in the great Chicago fire, while his store with all he possessed lay in ashes, Eastern financiers telegraphed him to draw on them for what he wanted. The fire which destroyed Chicago could not burn up the reliability that stamped his character. His name was a synonym of honesty.

When young Field, a poor farmer boy, began to build up what ultimately became one of the greatest merchandise concerns in the world, he had no other capital than honesty. With this he started to do business in a perfectly legitimate way, without any chicanery, without cunning or deceit, without misrepresentation or falsehood of any sort. He declined to have anything to do with questionable trade methods, or illegitimate "get-rich-quick" schemes. His ambition was to sell goods for the smallest possible profits, to cover up nothing, to hide nothing. No one in his employ was permitted to misrepresent or cover up anything. A clerk who misled a customer for the sake of making a sale was discharged, no matter how advantageous for the time being that particular sale might have been for the house. He knew that, despite the profit made out of the transaction, a deceived or dissatisfied customer would be a perpetual enemy to his house, and might be a great injury to his business.

This was why customers flocked to buy at Marshall Field's store. They knew they would get a "square deal." They knew that if there were anything wrong, if anything had been misrepresented by clerks, if for any reason they were dissatisfied with their purchases, the house would make it right, for that was the Marshall Field policy.

There is something about honesty of purpose, truthfulness and sincerity in our friendships, in our lives, in our vocations, in our dealings with others, that compensates for deficiencies or lacks in other directions. Even though we have but one talent and fill a very humble station in life, integrity of character helps us upward, because it gives mental stability, and public confidence, without these success in any direction is impossible.

JUST as honesty, not practised for its own sake, but because it is a paying policy, is not a source of strength or moral stamina, so the negative policy, the practice of "don't" is not an indication of a sterling character.

Merely not doing wrong things does not necessarily make a strong character. Stalwart character is built up by action, by doing things; it is the product of a positive, not of a negative mentality. Mere negative virtues will

*Continued on Page 81.*



# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

## The New Spirit of the British

*An American View of the Events Leading up to Coalition*

"ENGLAND with the curtain lifted" is the title of a remarkable article by Will Irwin in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. It is an article of extreme interest, purporting to explain the events which led up to the formation of the Coalition Government and the co-incident launching of the campaign for munitions, and in a sense also to predict what will follow. British readers will not agree with all that Mr. Irwin says, but it is probable that in the main he is not far from the truth. At any rate he views our cause and our chances of success with a friendly eye.

At the outset, he first sets out his conception of the British character and the foundation on which the British Empire was laid. He says:

What kind of people are these English, who have held dominion over the world for a century long, and who now stand at Armageddon fighting to hold not only their Empire, but even their own little central island? We shall understand their quandary, we shall understand Earl Kitchener only by understanding them.

British institutions and British thought had their heyday of success in the good Victorian days. The world began to recognize England as mistress while the Queen was young, though, indeed, most of the plowing of the Empire had been done in the generation before. There is only one explanation for the British dominion over land and sea, for the growth of that gigantic Empire—ability. In the day of their struggle for power, the British had more brains of the practical kind, together with a more aggressive pluck, than any other people on the globe.

Then, too, the national character matched the times. From our first glimpse of them, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman were stiff-necked peoples, and tremendous individualists. The burst of the vital, triumphant nineteenth century, the invention of a hundred new industrial devices, gave the able individual his opportunity, and by this token England grew fat among the nations.

Successful in the world, Britain began to set; to change her old forms, so useful in her age of success, to formulas. The conservatism of Britain—always a national tendency—became emphasized by another change in British society. The

growth of her colonies drew away the adventurous and the original, of whose labors the United States was the first fruit. Once, the type of Drake and Frobisher and Clive came home between wanderings to leaven the lump, and to breed into the English race its own qualities. Now the men of this stripe were settled in the Australian bush, the Canadian prairie, the South African veldt. They were part of the Empire; but their fresh, red blood flowed back to the heart of the Empire no more. Left behind were the hereditarily rich—of course a conservative class—the governors of the Empire-machine, and those simply who had not the enterprise to get out.

There were two Britains. One sailed the seas, hunting for trade and high adventure in all the strange parts of the world; it broke and cleared the Saskatchewan; it mined diamonds and fought Kaffirs in South Africa; it made gold-mines out of sand-heaps in Australia. This was an able people, and fluid. It seized on the new thing with an avidity almost American.

The other Britain stayed at home, running the Empire by immemorial methods. It turned out the print cloths which the British marine carried to the remotest islands of the seas; it did the clerical work; or it merely spent the hereditary wealth. This also was an able people; but it was rigid. It distrusted the new thing with all the distrust of natural conservatism. In each move forward it looked backward for a precedent. And this element in the British Empire held almost complete control in that day when newer peoples had reviewed this world and its forces and were finding better ways of making the world and its forces productive. While Germany and, in a lesser degree America, was discovering social team-work and beginning to apply it, the class which distrusted team-work because it hampered the individual and because it was new, sat drawn off from the rest, directing the finances, the government and the military affairs of the greatest and most benevolent Empire which the world ever knew.

Able they were, tremendously able—perhaps the most able group of people in the world. England could not have kept in the running so long without high individual efficiency.

Dealing with the events immediately following the declaration of war, Mr. Irwin claims that Britain went to work with a will and on broader lines than ever before but—shaping everything to old and accepted lines. He says:

They began the work of gathering recruits by installing as head of the British army the greatest figure in Great Britain, Earl Kitchener, of Khartoum. Kitchener is one of the few men whose name can be introduced anywhere without the necessity of reviewing his career. After the death of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, he ended two years of muddling by running a railroad into the heart of the enemy's country and by so organizing the army which used the railroad that the ensuing battle was only the capstone of his preparation. Similarly, he went into South Africa and organized for victory, after another muddle, the British army which finished off the Boers.

He is not a supreme field general; the British recognize that; he is an organizer. He has the heroic quality, so indefinable, so powerful among men. He is a creature of gigantic body and of gigantic will. Above all, for practical purposes, he is the best advertised man in the Empire. His is a curious case of advertising; still there are parallels in our Western world. Although the press, through G. W. Stevens, war correspondent, made him famous in the beginning, Kitchener showed, either by disposition or policy, an aversion to "press." Instead of lessening his popularity, this seemed only to increase it. In the public mind he figured as a superman, living in a hero's world of his own, disdaining those lesser means by which lesser men get fame.

Never was general better chosen to inspire and enthuse a public. Kitchener was the head of the army. All was well. Clever advertising men took up the theme and played upon it. This was "Kitchener's army," not the King's army. All over the Empire the name of Kitchener blazed from posters which called men to enlist. And the response, let me say here, was not only immediate, but unprecedented. The actual numbers of the British army is a secret very closely guarded. However, I have reason to believe that by June, or ten months after the war began, Great Britain had nearly three million men under arms, every one a volunteer.

He then goes on to point out that events began to prove that more was needed than an army; that "to furnish the heavy guns and especially those expensive, complicated shells which keep the guns going

night and day, you must organize the whole nation back of the army." France soon sensed this and proceeded to organize society as Germany had done. Britain was slower to waken up to the truth. It was not until inability to supply the army with the necessary high explosives became understood and Northcliffe started his campaign, that Britain really wakened up. She has buckled down to the new task and, with characteristic British thoroughness, has dropped factional discontent, even to the extent of an almost unanimous selection of Lloyd George to handle the "industrial side" of the war. In conclusion, he sums up the question as follows:

I have seemed severe, I suppose, toward England. But remember what I said in the beginning; that in reporting a quarrel it is easy to see things out of proportion; that the hidden story of the disagreement between von Tirpitz and von Bethmann-Hollweg would probably give as much satisfaction to the enemies of Germany as the publicly known story of the crisis in the British Cabinet gives to the enemies of England.

I told these facts lately in the presence of an American who sympathizes with the unpopular German cause. "Aren't you ashamed of your English friends now?" he asked. "Do you think they deserve to

win?" He was confusing efficiency with right. If we worship, as some of the lords of Germany do, a machine-made Odin whose new commandment is success, the British deserve to lose. Most of us do not worship this god in our hearts; our deepest ethics hold that it is better, morally, to fail for the right than to succeed for the wrong. It is easy, also, to confuse methods with aims and ideals. Remembering that Germany has abolished the slum while England maintains it, I could easily side with Germany, did I not know that Germany is preserving and strengthening her working class only in order to impose German rule on peoples who do not want it, to extend the trade of her moneyed class, and to glorify, over all else, the outworn fetishes of the state for the state's sake and the King for the King's sake. Germany's method was good, but her ends were rotten. Germany had been saving the babies of her slums; but the price of their lives were the deluded dead of the great line, and the murdered dead of Aerschot and Louvain and Dinant. England's end, though dimly perceived, was good; but her methods were so wrong that they amounted, often, to cruelty. She did not worship false national gods, but she saw her own gods but hazily through the mists of prejudice. Such intelligences as that of Lloyd George are the morning beams to pierce those mists. Kitchener failed, on the social side of his task, because he was the old England. If Lloyd George succeeds, it will be because he is the newer England.

## The World and Wheat

### *The Importance of the Primary Industry—Wheat Growing*

IN the course of an article "A Billion Bushels of Wheat," Judson C. Welliver, writing in *Munsey's Magazine*, paints a striking picture of the importance which wheat plays in the affairs of this world. He says in part:

A few years ago some archaeologists, exploring among the tombs of that Egypt where the Pharaohs once ruled, and where Joseph of the many-colored coat operated the first recorded corner in foodstuffs, found, wrapped in the cerements of a royal mummy, some grains of wheat. They had been buried with the aristocratic remains forty centuries before, or perhaps fifty; a thousand years doesn't make much difference to an Egyptologist or a grain of seed wheat.

It didn't occur to anybody to try artificial respiration or administration of oxygen on the mummy; he was conceded to be hopelessly dead. Not so the grains of wheat. They had lain in the tomb while dynasties had grown and gone, while empires had flourished and fallen and been forgot. Their long sleep had spanned the splendor of the Ptolemies, "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." Civilizations had been made, wrecked, and made again around their vasty tomb a score of times. A world had been reorganized; new races, religions, institutions, continents, peoples, had come and gone, trooping by, now under the crescent, again under the cross; now with the scimitar, again with the cross-bow and the lance of the crusaders.

Mussulman and Christian had come into the world and fought over the fields

of the Pyramids, and still the wheat grains had slept on and on. Napoleon had brought his crashing cannon and wakened the echoes of the ancients; the barbarians of far-off Britain had come and brought new life and inspiration and hope to old Egypt; but yet the grains of wheat slept on, nurturing the precious germ of life.

Then, at last, when all that the world knows about its own history had passed in long procession around their resting-place, those faithful guardians of the life principle in the plant which has furnished man in all his generations and changes with his favorite food, were brought out, planted, and—

Grew!



Somebody's got to back up.

—Orr, in Nashville Tennessean.

The waters of the ancient Nile, now no longer a mystery to be worshiped, watered them back to life and germination; and the seeds of the Pharaohs brought forth in the land of Cromer and Kitchener!

Has not the wheat deserved its epic? It came from the birthplace of the race; it has gone wherever the race has gone, to all the continents, to the islands of the sea, to the frozen north and the tropic south. Man has conquered the land, the seas, the air; he has harnessed the forces of nature, of science, of a thousand arts, of all social organization, to the chariot of his own empire; but he has never seen the day when the wheat was not his first guarantee of substance, of sustenance, of life.

How good and gracious, how generous and responsive, it has been to his appeals! Whether he scratched with a twig or plowed with a forked stick or hoed with a painfully shapen flint, the wheat has answered and supplied his needs. When he multiplied upon the earth and filled its wastes with his myriads, it only asked that he should provide the gang-plow and the reaper, the harvester and the steam thrasher, and it would go on feeding him and his children.

The picture of the ever-beginning, never-ended wheat harvest of the world will be a splendid section of the great epic when it is written. It will tell how, on the first day of the southern hemisphere's spring, which is September 21, the harvest of wheat opens in Ecuador, right under the equator; and that same day, the first of the northern world's autumn, they will be sowing in Scotland for the next year's crop. From Ecuador the harvest will travel gradually southward, as the season advances; through Peru and Chile and the hundred-league fields of Argentina, until South America sees the last of its wheat harvest in Patagonia, in middle February. The early days of October will see wheat harvesting in Ecuador and in Scotland; at opposite ends of the crop and of the world, as it were.

Who could picture the variety of races, costumes, implements, methods, that would be engaged, all at once, in the wheat harvest of the earth—from the Kurds of Asia's steppes to the Kaffirs of Africa; from the Indians of the East to the Indians of three Americas; from Norway, where the harvest-workers may toil under the summer night's sun till midnight, to the plateaus of the tropic lands where day and night are precisely equal every day in the year.

The most aboriginal and the most enlightened peoples on earth would be seen, with tools and processes corresponding to their varying states of culture, all coaxing the wheat to serve them. Among them would be the coolie of Japan or Korea, painstakingly beguiling the last stalk and the last grain from his pitiful little plot of land, by methods so intensive that they make an American think of farming under a microscope; the peasant of Europe, working his small fields with tools that would be hopeless in the wide-flung operations of America, Russia or Australia; the magnates of the Canadian and American prairies, driving six horses to a self-binder on which the "boss" sits under a green umbrella on a delicately adjusted spring seat—with a cushion. Or, perhaps, in the still more ambitious farming of the big plains, we should see the traction mechanism, driven by a petrol engine, which cuts, threshes, measures, and even sacks the grain in one huge operation, and looks without a tremor at the prospect of a ten-thousand-acre field.



## What of Robert Lansing?

*A Sketch of the Able Diplomat Who Succeeded Bryan*

MUCH curiosity has been felt as to the man who is now handling the rudder of the American ship of state. Robert Lansing became Secretary of State at a most trying time—when Bryan, actuated by motives of deep sincerity or angling for the 1916 vote, which you will, resigned his post at the very moment when war clouds loomed blackest. Nevertheless, there was a remarkable unanimity of feeling with regard to Lansing from end to end of the United States. The complete confidence shown was nothing short of amazing.

The following sketch of Lansing, which is contributed by John Temple Graves to the *Cosmopolitan* will perhaps serve to explain to those who do not know much of Lansing why Uncle Sam places such implicit trust in him:

By all the records and the evidences, it is a citizen and publicist of the highest type who has fallen into and is more than filling the robe of William Jennings Bryan.

The President has been fortunate. Perhaps he has also been far-seeing. And the country is frankly and fully to be congratulated upon the recent remarkable revolution in the Department of State.

Author, international lawyer, trained diplomatist, and balanced statesman—artist, poet, athlete, and sportsman—Robert Lansing, of New York, is altogether the most versatile, and, saving the President himself, very much the best equipped man who has come out of professional privacy into the wide open of public life within this generation of Americans.

Robert Lansing may justly claim to have represented the American government in more international arbitrations than any living American. Of these, the Fur-Seal arbitration, the Alaskan Boundary case, and the Atlantic Fisheries case are the three most important international disputes to which the United States has been a party within these forty years. Henri Fromageot, the distinguished French authority, declares that Mr. Lansing "has had a longer and broader experience in international arbitration than any living lawyer."

With the extraordinary training and experience in international activities which have turned him out a master diplomatist and statesman, Secretary Lansing enters upon his new office with the cordial sympathy and regard of the distinguished Cabinet of which he is now the Premier, with the absolute trust of the President, and the well-won confidence of the American people.

In point of fact, the new Prime Minister has been the *de facto* Secretary of State for the last several months. No less an authority than James Brown Scott, long eminent in the State Department, declares that the note of February 10th, protesting to Great Britain the misuse of the American flag by British merchant vessels, and the note to Germany, protesting the menace to neutral commerce in her war-zone, were both prepared by Mr. Lansing under the direction of the President. Both of these papers have been approved by the American press and people. The Presi-

dent has leaned on him for real counsel and real assistance, and Mr. Bryan was glad to shift upon his willing shoulders burdens of diplomacy beyond his own ken. The practical diplomacy of the man is beautifully evidenced in the astonishing fact that he enters upon his duties with the rejoicing confidence of his President, and at the same time with the affectionate regard and best wishes of the departing Bryan.

And with Robert Lansing's entrance as Premier, the whole face and tone of the Cabinet changes. Where yesterday the Cabinet council wore the face of Bryan, stormy, idealistic, and full of fads and fancies, to-day that body bears the saner and safer Lansing-Lane-Garrison face. The general sense of relief cannot be mistaken. The Cabinet looks better toward the end of this administration than it did at the beginning.

Keen and diligent as has been the Lansing practice in international affairs, his study of the theory has been not less diligent, and he is as profound in theory as he has been brilliant and successful in action. He was one of the founders of the American Society of International Law, in 1906, and one of the potential and indefatigable editors of "The American Journal of International Law," and is the author of the standard text-book entitled "Government."

But neither theory nor practice in international affairs makes up the sole equipment of the new Secretary of State. He is called by his Cabinet contemporaries the "ideal war diplomatist."

Suave in manner, yet quiet, cool, self-possessed—at times imperturbable, but always gracious, our prime minister is everywhere an unpretentious and winning personality. There have been men before in public life whose smiles have made them famous, but it is doubtful if there

has ever been one with a more engaging smile than Robert Lansing. He smiles with his eyes as well as with his lips—sometimes with one, sometimes with the other, and he is positively radiant, when, on rare occasions, he smiles with both. But the velvet-gloved hand holds iron fingers, and the American premier, broad-minded, balanced, and poised, always master of himself and of his cause, knows how to be as firm and resolute as becomes the custodian of national interests and of national honor.

Secretary Lansing is an indefatigable worker, but he happily knows how to relax. Outside of office-hours, he is a painter, a draftsman of exceptional ability, a writer of exquisite verse, a patient and skilful fisherman, a good golfer, and an enthusiastic baseball "fan."

The new secretary is a handsome man. He is of good height, of fine figure, and carriage, with greying hair and small grey moustache, always perfectly trimmed. He dresses up to the Polonious admonition: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, rich, not gaudy."

Robert Lansing was born in Watertown, New York, October, 17, 1864. He is the son of an eminent lawyer and a kinsman of the John Lansing, of Revolutionary fame, who represented New York at the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, and was later chancellor of the state. The present Secretary is an Amherst graduate of 1886, was admitted to the bar the same year, and, except when retained by his own and foreign governments, practised at Watertown until called to the public service.

Mrs. Lansing is a daughter of the Honorable John W. Foster, and was born and nurtured in the atmosphere of fine diplomacy. Just as John W. Foster succeeded the brilliant and impulsive Blaine, retiring from President Harrison's Cabinet, so his distinguished son-in-law, Robert Lansing, succeeds the famous and spectacular Bryan retiring from the Cabinet of President Wilson.

## Curing by Pressure

*Doctor Finds a New Way of Relieving Human Ills*

IF you had toothache would you think of relieving it by squeezing your toe?

Nevertheless, toothache can be cured in that way. At least so declares Dr. William H. Fitzgerald, an American doctor who has evolved a new science of health. He contends that pain in any part of the body can be cured by pressure in some other part of the anatomy. His "push-button" theory has created some opposition but more amusement among medical men. Whether there is anything in what he claims is a point that could hardly be settled without some investigation and the matter will, therefore, have to be left to the reader. In the meantime, however, it will be interesting to read what Edwin F. Bowers has to say on the subject in *Everybody's Magazine*:

It is a good deal to ask even a layman to believe that pressing the first joint of his toe will make his eye-tooth stop aching, and this is one of the most familiar of the doctor's feats of medical legerdemain.

The Fitzgerald method goes much farther. He has proved that simply by pressing a definite focal point in the particular zone affected, pain can be relieved in any part of the body where there is not present an active inflammatory condition.

Dr. Fitzgerald doesn't advance any theories explaining his discoveries. He says he didn't start out with any hypothesis. He deals only with facts. Accident disclosed that pressure on a certain spot in the nostril gave practically the same result as the use of cocaine. That was six years ago. He began experimenting, and he found there were many spots in the nose, mouth, throat, and on the tongue which, when pressed firmly, deadened certain areas to all sensation.

He began using nerve-pressure instead of local anaesthetics in his operations, and now he rarely has any use for cocaine. He has charted upward of three hundred foci in the cavities of the nose and throat, including the mouth and tongue.

Now this nerve pressure isn't infallible. It doesn't work in every case; but neither does morphine. Dr. Fitzgerald has found that nerve-pressure will completely obliterate pain in about sixty-five per cent. of

the cases, while it will deaden pain in about eighty per cent.

In the hands of others who have tried nerve-pressure the percentage often is much lower, because they haven't learned how to apply it. The foci are no larger than the head of a match. If the operator doesn't hit them he misses them completely, and also misses results. They are like electric buttons. Pushing in the vicinity is utterly useless. The button has to be pressed.

Having accomplished analgesia by nerve-pressure, Dr. Fitzgerald went on to make a tremendous advance which has called much criticism upon his head. He found that anything which tended to relieve pain also tended to remove its cause, no matter what the origin. The assertion that pressure on the great toe could cure toothache became pale and commonplace compared with the statement that this same pressure would relieve bronchitis. Of course the medical profession balked at such heresy.

After going into the methods by which the "push-button" method is applied to cure hay-fever and goitre, the writer proceeds to explain how it is done. He says:

The Hartford physician divides the body into ten perpendicular zones, including the line running up the middle of the body, and these zones correspond to the fingers of the hand, or the toes. One using his method must know what hand or foot to press, and how, in order to get a definite desired result.

If the first joint of the thumb is pressed firmly and steadily for three minutes, it will relieve and favorably influence pain in the stomach, the chest, the front teeth, the nose, the great toe, as well as everything else in this zone. But it will have not the slightest influence upon the tonsils, the liver, or the spleen, for they are in the fourth zone, and to affect them it is necessary to make pressure upon the fourth finger. Furthermore, pressure on the right hand will not have any effect on the left half of the body.

It makes a difference, too, whether the upper and lower or the side surfaces of the joint are pressed. A physician experimenting with the method was ready to condemn it because he was unable to relieve a patient who complained of rheumatic pains which seemed to centre on the outer side of the ankle-bone. The doctor grasped the second joint of the patient's right little finger and pressed firmly for a minute on the top and bottom of the joint. The pain persisted, and the doctor jeered at the method.

A disciple of Dr. Fitzgerald smiled. He said there was an error in technique, and suggested that the doctor press the sides of the finger, instead of the top and bottom. This was done, and the pain disappeared in two minutes.

In the pursuit of his own specialty Dr. Fitzgerald found that the teeth played a highly important part, as decay in them evilly affected the throat, particularly the tonsils, and had an especially vicious effect upon goitre. He declares he never has seen a case of goitre in which there was not something wrong with the teeth. So he insisted that his patients seek a dentist. This led to experimenting with nerve-pressure in connection with dentistry.

Now it may be a joke to ease pain in the great toe by pressing one's thumb; but a toothache is never a joke, and no remedy that will ease it is funny. Any human being suffering from a tooth aching in an earnest, conscientious manner would be

willing to stand on his head on the mere chance of escaping the torture. And as for the suffering of having a cavity excavated in a very much alive tooth, anything that helps is embraced rapturously.

There are about twenty dentists in Hartford who use the Fitzgerald method in their daily practice in preference to any other anaesthetic. Its particular value is as an analgesic—a pain-deadener—in the process of removing tartar deposits and in preparing cavities to be filled.

Dr. B. A. Sears, of Hartford, one of the extraction experts of New England, and president of the local dental society, has used nerve-pressure anaesthesia in more than three hundred cases of pulling teeth, with wholly satisfactory results. He has employed this in operations so serious as those of removing impacted molars and cutting out parts of the jaw—thirty-five minutes of sanguinary work.

The best results are obtained through the use of a probe directly upon the nerve where it exits from the jaw-bone. On each side there are two foci—the heel of the jaw, known to the profession as the "tuberosity of the superior maxillary," and the inferior, or lower, dental nerve, where it emerges from the ramus or groove of the lower jaw. The blunt end of an excavator makes a capital probe.

Many operators prefer to make pres-

sure with thumb and finger over the root of the tooth operated upon. If this seems ridiculous to you, try it sometimes when you have an aching tooth. Start gently, increasing the pressure, and holding steadily for three minutes. Maybe your thumb and finger will ache more than the tooth. If the nerve is not exposed and there is no abscess at the root of the tooth, this pressure will stop the aching every time.

The dentists who use the nerve-pressure method find the application of the pressure to the fingers efficacious to excavating, filling, and scaling deposits. Pressure on either thumb will keep the front teeth and the canines quiet; the first finger controls the bicuspid; while the middle finger will make the molars behave despite the dentist's direct efforts, although the third finger may be called in to help. The little finger doesn't do much work, for it bears only upon the wisdom teeth.

The patient may apply the pressure himself, but the dentist or his assistant can do it better. It may be applied to both top and bottom and sides of the first joint of the thumb and finger. Pressure should be just short of pain. Usually the patient says that his fingers feel numb, and this numbness gradually extends through the arm and over the body in that particular zone.

## The English Manor House

*How a Beautiful Style of Architecture Was Evolved*

ENGLISH architecture is a fascinating study, particularly to the fortunate ones who have had the time and opportunity to wander over the country and visit the imposing cathedrals, the quaint towns and the supremely attractive manor houses that are to be

found everywhere in England. The subject of English architecture is too broad a theme for consideration at one sitting, but J. E. O. Pridmore takes one of the most interesting phases and discourses upon it in the course of a capable article in *Munsey's Magazine* on "The English Manor-House." He says:

To explain the architecture of a typical English manor-house, it is necessary to refer briefly to the pages of English history.

The time of Chaucer, the fourteenth century, in many fields marked an epoch for Britain. Through Chaucer, English romance for the first time became original and of the soil. Just in the same way the architecture of the period began to assert a native and virile style that was the first genuine expression of the English builder's art.

The rude keep, the fortress of the Normans, had been supplanted by a habitation in which the comfort of the occupant was studied equally with his security. A huge tower—generally called the Eagle Tower, the Round Tower, or Caesar's Tower—still occupied a commanding position in the ensemble; but wide ranges of connecting walls gave opportunity for hospitable tile roofs, massive chimneys,



WEED, in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"England expects every man to do his duty."



beautiful glazed windows and oriel bays, which proclaimed that the house had become not merely a place of shelter, but a haven of pleasure and delight. It was mainly in this period that Haddon Hall and Kenilworth, two of England's noblest baronial mansions, were built.

Cæsar's Tower at Kenilworth, which was the citadel of last defense, dates back to the Norman conquest. For six centuries following, first one and then another great noble added to the stately pile, until Leicester, in Elizabeth's reign and for her special use, extended the buildings and erected the great gate-house guarding a massive bridge across the moat, so that the queen might enter by a path hitherto untrodden.

The Eagle Tower of Haddon dates partly from the twelfth century, but it was rebuilt practically as it stands to-day in the fourteenth. The towers still retained their deeply cut machicolations—the saw-tooth indentations of the coping, between which were spaces for hurling missiles upon an attacking party. The walls and turrets, especially those flanking the entrance, were pierced with narrow slits called oilets, behind which stood sharpshooters with bows and arrows. This is the architectural style known as Medieval, or Early English. It was the first modification of the Norman stronghold.

In the fifteenth century there followed more serious and elaborate attempts at architectural composition. Both the mass and the detail of the building were studied by the architect, and although the machicolated coping and the oilet window were still prominent features, it was largely on account of their picturesque effect. About 1420 we find the beginnings of certain modifications of Gothic architecture which were destined to last far into modern times.

In ecclesiastical architecture, the purely perpendicular style about this time went through one notable change. The vaulting of the churches became much flatter; technically speaking, the two-centered arch gave place to one with four centers.

In domestic buildings this period, called Tudor, saw the arched entrance enclosed in a square-headed frame, in the spandrels of which—the spaces between arch and frame—the owner's coat of arms was usually displayed. In Queen Elizabeth's time this treatment was still further refined, and the arch was flattened. Indeed, the pitch of the arch was perhaps the truest index of the architectural period beginning with the early fourteenth century and ending with the sixteenth.

In the Elizabethan period came the development of timber-work and plaster-work in exterior walls, giving the English manor-house a picturesque charm which is all its own. One of the chief and lasting values of this style was its marked simplicity. Let it be remembered that the half timber-work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was precisely what it represented to be—built of solid oak timbers mortised and tenoned together, and forming a structural framework just as surely as does the steel skeleton of the modern sky-scraper. The square and triangular panels were filled with brick and plaster; but in Elizabeth's time the frame was not concealed, no make-believe was practised. Constructive method breathed foursquare in the design, and to this fact we largely attribute the long-lived popularity of the style.

The half timber-work was used prominently in gables and overhanging upper stories, which alternated with masonry

walls and turrets, laid up with Flemish red brick. The massive chimneys were topped with grouped flues of elaborate detail, and became one of the most striking features of the design.

The placing of the windows, and their deeply cut stone entablatures, were studied in a way to make them effective parts of the composition. The windows were enclosed with richly wrought leaded glass, in which heraldic emblems, in color, found an appropriate place. This was the architecture of the days of Elizabeth, and, quite as important, of the days of Shakespeare and Spenser. It was a time of great men and great deeds, one of the brightest pages of English history.

The creators of "Hamlet" and "The Faerie Queene" established enduring models for English drama and poetry, and voiced the imaginative resourcefulness of the new England. A hundred years earlier printing had been introduced into Britain, and in 1588 there was issued the first newspaper, the *English Mercury*. This was the year of the Spanish Armada, the defeat of which made England mistress of the seas, and secured both church and state in the independent existence which had been proclaimed at the time of the Reformation.

Wolsey, the masterful chancellor; Raleigh, explorer of America; Drake, the first globe-circler—the achievements of these and countless others carried the fame of Britain into far lands. Men and events displayed the marvelous virility of the age. But not the least eloquent testimony to the progress of England's culture at this period was her domestic architecture, so that to-day the quaint and beautiful Elizabethan mansion is perhaps the most widely sought model for the best residential work.

An event which took place before Elizabeth's accession foreshadowed a coming change that was destined ultimately to mold English architecture in a very different pattern. Cardinal Wolsey's return from Rome, and his building of the famous Hampton Court Palace, brought an Italian influence into English architecture. This was first perceptible in the formal garden-planning which, with its terraces and embankments, its balustrades and fountains, added a further charm to the already beautiful English mansion.

When Queen Bess made her memorable visit to Kenilworth—a royal progress made familiar through Sir Walter Scott's famous novel—seven acres were enclosed by the castle walls. These the great Earl of Leicester replanted in the Italian style, so that they contained, besides the pleasure, or pleasure, a lovely terraced garden with trim arbors and parterres of choicest flowering plants. Bordered by evergreens and statuary, a broad avenue led up to Mortimer's Tower, in which the great entrance-gates loomed under a blaze of heraldry.

Before Elizabeth's time, even in many of the most important and noble homes, the visitor was greeted by rough, steep ascents and unkempt approaches. The queen herself, as her principal contribution to Windsor Castle, raised the great terraces above the Thames, and with solid parapets, broad walks, and drives, added stately environment and finished *ensemble* to that noble pile.

Elizabeth also built the great gallery in Windsor Castle which bears her name. The fortress of the Normans always contained a great hall, and near this a flight of winding stone steps led to the sleeping-quarters and to the bastions and towers

of defense. But in the sixteenth century, after the comparatively calm reigns of several wise rulers, law and order were becoming more firmly entrenched, life and property were more secure, and the builders turned their attention to beautifying the interior as well as the exterior of their great houses.

What more architectural, what more prolific in opportunities for contrasting of light and shadow, and for the use of bold and striking detail, than a broad, oaken gallery thrown across one end of the spacious hall, with a stately staircase giving access to it and leading on to the upper living-rooms? Gorgeous silken tapestries adorned the walls, and upon the balustrade hung armorial trappings of quaint design. Perhaps nothing could have been devised to add so much to the beauty and dignity of the great apartment, and the architects of Elizabeth's time were quick to appreciate and employ this feature.

Tudor and early Elizabethan architecture had been so logically developed in England, and were so virile, so full of simple dignity, so sufficient in resource, that it is not surprising to find that the Renaissance had flourished for a hundred years in Italy before it began to mold English design appreciably. It has been said that the Civil War of 1642-1646 gave the first check to architecture according to Gothic traditions; and even after the Restoration, English architects tried to perpetuate the old ideas. It was after the great London fire, in 1666, that Italian Renaissance, under Sir Christopher Wren, became the acknowledged English medium.

In Elizabeth's reign, however, while medieval architecture survived and thrived in its general outlines, and in its picturesque massing, there had crept in much of the new detail from Italy, evidence in pilasters and string courses, sometimes conjoined with curved gables of German design. A marked feature of much Elizabethan architecture consisted in elaborate detail of scrolls, cartouches, and other rather meaningless ornament. The fact that all this does not seriously mar the general beauty of the architecture of the period is due to the inherent value of the medieval designs of which these ornaments became a part—and often not an incongruous part, because of the exceedingly clever way in which they were applied, and which may be said to add a unique charm to an otherwise very dignified design.

It will be seen, therefore, that Elizabethan architecture, of which the English manor-house is a type, may be called a survival of the fittest of the Norman, the medieval, and the Tudor periods. The Italian Renaissance added a curious distinction to this otherwise conventional style, and it received a final and delightful setting in the English adaptation of the gardens of Italy.

No appreciation of this beautiful domestic architecture would be complete or just without a reference to its peculiar adaptability to modern conditions. Merit there must certainly be in a style which, after four centuries, still remains one of the most adaptable and popular mediums for the better-class homes of the English-speaking races.

A contributor to an English periodical writes from Ober-Ammergau that war has made no impression upon that peaceful village except for the departure of some of the younger men.

## Holland's Opportunity

*How the Dutch People Can Escape the Fate of Belgium*

IT is agreed that the easiest solution of the difficult task before the Allies would be to strike through Holland. If Holland would come into the war, then allied armies could be poured through that country to strike at Germany's poorly protected west flank and cut the lines of communication of the German armies in Belgium and France. Therefore, the eyes of the world are focused on Holland. Will she move?

An interesting discussion on this subject is contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by M. Vedette. At the outset the danger of Holland's present position is made clear.

Sixty years ago Leopold L. declared that "the safety of Holland lies in Belgium," and Dutch opinion seems to be moving towards the same conclusion, for several of the leading papers of Amsterdam have admitted that a permanent German occupation of Belgium would be incompatible with the continued independence of their country. As the Germans are showing in every way not merely their determination to retain Belgium, but their confidence in their ability to do so as a minimum result of the war, the Dutch nation must consider the contingency they so rightly apprehend not as a remote possibility, but as a visible reality which may by the fortune of war become a permanent fact of very dread significance. Of course we are persuaded, and up to a certain point resolved, that such a terrible wrong shall not be perpetrated; but the question the Dutch Government and people have to ask themselves is how far are they justified in remaining spectators of a process of conquest and absorption in a neighboring and a kindred State when they know and have admitted that the assured triumph of the aggressor must seal their own fate? They have said, they are still saying, if in a minor key of confidence, "But the Allies will turn out the Germans; they will do our work for us without our having to fire a shot; let us look on."

The present war—a terrible attempt by well-armed, thoroughly equipped, and wholly unscrupulous force to crush and destroy the freedom and liberty of peace-loving nations more or less unprepared for war, such a contest as has not been waged since the hosts of Good and Evil warred in Heaven—must have removed some of the cobwebs from the eyes of politicians. One of these it may be suggested to the Dutch people is the old belief that a direct personal duty may be safely left for performance by a third party. They will find a very pregnant object-lesson on the point in the misfortunes of their neighbor. Belgium trusted to "the scrap of paper" called the guarantee of the Powers instead of utilizing all her own resources and providing herself with a million soldiers. Her sacrifices and sufferings are due to her politicians, who were never tired of declaring that Belgium was so well protected by others that she need do nothing to protect herself. It must be hoped that Holland will apply the lesson to her own position. She knows that if the Allies fail to turn the Germans out of Belgium

she will have no chance of succeeding single-handed, after they have retired exhausted from the fray. Her own fate is in the crucible, in the agreeable but thoughtless role of a spectator her prized independence may pass out of her hands never to be recovered, and her spiritual anguish will be intensified by the reflection that her intervention at the right moment would have turned the scale of war, ensured the liberty of her neighbor, and preserved her own. There are far-seeing men in Holland. Let them now look beyond the narrow limits of a strict neutrality and face the broad issues of the time, for events are happening which will decide the future of Europe and the history of the world. For the safety of Holland herself, as well as the interests of humanity at large, the occasion calls for a William the Silent or a William of Orange.

It may be thought that by implication it is assumed as conceivable that France and England may be yet brought low by Germany. That is not our conviction, al-

though it has always been deemed presumptuous to anticipate the verdict of the God of Battles; but we know enough to declare that in effectually overthrowing Germany and realizing our declared purpose of smashing the Prussian system, we shall require all the assistance possible, and that no aid, let it come from what quarter it may, can be prudently rejected. The counterpart of this truth confronts the Dutch nation. How can they hold back and stand aside when they know as well as we do that the Allies are fighting the battle of their independence; and the narrower the balance of their chances of success, the greater must be the call on them to strike in promptly and make that balance more positive and pronounced? We have all to think not merely of the war, but of what is to follow the war. It is not for a military triumph in the old sense that the free nations of Europe are shedding their blood so freely. They are fighting to save themselves from being enslaved by Germany, and neutral Holland is threatened just as much as warring France and England. Her obvious interest is to strike in at the right moment when her intervention may give a decisive turn to the situation.

There are indications that Dutch opinion is moving in this direction.

## Ancient Egyptian Palace Found

*Interesting Discovery on the Site of Buried Memphis*

A DISCOVERY which may prove of extreme importance from historical and biblical standpoints, has been made by Clarence S. Fisher, the head of the Eckley B. Coxe, Jr., expedition of exploration in Egypt. It is the finding of a royal palace in the submerged ancient

capital of Memphis. Egyptologists hope that the discovery may throw a bright light on the totally obscure pages of earliest Egyptian history.

The possibilities are indeed unlimited, as Memphis was the capital of Egypt and was founded about 5,600 years before the time of Christ. It was not only the home of the Egyptian kings, but it was the centre of the globe's commerce. An interesting article on the discoveries made in Memphis has appeared in the *New York Times*. In part this reads:

Naturally, Memphis was a promising field for Mr. Fisher when he arrived in Egypt on December 16, 1914, the day Egypt became a protectorate of the British Government. For the first few months he devoted his attention to the burial grounds of the old Egyptian Kings near the pyramids of Ghizeh. Then he conceived the idea of finding the palace of the Kings of Memphis. The time was ripe for such an ambitious undertaking. Because of the war the British Government had canceled the concessions of the Austrian and German excavators. This left large numbers of skilled workmen unemployed, and he had no difficulty in securing the requisite number of men. Eventually he employed 180.

The Government readily granted him a concession



Monarch of all.

KIRBY, in New York World



at Memphis, and he went to work first on a test trench at an old Roman wall. The site of his operations resembled a sand dune backed by a grove of palm trees. Some years previously Professor Petrie had been over the territory, but he had, literally, merely scratched the surface. His trenches were everywhere to be seen, but they afforded little indication of what might be beneath them.

Before long it was evident that the spot for a beginning had been well chosen. Mr. Fisher, an architect by profession, came across a wall of such proportions that he conceived it to be a part of the palace which he was seeking. Also, he had noted near the old Roman work, two projecting columns, which had been uncovered by Professor Petrie. They were of sufficient size to indicate that they belonged to a large building, so he set his men to uncovering them. The result was not the discovery of the royal palace which he was seeking, but of the temple of Seti I. or Merneptah.

As he went below the surface a few feet the difficulties of his work multiplied. He had to build a railroad to haul away the dirt he was taking out. Then the seepage from the Nile was encountered. That required the installation of a pump-

ing system to drain the chambers formed by his excavators. In spite of all difficulties, he persevered until he had uncovered a large part of the temple. From March through June he worked, and then discontinued operations until the Fall, as it is virtually impossible to keep the Egyptian laborers at their tasks in the summer season.

When the excavations were temporarily discontinued, no less than 4,000 articles had been discovered. These are mostly small, such as scarabs, amulets, stone jars, and the like, but there were occasional finds of greater importance. Among the larger objects recovered are a number of sandstone statues, which are representative of the best productions of Egyptian sculptors. Indeed, in their hands, sandstone seemed to possess a peculiar pliability, lacking the harshness and hardness of marble and granite. In this respect the temple promises finds of the first magnitude when excavations are resumed next fall.

Not less interesting was the discovery of a manufacturing plant within the temple. Molds for making amulets and the like indicated that the priests were quite alive to the profits to be derived from sales to visitors.

people, which would bring them to this end. And just as the German moderates say that they do not desire conquest or annexation, so we are obliged to say that any peace would be a disaster to us which did not give us and the rest of the world ample securities against the renewal of this Berserker rage on the part of their war-lords and war-makers. What chance is there that the German moderates will help us to this end? We can see none at present. They speak of the war "ending with the full victory of Germany." They trust that the Chancellor will succeed without being enticed from the straight path in reaching a peace commensurate with German success "*in the given time and at the height of our military success.*" The words we have italicized are extremely important, and they give the clue to what we have no doubt is the hope of the shrewder and saner men in Germany—that she will be able, so to speak, to sell her stock at her own moment and at the top of her market. We do not complain of their hoping that or thinking that—it is entirely natural from their point of view. But it wholly ignores the purposes for which the Allies are at war, and which they are confident they can attain, if they stand firm and stand together, until the Germans have ceased to be at "the height of their military success." The signatories forget that at the height of her military success Germany may be in presence of an unvanquished enemy.

Those of us who are inclined to be depressed by the Russian retirement or by the slowness of events elsewhere may be counselled to keep these phrases of the German memorial constantly in mind. We need not trouble about the Jingoos who want to annex Belgium, Poland, and Egypt, to sprawl over the Balkans to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf. They perform for us the inestimable service of warning the Allies what would be in store for them if they yielded an inch before the German menace. The more they rain their manifestoes on the Emperor and the Chancellor, and the more they tell the Balkan peoples that their choice is between the fate of Belgium and the fate of Luxembourg, the better we may be pleased. What we really want to know is what the few sane men in Germany, who know the facts, and can measure them coolly, are thinking at this stage of the war. And here we have had plainly set before us that what the more cautious Germans hope is to make peace at a given time and at the height of their military successes. But these very phrases imply that if the Allies stand firm beyond the given time, Germany will miss that favorable moment, and pass from success to failure. We believe that to be the absolute truth of the present situation, and we believe the Chancellor knows it. If he cannot get peace at his own given moment, he will get it at some other moment, and on terms imposed by the Allies. That rises out of any cool survey of the situation. No one can doubt that both the man-power and the material resources of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy are much greater in the aggregate than those of Germany and Austria and Turkey. If the allied combination can merely live through the period of advantage which the Germans have secured by their secret organization for war, they must in the end prevail. For this reason it is a German necessity to throw everything in at this moment and to force a peace with at least one of her opponents.

## Germany's Desire for Peace

*Is the Russian Offensive the Kaiser's Last Grand Effort?*

STRANGELY enough close students of the war situation see in Germany's victorious drive into Russia the surest evidence of our ultimate victory. The assumption is that, seeing the period of exhaustion looming closer, Germany determined upon one grand effort to crush Russia hoping to force a peace when at the very climax of her success or at worst to separate Russia from the Allies by offering a magnanimous settlement to the Czar. The grand offensive has taken place and, by way of corroboration of the view propounded, the Kaiser has beyond all doubt made efforts to entangle the Czar into a separate peace proposition. The Russians have laughed these proposals to scorn. Has, then, Germany's grand final effort been for naught? What will follow?

On this point, the *Westminster Gazette*, one of the sanest and most authoritative papers in England says:

We have a hint of what the more prudent people in Germany think of this situation in the important memorial presented to the Chancellor this week by what we must call the moderate group in that country. It is, as it frankly states, a counterblast to the manifesto of the Junkers and Jingoos who call themselves the National Liberal Party, and its signatories include men of influence who are intimate with the Emperor, like Prince Hatzfeld, others who are supposed to be specially intimate with the Chancellor, like Dr. Dernburg and the editors of the *Berliner Tagblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and numerous men of eminence in the banking and financial world. These men, who may be presumed to know all that there is to know about the internal and economic position of Germany, are clearly alarmed at the course which events have been taking since the military suc-

cesses in the east. They protest that Germany "did not enter the war with the idea of annexation, but in order to preserve its existence, threatened by the enemy coalition against its national unity and its progressive development," and that in concluding peace "Germany cannot pursue anything that does not serve these objects." So far from serving these objects, the schemes now proposed by annexationists would, they assert, be "a far-reaching political mistake, a fatal weakening of the German Empire, and not an increase of its strength." Looking at the matter "from a practical standpoint," they declare "incorporation or annexation of politically independent nations, accustomed to govern themselves, to be a vicious thing," and say that, since the German Empire has arisen from the idea of national unity and national congruity, it must not permit itself to be "driven by the course of events, by persons, or by easily concocted popular feeling to relinquish or to change the fundamentals upon which the Empire was created, or to destroy the character of the national State."

Now, it is an important sign of the times that we should have this evidence of a feeling in Germany which runs counter to the wild politics of plunder that, apart from these voices, seemed to be all-powerful in that country. We may at least respectfully concur in the sound doctrine respecting conquest and annexation propounded in this memorial. But its signatories must, we fear, be reminded that their doctrine of the origin of the war can by no ingenuity be squared with the facts as known to the world, or—we must add—with the method of conducting the war that we have since witnessed. To all the rest of us it is clear that the men who made this war did so with the objects now avowed by the annexationist party, and were prepared for any exhibition of ruthlessness and frightfulness, any trampling on the rights of other

## The Unbeatable Game

*Why No One Makes Money Out of Stock Speculation*

UNDER the heading of "The Unbeatable Game," Edwin Lefevre has started a series of articles in *Saturday Evening Post*, on the stock market. The purpose of the series he outlines as three-fold: 1. To show that nobody has ever beaten the game of stock speculation; 2. To show why nobody can beat the game of stock speculation; 3. To answer the question so often asked—Where does the money go that is lost in stock speculation? Mr. Lefevre has a big contract on his hands.

In his first article he gives a great deal of interesting information, including facts to prove that none of the big men in the American financial world ever succeeded in "beating the game." It is interesting to quote from him in this connection:

Two of Jay Gould's confidential brokers told me that whenever the "Little Wizard" speculated he lost. The Chicago & Northwestern corner cost him over a million, and it took him over a year to work out of it, with all his advantages of great wealth, power, prestige and an extraordinary mind.

The big fortunes of Wall Street have never been made by stock speculation, but in banking or promoting or in the "sure-thing gambling," which, of course, is not strictly gambling since you are playing with marked cards. A very intimate friend of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's told me that the richest man in the world almost invariably lost when he bought or sold stocks for a turn, and the reason why Mr. Rockefeller is to-day a large stockholder in certain corporations is because he would not pocket the speculative loss; but, being patient and very rich, he endeavored to turn the loss into a profit by becoming an investor—that is, a permanent stockholder. He differed from the average sucker only in magnitude. It is a safe bet he wishes he had never gone into Colorado Fuel.

I have always thought that the late E. H. Harriman, of all the big men in the Street of our time, was the best trader, which is the Wall Street word for speculator. But even he did not try to beat the game in the sense that I use that expression. In his later years, when he was the czar of the Union Pacific, he never speculated in his own stock. What he did was to utilize his knowledge and his enormous financial resources. The inside history of some of his pools, however, would probably show losses as frequently as profits. Men like J. Pierpont Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff, bankers primarily, doubtless indulged in stock speculation; but they always regarded it, not as a game but as an adjunct to their regular business. Their affair was to market securities and not to bet on price fluctuation, although, of course, they bought securities when cheap and probably as often as not sold them at a profit.

Eliminating railroad kings and high financiers, I cannot find that any of the big speculators consistently beat the game of stock speculation. In considering men who were stock speculators first, last and all the time, the foremost name that rises to mind is that of James R. Keene. "Dea-

con" S. V. White told me once that of all the big operators on the Stock Exchange there never was one the equal of Keene, either for magnitude of operations or for brilliancy of execution. It so happens that Mr. Keene was one of the big men of Wall Street whom I knew well. He will live in the annals of the Street as the greatest of all stock manipulators. The man who has not the mind nor the millions of Keene, and still wishes to beat the game, would do well to consider the career of this remarkable character.

He went to California in the fifties, a frail boy of twelve, but precocious and full of an almost feverish energy. He became by turn a farmer, a cowboy, a miner, a newspaper reporter and proprietor, and later a mining man on the Comstock Lode. From Virginia City, Nevada, he went to San Francisco with \$10,000 and an accurate knowledge of the mines and mining conditions in the great lode. He ran his stake up to \$150,000 in a few months, speculating in mining stocks. Remember, he was a man with a remarkable mind and a born speculator, besides being a specialist in the mines of the Comstock Lode, a man who knew what he was buying and selling. Within two years he had lost all he had made and a great deal more besides; but he arranged with his creditors to be allowed to join the Mining Exchange, and before long he was the leading mining-stock broker of San Francisco. Within a few years he was a millionaire with a national reputation.

In 1876 he came East. He was worth \$6,000,000 and was on his way to Europe for his health. He told me this himself, and there is no reason to doubt it. On his trip across the continent he saw with his own eyes what made him a bear on railroad stocks. He didn't go to Europe

but remained in New York to speculate. Among other operations he sold short ten thousand shares of New York Central at 110, which he later covered or bought in at a profit of a quarter of a million. He turned—reversed his position—and later bought huge amounts of low-priced railroad stocks in anticipation of the improvement he felt certain was coming. Mr. Keene told me that in 1878 he was worth nine million dollars. Bear in mind that his assets in speculating were a remarkable mind, utter fearlessness and a huge bankroll. He kept at it, lost \$7,500,000 in the wheat pool engineered by Rufus Hatch, and although he always said that if he had kept out of wheat he would have made \$10,000,000 out of his deals in railroad stocks, the fact remains that he lost all his money—more than a million dollars in the Hannibal and St. Joe corner and in other deals—so that the most brilliant operator in stocks of his time was not only penniless but nearly two million dollars in debt ten years after he had arrived in New York with his six-million-dollar roll.

Mr. Keene had uncommon foresight, lightning rapidity of perception, a strong grasp of essential facts and an unerring judgment of the capacity of his stock-market opponents. His judgment of men in general was doubtless warped by his ignorance of what the nonstock-gambling humanity thinks of men and things away from Wall Street, but he was the most dashing of fighters. He was fearless, but after his early reverses, there was always a streak of caution in him which was helped by a remarkably developed instinct of danger. This, time and again, made him smell the traps that his enemies sometimes laid for him—as, for instance, at the time that the late William C. Whitney and Thomas F. Ryan nearly "got" him in the Third-Avenue corner.

Mr. Keene's financial rehabilitation came when he capitalized his experience and ability and became a hired manipulator. He undertook to create a market for Sugar stock with which the late H. O. Havemeyer had been unable to do more than make a market football. Mr. Keene created a legitimate market for the Sugar Trust securities which had been unvendible for years.

When the big boom came after the first election of William McKinley to the Presidency of the United States, Keene found himself in possession of a fairly large gambling roll, greater experience and firm confidence in his knowledge of the technic of stock manipulation, besides a belief in the stupendous prosperity to come. Everybody made money in that most remarkable period of our financial history, and Keene made millions. In 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan intrusted the manipulation of the new United States Steel stocks to Mr. Keene. Next to Mr. Morgan, himself the most picturesque figure in Wall Street, was the same James Robert Keene, who had made and lost millions in trying to beat the game of stock speculation.

Mr. Keene's activities as a manipulator culminated in the Northern Pacific panic,



The Golden Shell.

RACP in Montreal City



May 9, 1901. After that, for the most part, Keene played a lone hand, and was only moderately successful until he formed his Southern Pacific pool. He endeavored to induce E. H. Harriman to invest in the market manipulation in Southern Pacific to him as Mr. Morgan had done with the United States Steel stocks, but Harriman wasn't that sort of a man. He preferred to do things himself. Therefore he went gunning for Keene.

Harriman was many things besides a stock operator, while Keene was only the greatest stock speculator that ever lived in the United States. Therefore the man who was more than a stock speculator won. Mr. Keene lost very heavily in the Southern Pacific pool, which, by the way, was not a blind gamble but based upon

knowledge of conditions and intelligent optimism. Any of the people who lost money in Southern Pacific when Keene told them to buy it would have made a great deal more than they ever hoped if they had become investors instead of speculators, and had held the stock to the present; which proves, incidentally, that being right and having sound judgment are not enough to beat the game.

In the last years of Mr. Keene's life he saw his once huge fortune shrink. He did not die a pauper, but he died almost discredited, and did not leave to his family a tenth of the fortune he would have left had he not tried to beat the one game which he, the most successful of all stock speculators, was never able consistently to beat.

## Australian Military Service

### *A Description of the System That Has Been Evolved*

**T**HE military system in force in Australia and New Zealand has come in for much exploitation since the outbreak of war. It is, by some experts claimed as a perfect system of national defence. Such is the view of O'Neil Sevier, who writes in the *Metropolitan Magazine* as follows:

These are the only nations of British antecedents that have made training for war obligatory, and the evidence of military efficiency that the working of their compulsory system over a period of four years, has enabled them to display since last August, is the most astonishing development of the Great War. With a combined population less than that of Pennsylvania. Dispersed over an area greater, by a few thousand square miles, than that covered by the territory of the forty-eight American states—the density being less than two persons to the square mile—Australia and New Zealand have already sent 175,000 troops to the Imperial colors. These troops, representing all arms, arrived at the several fronts to which they were assigned, trained and equipped for the firing line. They required no post-graduate course at the instruction camps of Lord Kitchener in Great Britain. One hundred thousand of them are taking part in the operations on the Dardanelles, thirty thousand hold unstable Egypt to her allegiance, and contingents are serving in France and Serbia, and garrisoning the strongholds of the German islands of the South Pacific which the Australian Navy helped them to take.

When compulsory training was first suggested, theorists professed to see an innovation that threatened the cherished personal liberty of the people, and a drift toward hateful militarism. Parents were alarmed at the prospect of the governments compelling the attendance of their sons at the training camps. But young Australia hailed with ardor the adoption of a system that promised stirring adventure afield and the enthusiasm of young Australia won the day.

Four years' experience of obligatory training has served to dissipate the apprehensions of the theorists and to allay the alarm of Australian fathers and mothers. The requirements of the service have withdrawn no person from productive industry for any considerable period in any year, nor have they developed any of the hateful symptoms of

militarism. Moreover, the liberties of the people have not been in any way curtailed. The system is as popular in the great industrial centres of Sydney and Melbourne, where the rights and privileges of working men are safeguarded to a degree unapproached in any other part of the world, as it is on the farms and stock ranges of the back country. The laborers and handicraftsmen of the cities, from whose ranks the infantry and artillery are in the main recruited, are as punctual in the observance of their military obligations as are the young farmers and scions of the squatter aristocracy, who bring their own thoroughbred and half-bred mounts to the cavalry service.

Lord Kitchener formulated the Australian scheme. He was invited to Australia to look the situation over and show the colonial amateurs what to do by Mr. Fisher's government in 1909. His recommendations were embodied in the Defense Act of 1909-10, which became operative in 1911. He found in existence a law that required military service in times of war of all citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty, under which a small but fairly efficient permanent establishment and a serviceable militia had been built up. This arrangement he pronounced inadequate. He suggested the registration at the headquarters of the six military districts of the country, the limits of which corresponded roughly with the boundaries of the six states, of every male Australian on the attainment of his fourteenth year, that training for service in war be made compulsory and that it begin when the prospective defender of the nation was a lad of twelve at school and continue through his twenty-sixth year. This recommendation has become the fundamental feature of the Australian system of defense.

No boy or young man, physically and mentally sound, between the prescribed ages may shirk training, but from the liability to serve with arms in their hands in actual warfare officers of the civil administration, members of parliament, judges, preachers and members of the police, prison and lighthouse services are exempt. Doctors and nurses employed in the public hospitals, persons not of European descent and persons whose religious beliefs forbid them to bear arms are excused from duties of a combatant nature, but may be required to serve back of the line.

In both Australia and New Zealand

British subjects of six months' residence are amenable to the military regulations, but members of the defensive forces are not liable for service beyond the limits of the commonwealth and the dominion. The troops at the front to-day are willing volunteers.

Greater attention is paid to the training of the Australian citizen soldier during the period of adolescence than at any other time. In the years in which his mind is most susceptible to impressions his patriotism is aroused by judicious instruction in history, and the habit of cheerful obedience is inculcated by discipline never so rigorous as to become irksome. A sense of his duty to defend his country with life and property develops naturally.

The training of the Australian soldier is divided into three periods. Lads from twelve to fourteen are enrolled as junior cadets, youths from fourteen to eighteen as senior cadets and young men from eighteen to twenty-six as citizen soldiers. Parents are held responsible for the attendance at the schools and training camps of boys of the cadet age and heavy penalties are imposed upon employers who may seek to prevent the older youths from attending to their military duties or cause them to suffer in pocket for the service the state requires.

Junior cadets train one hundred and twenty days of every year, not less than fifteen minutes each day, at the schools they attend and under the direction of their instructors. They learn to march in squads, to load and shoot a small rifle—generally a Winchester or a Francotte of .22 or .23 caliber—to know safety rules, to swim and rescue the drowning, to run and conserve their wind. They are encouraged to play a variety of games, especially those that require quick thinking, such as cricket, football and baseball, the last named having been introduced in Australia from California fifteen years ago.

Senior cadets are organized into companies and battalions, which are commanded by officers of the proper ranks drafted from the citizen forces. Each of the four years of the senior cadet training period must include four day drills of four hours' continuous duration, twelve half-day drills of two hours, and twenty-four night drills of one hour. The state furnishes the senior cadet with a uniform of olive drab every two years, and equips him with a cadet rifle. Thus accoutred, he is put through squad drills, semaphore drills and range practice; instructed in the care and repair of arms and in elementary company and battalion manoeuvres. Promotion to the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks is won by general efficiency, supplemented by competitive examinations.

After eighteen the Australian youth becomes a citizen soldier. He is liable to be called to the colors in war time, and whether he is assigned, by his own choice, to the permanent or the citizen forces, he must until twenty-six train each year for the equivalent of sixteen whole day drills (if his arm be the infantry), of which not less than eight must be in camps of continuous training. Members of the engineers, artillery and cavalry must train twenty-five days annually, seventeen in camps of continuous training. The ambitious for promotion are permitted to take part in voluntary parades, which are distinct from the training prescribed by law, and, as marking the enthusiasm of the Australian youth for his country's service, no fewer than 10,000 participat-

ed in a voluntary parade at Melbourne two years ago.

The training of the citizen soldier eighteen and over is thorough. In the instruction camps he learns to dig trenches, mine and countermine, construct field telephone systems, build bridges, handle artillery, attack in extended and close order, take advantage of protective cover from both infantry and artillery fire, and manoeuvre in large obdies. After twenty-six the obligation to train oftener than one day each year ceases. He joins the rifle club of his training area and continues target practice until he is thirty-five.

Schools for officers are maintained in each of the six military districts and 8,000 young men are receiving instruction in them. Here, as in the cadet schools, merit alone wins promotion. The Australian law declares that the best soldiers shall lead without regard to their civil occupations or social standing. The work of the schools for officers is supplemented by the universities and colleges, each of which has its chair of military science.

A military academy modeled after West Point has been established just outside the Federal District of Canberra. It is known

as the Royal Australian Military College and at this academy there were last year one hundred and fifty cadets, forty of them New Zealanders, undergoing the sort of mental and physical training cadets at West Point experience.

The Australian military forces are organized on a territorial basis, each area into which the country is divided furnishing a definite proportion of fighting units. The six major military districts are divided and subdivided into divisional, brigade, battalion and training areas. Each battalion area furnishes for training in the infantry battalion 925 men, from eighteen to twenty-six, and seventy-five for the engineers, army service and medical corps, a total of 1,000. In most cases the battalion areas furnish additional troops for the light horse squadrons and field batteries and for the manning of fortresses. The brigade areas furnish four battalions of infantry each, four battalions of senior cadets, and artillery and cavalry in proportion. In each of the divisional areas there are three brigades of infantry, three of field artillery, and three miscellaneous divisions, as well as portions of three light horse brigades.

The rendition of the North Dakota decree made her a divorced woman in that state, and North Dakota gave her the privilege of remarriage. But in New York she was still the wife of Mr. Semon. Her relations with Mr. Kimball were adulterous. Nor had she a scintilla of claim to his property. His collateral relatives alone could inherit.

So said the New York Court of Appeals in 1908.

Notice that Mr. Semon had refused to set foot within the territorial limits of North Dakota. This is what the recalcitrant spouse usually does. So, to meet the difficulty, practically every commonwealth has placed a law on its books allowing the summons to be served on a non-resident by publishing it in a newspaper and mailing a copy, or it may be by handing it to the other party outside of the state. But suppose the delinquent does not appear in the state in person or by attorney, and allows judgment to be obtained by default. Such a divorce is, of course, good within the limits of the state granting it. But whether other states will recognize this is another question.

In other words, every state in this country save South Carolina is to-day granting divorces against non-residents on mere service by "publication" or without the state. Yet many of them refuse point-blank to recognize decrees granted in other states.

The tangle in divorce laws has led to more or less contest between states. The laws of one state will run contrary to those of another and then woe to the parties whose litigation has raised the point for—the outcome may be very unexpected. Mr. Chapin quotes one such case as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. James married in New York in 1859. In 1871 they separated. Mr. James went to Missouri, and in 1874 obtained a divorce there. Then he went to California, and in 1883 married again.

Subsequently he died, and Wife No. 1 began proceedings in California to obtain letters of administration there. But she lost, for the Supreme Court held that the divorce was perfectly good and that it was Wife No. 2 who was entitled to letters.

Here we have an interesting problem. In this case California and Missouri both said that Mrs. James No. 2 was the lawful wife, while New York says that the title belongs solely to Mrs. James No. 1. Pennsylvania had this question before its Supreme Court in 1890, and in line with New York it would consider Mrs. James No. 1 to be the wife; while Massachusetts, on the other hand, would say it was Mrs. James No. 2.

New Jersey and Georgia both say that they are not obliged to recognize the decree granted in another state, but they will do so provided that the ground on which it rests is not against the public policy of these states, respectively. This is really not a bad doctrine. Probably it is the best of the lot, although a trifle indefinite.

## The United States of Matrimony

*The Tangle Over Divorce Arising Out of State Laws*

EVERYONE is familiar with the very serious state of affairs in the United States arising out of the multiplicity of marriage laws. Just how bad that condition has become is demonstrated by H. Gerald Chapin, a member of the New York bar, in the course of an article in *Everybody's Magazine*. He first proceeds to show just what conditions are:

Can a man be both married and single, a woman both the wife and the mistress of the same man, children both legitimate and illegitimate—all at the same time?

And the point of the jest is that he, she, and they—can be.

Absurd? Not a bit. It is eminently logical.

Infrequent? A mere academic possibility? Not at all.

It is the condition of thousands of our fellow citizens, who finding the laws of their own commonwealths not sufficiently favorable, have traveled to Nevada, Washington, and other "easy divorce" states. The awful results are only beginning to be felt, and not even beginning popularly to be realized. When, in a few years, some of the many who have divorced and remarried under the present easy-going régime, die, and their estates are in process of settlement, complications will be endless. Women will learn that they are not widows, men that they are not husbands, children will be forced to bear the bar sinister.

Every man and woman who contemplates a trip to Reno or Seattle should thoroughly understand beforehand that the decree which may be handed down is, in many states, just a worthless paper.

And what of those who have found this out too late?

Take the case of Mrs. Kimball, or rather Mrs. Semon. She married Mr. Semon in the State of New York in 1885. Five years later she went to North Dakota, and after remaining ninety days brought an action for divorce. The papers were

handed to Mr. Semon in New York, but he did not appear in the action by an attorney, and the North Dakota court granted Mrs. Semon her divorce. In 1891 she returned to New York, and four years later went through a second ceremony of marriage, with Mr. Kimball (just notice that we did not say she "married" him). A year later Mr. Kimball died, leaving no will.

What then did the law say was the situation of this woman?



Laws? I make my own laws.

—New York Sun.



The general public are for the most part under a misapprehension with reference to this question of marriage laws. The article sets this forth as follows:

The man or woman who flies from New York to Reno fondly imagines, after receiving a decree, that he or she is no longer husband or wife. As a matter of fact, the expense of the trip might as well have been saved. If the person marries again in New York, it would appear that he or she could be sent to jail for bigamy. Certainly the other spouse can, just as Mr. Baker was, assuming, of course, that both were not before the Reno court.

Incidentally, we may pause to remark that there is another fact to be considered in answering the conundrum: When is a divorce not a divorce? It is well-settled law that if a husband or a wife seek the jurisdiction of another state for the sole purpose of obtaining a divorce, without any bona-fide intention of acquiring there a real home (or to borrow the legal expression, "domicile"), goes, in other words, just for divorce purposes, then the

decree, having been fraudulently obtained, will not be recognized anywhere.

Usually decrees recite that the plaintiff resides in the state; but this makes no difference, for no court can acquire jurisdiction by merely saying that it has it.

As to the amount of blackmail made possible by the present condition of affairs—nay, the amount which in all probability is actually being levied at the present time—the reader may draw on his imagination, feeling assured that his wildest guess will not prove to be far from the truth.

The pretended marriage, with all its attendant shame and misery, has been a fertile subject for the novelist. American women who contemplate the international alliance have time and again been warned that the laws in many countries of Continental Europe refuse to recognize ceremonies not in accordance with their forms. But the woman who procures a foreign divorce and then remarries may, when her new mate repudiates her, discover for the first time not only that she has no rights which he is bound to respect, but that she herself is a criminal.

land to its universities, the multiplication of steamships on every sea, the advance of colonization, growing commercial activity in all the markets of the world, enforced military service and the mighty power of the Imperial Court intent on war preparation: these and similar influences have made a new Germany, mechanically efficient but politically undemocratic. A nation wonderfully organized, but sadly deficient in liberty and humanity, with no humor to see itself as others see it and with no catholicity of spirit to appreciate other peoples.

In some respects this new Germany is a great Germany: its patient, plodding, thorough scholars have produced marvels of erudition, and its scientists have achieved a mastery of the secrets of nature, which have been successfully turned to practical account in medicine, in sanitation, in economic activities, and in industrial operations. There is no doubt about the superiority of Germans along some of these lines. All this is everywhere admitted. But the question arises: Are these the highest and noblest lines? What is the root idea, the dominating theory, in all this? The answer is not far to seek. The fundamental assumption and ambition have been: Man is a machine and civilization must be developed in terms of mechanics. Their biologists often say, "There is no soul here, only just these physical reactions." Many of their historians have said, "The destinies of nations are shaped chiefly by soil, rivers, climate, material resources, and more especially by military power." The political economists have taught, "It is all a matter of organic determinism." The philosophers (not all, by any means), who are supposed to assume an immortal soul, resolve human life into a complex of nerve reactions and inherited instincts.

No wonder that materialism and militarism have dominated nearly all the fields of intellectual activity in the Fatherland! In some of these fields wonders have been wrought. Whatever persistence and precision of laboratory research could do; whatever mastery of details and comprehensiveness of organization could accomplish; whatever boundless energies along lines of mere worldliness could create: all these things have come to pass. The same effectiveness is seen in public hygiene, industrial insurance, and the organization of charity. But some other things have also come to pass. The over-attention to the material accidents of life, and the under-attention to the spiritual roots of life; the supernormal cultivation of worldly ambitions, and the subnormal cultivation of religious feelings—the one-sided development of the national life has largely destroyed the old Germany that inspired our fathers, and has given us a new Germany that has brought us into captivity.

What is the most unfortunate characteristic of this new Germany? A national spirit that subjects politics to military domination: the civilian has no rights that a soldier is bound to respect. Every man is compelled to undergo a long military discipline. The supreme aims of government, in education, in industry, in medicine, in philanthropy, centre on the military efficiency of the people. All is done to give the Kaiser the most men and the best men for his armies. The Krupp gun is the sign and symbol of the national spirit. The bigger and deadlier it is, the greater the rejoicing of Imperial Court and common people. The German is not a homocentric civilization, where the individual is clothed with inviolable sancti-

## America's Bondage to Germany

*The Influence of German Thought on U.S. Universities a Dangerous Factor*

THE rather startling statement that America is in bondage to the German spirit is made by Joseph H. Crooker in the course of an article in the *Hibbert Journal*. He develops the idea as follows:

Mr. Roosevelt recently startled Americans by declaring that he had seen plans which military men in Germany had carefully worked out for the capture of New York City. But the Germans have already captured America. We have been in bondage for several decades, and our people either ignore the fact, or glory in the subjection. This captivity is, in some ways, more fundamental—reaching down to the roots of life; more pervasive—extending to a wider circumference; and more harmful, being antagonistic to the American spirit—than any military occupation of our soil could be. When the ideals of a people are radically modified, their destiny will surely be deflected into other channels, and the hopes of the founders will not be fully realized. When the plastic youth of a land have, for a generation or two, been trained by teachers imbued with an alien culture, the country will some day realize that its old authorities have ceased to rule and that the glory of its peculiar institutions has, to some extent at least, faded.

What we have, first of all, to remember is that the Germany of the past thirty years is not the Germany of a century and more ago. It was the spirit of that older Germany, when introduced into the United States from 1825 to 1850, that brought illumination and inspiration. It was the Germany of Lessing, Herder, and Kant; of Schiller, Schleiermacher and Goethe (to name only a few of its different representatives). That was a Germany profoundly interested in literature, art, scholarship, and philosophy, as human problems on a world stage. No narrow provincialism, no dynastic ambition, no racial greed, no merely political aggressiveness among those giants. The outlook was as broad as humanity; the spirit inclusive and cosmopolitan; the sympathies

ranging all lands, not in the egotism of superiority or the passion for conquest, but in the appreciation of common excellences.

Here was a culture that boasted no territorial boundaries; that looked with no disdain upon the strivings of other peoples; that took no account of merely commercial values, and sought no conquests by industrial efficiency. It was a true culture that had some of the humility that deserves the language applied by Paul to Charity: "Vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself, unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." What so profoundly and nobly stirred Americans seventy and eighty years ago was this German learning and piety which was full of a world-idealism, a philosophic insight into the ways of the spirit, a high appreciation of the things of the soul. The impact of this influence upon our nation in its younger days did not represent a "captivity," but it operated far and wide as a regenerative power.

But after the war with France in 1870, a radical and unfortunate change began in Germany. Some elements in that transformation were good, but the majority have been harmful. The passion of nationality—a united Germany with imperial possibilities—this was at first, in the main, a noble enthusiasm. But later even this became a demoralizing passion, working on the lower levels of commercialism and under the direction of militarism. The desire for the subjugation of France stimulated the ambition for military glory and later for world conquest. The millions paid by France into the imperial treasury corrupted and coarsened its life, somewhat as South American gold and silver four centuries ago injured Spain. It was a vast unearned wealth stimulating extravagance and luxury, and fostering pride and arrogance. At that time, also, expanding science and growing invention joined hands in a great industrial movement. Technical schools, the application of scientific discoveries to industry, the flocking of men from every

ties and guaranteed sacred liberties, being allowed permission to follow personal ends and interests. It is a civilization that makes the good of the State, as a vast military machine, the supreme ambition and the final test.

And other things have followed. The common teaching in school-books and from university professors has been that war is the greatest and noblest in human life are the products of military training and activity. That soldiers prepared to kill are a nation's greatest assets. That victories on bloody battlefields represent man's supreme services to God. That the highest uses to be made of scientific discovery and human ingenuity are those that equip an army for the most effective destruction of human life. That military ambition is an adequate form of piety: the religion of valor. That the only text in the Gospels worthy of much attention is the saying of the Master: "I came not to send peace, but a sword." That the chief task of the Church is to foster a sort of "martial spirituality," because the spiritual element is needed to make a soldier a better fighter. That religion accomplishes its chief object when it trains men to die in order to subjugate the enemies of the Fatherland. Do these seem unbelievable propositions? They find ample support in numberless texts in the seven hundred war-books annually issued by German publishers.

All this being true, it is not surprising that it is the common public opinion in Germany that might makes right, that the end justifies the means, that military necessity knows no law; that the ethics of personal conduct do not apply to the actions of nations; that the German Empire can prosper only as it crushes its neighbors; that it is called of God to give "culture" to the world, even at the point of the bayonet; that surrounding nations would be benefited, if conquered by her; and that whatever Imperial Germany may be compelled to do in accomplishing these sublime national ends will be fully justified by the incalculable blessings which she will, in this way, bestow upon the whole world!

But what have the Christian Churches of the Fatherland been doing for the past fifty years to counteract these evil influences and make the Gospel of Jesus a living power in the life of the people? The simple, earnest piety of the older Germany has largely disappeared. The crass, belligerent rationalism of two generations ago, denounced as "German infidelity" by our pulpits, is also a thing of the past. The blight which has fallen upon that land (and not that alone) is a profound and widespread religious indifference. The Church is not so much attacked as ignored. In parishes of 20,000 souls or more, the single church, except on special or festival occasions, seldom has a congregation of two hundred people. Church attendance is not taken into account as any part of the Sunday programme of life by the prosperous or educated classes. It is seldom that a university professor is seen at church, except on official occasions. Even many theological and Biblical professors are by no means regular church attendants. Very few pay any attention to what our fathers called "the means of grace." Some eminent professors of religious scholarship even rejoice in this condition of affairs, defending it as an evidence of greater personal piety: the complete flowering of Protestant freedom in religion!

But it may be asked: What has all this to do with America? Much every way, as will be seen. Nearly a century ago a few

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such men as George Bancroft and Frederic Henry Hedge went to study in Germany, and they were wonderfully stimulated by the real culture which it then provided. In the last half-century an increasing number of young men (recently a vast throng) have gone from America to German universities to secure their doctorates, an indispensable preparation for a university position in our land. The one thing that makes an impression in our university circles is the scholarship that is marked: *Made in Germany!* And just here lies some of the mischief . . . "made" in Germany. It has been, too often, a scholarship, not ripened in the warm, brooding atmosphere of a humane and humanizing culture, but a standardized erudition, intent on accumulation of mere facts, tested by cubic measure, sought for ends of efficiency, fitted to help man as a mechanism, and imbued with a vast conceit of knowledge.

This "captivity to Germany" has not been an unmixed good. It is a misfortune to America that the real character of this warping bondage, in operation for some years, has not been generally seen or understood. Injuries, grave and serious, have come to American life from this excessive and exclusive dominance of the more recent German spirit in our universities—especially the spirit which ignores or despises those "imponderables" of which even Bismarck had a keen appreciation. The submissiveness of our science and scholarship to these foreign models and standards has led to harmful results. While young men have brought back from that land an enrichment of life in certain respects, many of them have also come home with some precious ideals blurred and some invaluable convictions weakened, while they have returned to us in many cases animated with a spirit quite alien to the best traditions of our country. We are nearing the danger line, and a halt should be called. Loyal Americans must face the serious question: Is it wise and wholesome to have tens of thousands of our susceptible American youths, in our colleges and universities—the intellectual aristocracy of the land, the future leaders of American opinion and action—constantly under the training of men who have been thoroughly Germanized and to a decided degree de-Americanized?

It is surprising that so little political harm has come to us from the fact that nearly all our college professors have been educated in that military and un-American atmosphere. That we have not been more deeply injured is a compliment to the sturdy Americanism of our young men who have sought academic honors in Germany. But that the alien influence has done mischief is most evident to the careful observer of our institutions of learning. The captivity has not been as marked along civic as along scholastic lines, but it has done not a little to weaken faith in democracy and stimulate a war-spirit in our midst. How could it be otherwise? It is impossible for a young man to live a year or two in a country dominated by the Bismarckian "spirit of blood and iron" without being affected by it. Especially must this be so, in view of the fact that he works in unbounded admiration for his German masters, who seem to him to be perfect embodiments of human greatness, and who let few occasions pass without asserting this claim! He may not come home to America a disloyal citizen, but he

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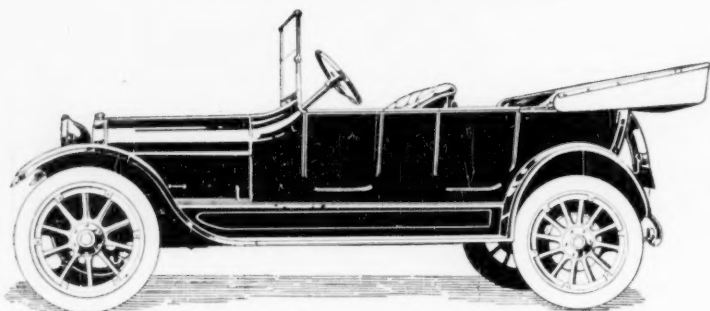
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## Another Moorhouse Story

If you haven't already read "The Years of the Wicked," by Hopkins Moorhouse, in this issue, turn right back to page 15 and start it now. It is a story that is different from any other story you have ever read; and it is wonderfully well told. After reading "The Years of the Wicked" you will look forward to our November issue with greater expectancy than before; for it will contain another Moorhouse story, "One Thousand Per Cent. Net," which is better still.

Hopkins Moorhouse is one of the latest additions to the all-star Canadian caste of

**MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE**

has his doubts about republican institutions.

One of the most unfortunate results of our captivity to Germany is the contempt of the Church and the indifference to religion which are now so general in the faculties of our colleges and universities. We must not charge all of this to Germany. But in hundreds of cases, when young men, interested in religious matters, have gone there to study, they have turned their back upon the Church as soon as they returned. This result is so common that no proof is needed to make clear the extent or the cause of the change. Scores have come back every year destitute of the faith with which they left our country, while practically none return with more religious enthusiasm than they had when they went abroad. Probably a considerable percentage of the members of our college faculties have a slight connection with some church, through the wife, the children, or the subscription paper. But regular attendance at any church or vital interest in religious work is rare among our college teachers who have been long educated in Germany. They do not indulge in attacks upon religion, but it is as much apart from their lives as witchcraft or astrology.

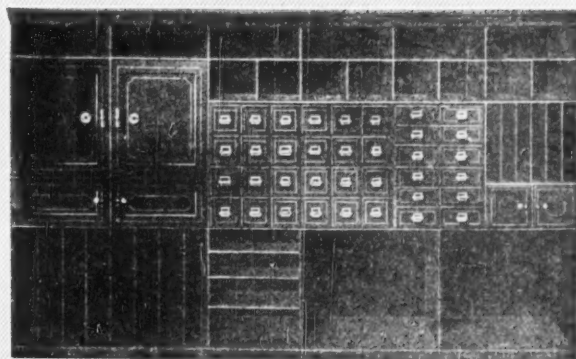
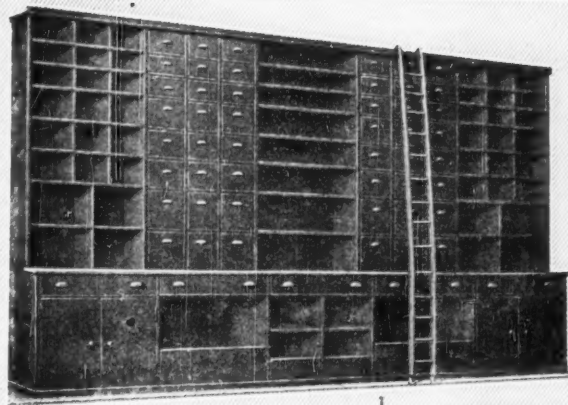
## General Sir Ian Hamilton

*Character Sketch of the Leader of the Dardanelles Expedition.*

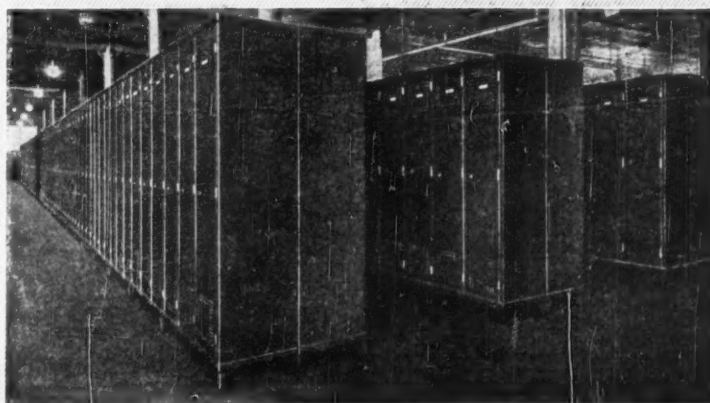
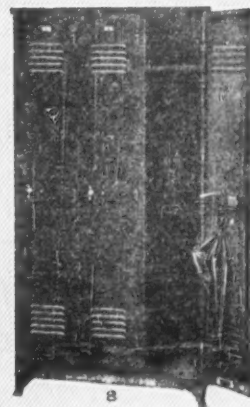
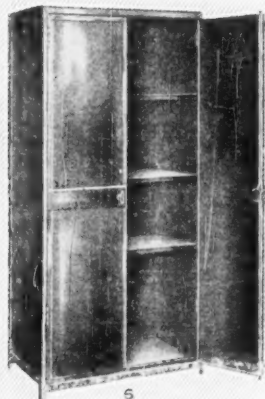
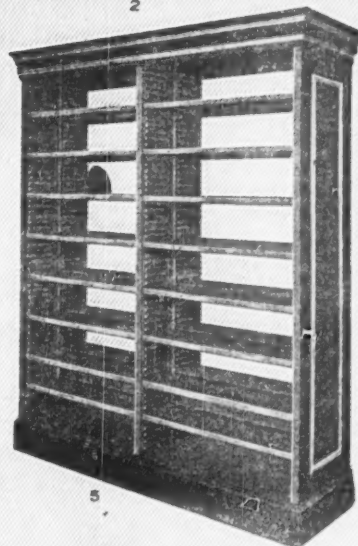
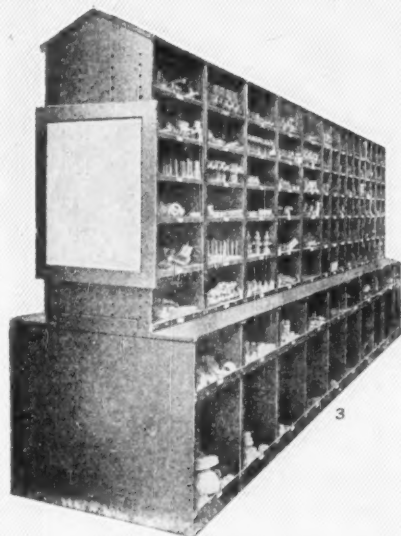
THE following collection of facts and fancies about General Sir Ian Hamilton have been gathered and published in *Current Opinion*. As the leader of the army at the Dardanelles, Hamilton is much in the public eye at present and the miscellaneous array of information with reference to him will, therefore, be of double interest.

Adventure is the business of General Sir Ian Hamilton's life. He has been described in the *London Mail* as a character out of a tale of blood and thunder, an incredible character of the Sir Walter Raleigh type, a living d'Artagnan who might have given Dumas the elder valuable hints for the exploits of his three musketeers. It is inevitable that General Sir Ian Hamilton should be chosen to lead such a wild adventure as that of the Dardanelles. A scientific strategist in the German sense, a subtle tactician of the French school, would not have dared the impossibilities of the Gallipoli peninsula. It ought to fail, this descent upon the natural fortress blocking the way to Constantinople, observes a writer in the *Rome Tribuna*, and it would fail if it were not conceived as a daring exploit, a dramatic episode. General Sir Ian Hamilton, in the course of his long and glorious military career, has achieved feats even wilder—in Burma, in Egypt, in India, in the very heart of Afghanistan. He belongs to the school of the Spanish *conquistadores*. That is why the French expeditionary forces are subject to his control, the leader sent out from Paris deferring to his judgment in all things. Even the naval forces act in accordance with his plans. Few commanders in this war have been left in such

*Continued on Page 64.*



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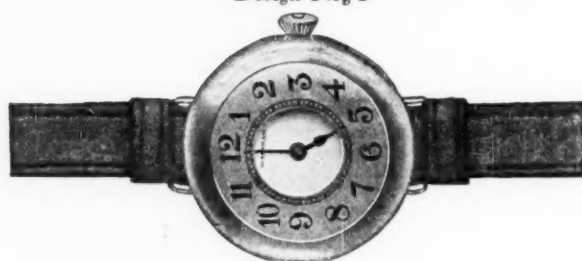
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He put it up to me, so here goes—and all I ask is that you men forget your prejudices for a moment. I have a real story to tell, and you needn't take my statements on faith. You can prove for yourself the truth of what I say.

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It's pretty even chances that when a man fails to get a smooth, even shave he blames the razor. Yet, as often as not, it's the soap, not the razor.

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Have you ever tried to shave without soap—with water alone? Well, you suffer nearly the same torture if your shaving preparation isn't right. If your skin burns and smart after shaving and little pin pricks of blood cover the face; if the lather dries quickly and you have to re-lather several times; if you need to "rub in" to soften the beard—you can blame it all on the soap.

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Mr. Mennen experimented three years to perfect a formula for a preparation that would do away with these nuisances; and he succeeded—the result was Mennen's Shaving Cream.

There are big differences in chemical composition, between "hard" soaps and cream soap—between other shaving preparations and Mennen's Shaving Cream.

It's a fact—any chemist will tell you—that "hard" soaps give a very different character of lather from Mennen's. For one thing, Mennen's absorbs much more water than hard soaps. This is why it gives such a quick, profuse, creamy lather—and the quantity of water it absorbs makes it moist and cooling.

### No "Free Caustic" in Mennen's

Mennen's takes all the sting out of shaving because there's no "free caustic" in it. Those words "free caustic" don't sound very dangerous, but, believe me, I stuck my finger in a caustic tank one day and I don't want any more on my skin—free or any other way. It's this "free caustic" in soaps that causes the face stinging after shaving.

### Glycerine Not Extracted But Added

In making soaps glycerine is formed, and as glycerine is worth money, it is often extracted and sold as a profitable by-product. In making Mennen's, we not only leave the glycerine in, but we add more. You know how soothing glycerine is. Your mother used it on your chapped hands when you were a kid. It gives the skin that velvety—soft "feel."

### No "Rubbing In" With Mennen's

You hardly believe this, you say? You're so used to shaving "the way father did" that you feel you must "rub in." Well, don't—not with Mennen's.

Mennen's softens the beard by just working up a lather with the brush. "Rubbing in" (which brings the blood to the surface and makes the skin tender) is totally unnecessary.

### Get a Trial Tube Now—Prove These Facts Yourself

Well, mail the coupon and get a trial tube. When you receive it follow carefully the directions on the package. Remember, it took three years to perfect Mennen's, so, believe us, we know how it should be used to get the best results. Give it a fair test—follow the directions—and you'll boost Mennen's as wholeheartedly as I do.

### Fill out the coupon

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MOST men like to use a talcum after shaving, but object to appearing in public with a "flour face." The Mennen Talcum for Men avoids this. It's a neutral tint and doesn't show. A trial can of this talcum will be sent free to every reader who sends for a tube of Shaving Cream. Mail this coupon.

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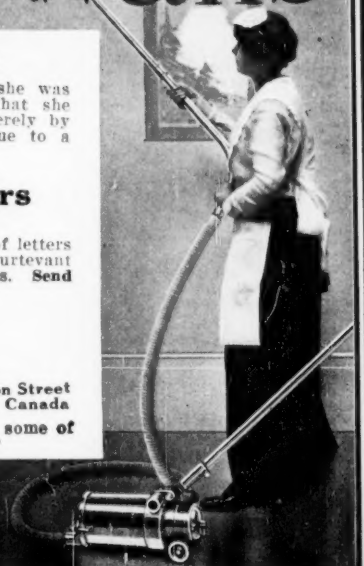
## Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaners

The above is not an unusual case, just typical of dozens of letters we receive from week to week. The fact that all Sturtevant owners are so enthusiastic is ample proof of their merits. Send for catalogue.

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complete independence within their theatre of operations. He has neither the mind nor the character that acts in conformity with a plan.

The lithe, cat-like tread, the facility in the use of gesture, the mobility of countenance which passes upon occasion into impassivity, and his perfect control of every muscle of his frame reveal to the few newspaper correspondents who are with the expedition that General Sir Ian Hamilton has lived long among Orientals. He has the dignity indispensable to a man of authority among them and that peculiar, reposeful courtesy which to them indicates the man born to command. Such are the results of a training, notes the London *Telegraph*, which began with the Afghan war back in the Victorian era. He belongs to a very old and aristocratic military family in which the bluest blood and the literary gift seem to go together. He is a brilliant and distinguished writer as well as a fighter of the romantic school. He has the poet's eye for scenery, which he has described in imaginative prose. He knows pictures and he has studied archaeology. But he looks at life through the temperament of the fighter. He is no expert in either tactics or strategy despite the careful training he received at the military schools, or rather, he thinks of war in the Homeric manner. It is to him a thing of hand-to-hand encounters, of daring personal risks and hairbreadth escapes. He has lain wounded among the Burmese hills with slain foes around him. He has hunted crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. He has gone disguised into Afghanistan at a time when the presence of a white man there was in itself a prodigious event. He was a hero of Lady-smith and commanded a mobile column against the Boers. In all that time he has set the teachings of the scientific strategists at flat defiance and he is accused of making no concealment of his contempt for tactics. The fact of his appointment to lead the operations on the Dardanelles proves to the military expert of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* that the whole expedition is regarded in London as a mad enterprise.

So long, so varied and so exciting has been his career of adventure, that General Hamilton is the hero of legends. There is the story of an Ameer's orders to have him caught and sent to the Afghanistan capital in an iron cage. He put the emissaries in the cage and delivered them himself, to the great delight of the sovereign of that secluded realm. These and similar adventures, in passing from mouth to mouth, have acquired a touch of the tremendous, as the Paris *Gaulois* notes skeptically. What is to be made, for example, of his Nile adventure with the crocodile? He was found beating it over the head with an umbrella. "Who owns this beast?" he cried, when they came to his rescue in a boat. "I want to make a complaint." His adventurous spirit has caused anecdotes of the marvelous to circulate with reference to him all over India and Egypt and Burma and Afghanistan until the Orientals have come to believe that he will live forever. A native saying regarding him in one frontier region implies that the blood in his veins is molten gold. There is a saying about him among the Sikhs that he never sleeps. He is affirmed to have been wounded forty-two times. His supreme glory was won with the force that went to the relief of Chitral. It seemed the maddest of military enterprises up to the very last moment, says the French daily, but it did not turn back at a critical moment because Hamilton

refused point-blank to hear of such a thing. He has the romanticist's passion for the impossible and the unprecedented.

In London society, where he has been something of a figure, General Sir Ian Hamilton suggests the man of letters rather than the soldier. Until the war came, he eschewed the uniform of his rank, preferring the garb of the civilian unless the regulations prescribed otherwise. It is difficult to believe, notes London *Truth*, that so athletic a frame and so smooth a face belong to a man past sixty. His principal relaxation when at home is the dinner party, for he is immensely interested in human beings. When he is marooned on a remote island dependency or sent far into the interior, he takes to literature and even to the writing of verse. He is said to have a private diary well posted, from which, as opportunity favors him, he compiles an occasional volume of travel or description or a bit of speculation in the philosophy of war. In his youth he had literary ambitions, a fact which put his father in a panic. The boy was made to pledge himself to stick to the army as the only vocation for a youth descended from viscounts, earls and soldiers of renown for forty generations. While he lived he concealed his writings lest the old gentleman's feelings be hurt or the family disgraced.

In describing Sir Ian Hamilton, the French dailies use the equivalent for the English term "taking." He is quite unable to assume that pompous air, even at an inspection, which continental military magnates deem so important as a means of impressing their men. His comprehensive experience with all kinds of etiquettes, European and Oriental, enabled him, the *Gaulois* suspects, to cope with the embarrassments of an expedition that had originally three or four commanders. To begin with, there were the two Admirals, French and British. There was also General Gouraud to lead the French ashore until his wounds brought General Sarraill on the scene. There was never the slightest difficulty about precedence or authority, and the French do not hesitate to ascribe the fact to Hamilton's nature. It is not tact, as ordinarily understood, but the fascination of an adventurous temperament acting upon a highly intellectualized French military type, the artist or poet dealing with the mathematician or scientist. The Briton, in fact, seems to have all the Gallic snap and grace of physique. One reason for his supremacy over the other leaders of the expedition is the fact that it follows no "plan" in the ordinary sense. It is one hot fight involving rushes from the trench and personal encounters at the point of the bayonet. This suits General Hamilton's character precisely, and he is always in the thick of the scimmages. The French have been trained to adjust themselves to a more scientifically Prussian type of battle and they have deferred from the first to the Briton's greater experience with the Oriental.

The Germans, who have been taking the measure of General Sir Ian Hamilton ever since he appeared in the Gallipoli peninsula, reiterate their confidence in his failure. The correspondent of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* thinks the famous fighter's face is already lined with anxiety and his eyes bloodshot with fatigue. Enver Pasha is quoted to the effect that General Sir Ian Hamilton may be all very well among Burmese and Indians, but he is helpless against Turks. He is showing the strain, unless the Germans are mistaken. When he was rowed ashore in a boat from a warship the other day he showed signs of



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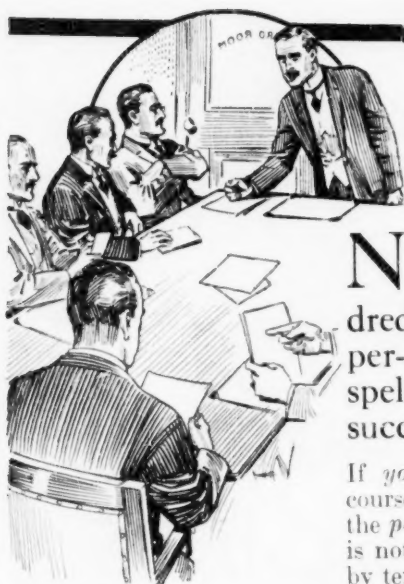
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emaciation. The hair and moustache have become snow-white. The cheek is hollowed and gaunt. The uniform of his rank hung baggily about the big bones. These are Teutonic impressions, supplemented by our contemporary's affirmation that Hamilton was never more than a swashbuckler. They sneer at his last report to London as a tissue of mendacities. The story that he got a nasty wound in the thigh is based, apparently, upon a confusion of names.

Nothing could reveal the natural urbanity of General Hamilton so completely, according to gossip in the London society papers, as the fact that he can be on a friendly footing with both Lord Kitchener and Lord Curzon. These two have involved themselves in a bitter feud which has been patched up since the outbreak of the war. Kitchener is cold and reserved, but he unbends to Hamilton. Curzon is lofty and condescending, but he has been known to laugh and jest with the fighter in the Dardanelles. Hamilton is to the *London Mail* a human paradox because he loves fighting for its own sake and still can quarrel with nobody. He is "clubbable" in the English sense, possessing the clear resonant voice and the ready laugh that make for liveliness in conversation. His house in Mayfair was filled in the old days with relics from Japan, China and the Far East, including jewels and jades presented to him by the potentates of India and Siam, Japan and Bokhara, all of whom he knows personally. His wife, who like himself, sprang from an ancient and aristocratic family, shared from the beginning her husband's love of adventure and his passion for expeditions into the remotest portion of the globe. At last, General Hamilton decided that the time had come for him to retire to a rural English home and devote himself to fox hunting. He had had enough of adventure!

The Turkish troops in the field are said to take the commander-in-chief against them in the Dardanelles lightly because he lacks a big stomach. The Turks, themselves the most obese people involved in the great struggle, have observed that really capable commanders have, like the great Napoleon, big stomachs. That, to follow a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, is why they are glad Joffre did not come down to the Gallipoli peninsula. But, says Colonel Maude, he possesses the highest gift of personal command of his troops.

### Is Stefansson Lost?

It is now greatly to be feared that Stefansson the Arctic explorer has been lost. On April 7th, 1914, he was parted from his supporting party on the ice north of Alaska and since that time no word has been heard from him. Efforts have been made to trace and rescue him, but so far to no avail. An effort to raise funds for a search party to be made with the aid of aeroplanes has not proved successful and, as a last resort, two whaling ships will visit Wrangel Island shortly in the hope that the explorer and the two companions who were with him may have reached that point. Canadians will watch for further developments with the deepest interest.

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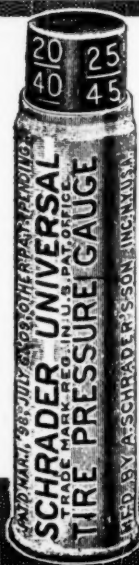
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# Schrader

## Canada's Great Opportunity

*The Possibilities of Trade Expansion  
Before the Dominion.*

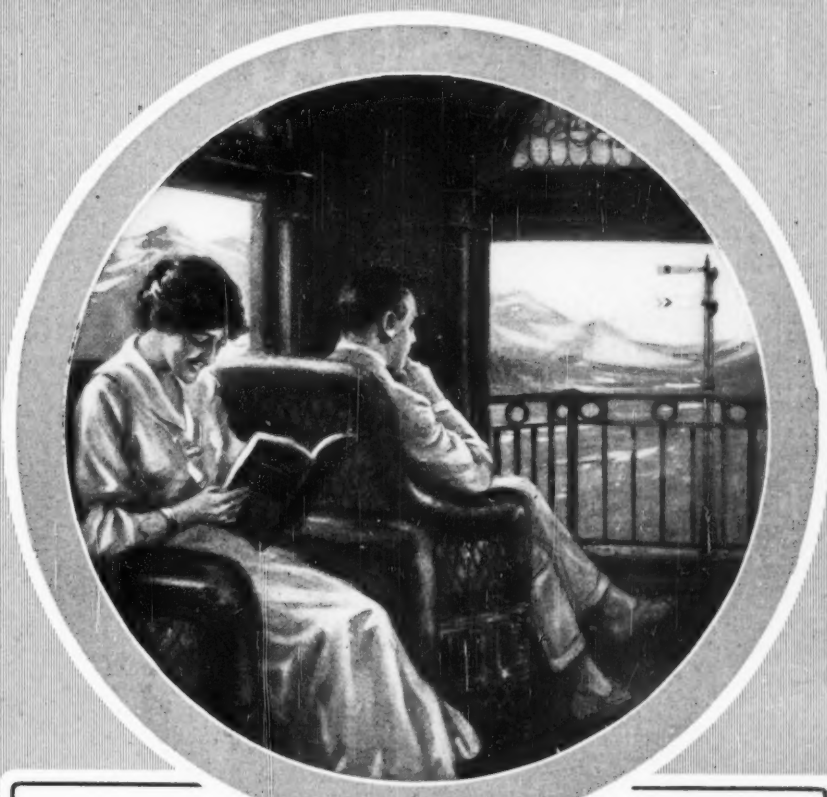
IN the second edition of the *Imperial Year Book*, appears an interesting article on the magnificent trade opportunities before Canada, from the pen of the editor, A. E. Southall. It is but one of a number of bright and highly informative articles on the same subject—the expansion of Canadian trade and interests. Mr. Southall says:

Canada's industrial and commercial life might be said to date from Confederation. The Union of the provinces in 1867 was the forerunner—in fact was one of the conditions laid down—of the continental railroads with their extensive branches. These, together with the wonderful waterway system—a partnership of man and nature, which has produced 3,000 miles of continuous waterway—and the great natural resources of the country, have been at once the foundation and the stimulus of her industrial development.

The great agricultural wealth of the West has, with the elevator storage system, so encouraged and facilitated the transportation of farm products to the distant markets of the world as to practically eliminate mileage when prices are concerned, and the harnessing of the great water powers of the East has solved the cost of power and reduced the problem of manufacturing to the simple equation of supply and demand.

So far, the demand is greater than the supply, Canadian manufacturers having catered to this country's want only and that but partially. In 1913 Canada's imports from Germany amounted to \$14,473,833, principally manufactured goods, which could be well made in Canada, while she exported to Germany goods to the amount of \$4,044,019 principally raw materials and foodstuffs; the difference of course having to be paid in cash. Germany's exports, according to latest figures, amounted to close on two and one-half billion dollars, of which the British Empire took \$391,537,233. For the time being Germany has lost all this trade, which must be supplied by others, and it would seem that as Canada is in a position to produce and manufacture most of what Germany has been supplying to the rest of the world, she now has the opportunity of her commercial life.

There is no doubt that if Canada intends to become the great producing and manufacturing country her illimitable resources warrant, she will have to expand, not only in her home trade, but to the markets of Greater Britain and the foreign markets of the world. Canadian producers are to-day in a far better position than those of other countries to enter the Imperial and foreign trade fields, which would not only better equalize imports by exports, but would open out a new vista of progress for this country. Canada has already entered the South American and West Indian fields with good results and her geographical situation, together with the splendid transportation facilities at her command, both railroad and shipping, should give the Dominion a good slice of the world's trade, particularly in the Far East and the Pacific if the manufacturers



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In the November issue of MacLean's Magazine will appear the first instalment of the splendid new serial "The Frost Girl."

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**Don't Fail to Start "The Frost Girl" in the November Issue**

and producers are fully alive to their opportunities.

In July, 1913, there came into effect a trade agreement between Canada and the West Indies, marking another epoch in inter-Imperial relations, for it was one of the leading arrangements of a reciprocal nature to be made by one component part of the Empire with another. By those who believe that sentiment alone is not strong enough to bind together Greater Britain this trade agreement was hailed with joy, as being a further stepping stone to a larger and stronger Imperialism. Whatever may be the economic consequences of the Canadian-West Indian pact, the trade between these countries has increased considerably since the signing, a practical justification of its wisdom. But the sentiment of kindred itself has been, is, and always will be a large factor in Canada's commercial growth. This fact has been brought home time and again to the business men of this country, not only because of the comparative ease with which British capital has been obtained to develop Canadian industries, but also because of the special facilities given to market her wares throughout the world.

Right opposite to Canada on the Pacific Ocean lies Siberia, with climatic conditions similar to Canada's, with over six millions of population, and practically no factories. The potentiality of Asiatic Russia as a customer to this country is obvious, and Russia is now Britain's ally. Another Eastern ally of Great Britain's, Japan, is already a fair customer to this country, and the recent Japanese antipathy to anything American has affected the large volume of business between the two countries, which should benefit Canadian exports.

India for the moment, on account of no direct communications, is practically closed to Canadian trade, but when this rich and wonderful country is tapped by Canadian shippers with Canadian manufactures she may become one of our best customers.

Australia, though a highly protected country, has not the varied mineral wealth of Canada, and such commodities as asbestos, mica, etc., with their manufactured products, will always find a ready sale on the Australasian market, which includes New Zealand.

China is fallow for the sowing of Western progress, and Canada is better fitted geographically to do a large part of the seeding with her own products than any other Western country, though it is somewhat disconcerting to those who believe in the Canadian exporter's pushfulness to find the Dominion's products so little in evidence in this country of four hundred million people.

Canada's trade with the United States is growing apace and is likely to continue, so long as the present happy relations between the two countries are maintained. The realization of the awful price of war, contrasted with the serenity of this northern continent with only an imaginary line dividing two countries for 4,000 miles, will develop that understanding which for one hundred years has been fostered, mainly by the intercourse of trade.

Canada's ambition should be not only to feed more of the world, but also to manufacture for it. She certainly has the means, but how or when she will attain the end depends on how soon she will embrace her opportunities, particularly the one now presented by the war raging in Europe.

The following figures will serve to emphasize the advantages which Canada en-

joys by reason of her geographical position.

According to Lloyd's Calendar, it requires from 36 to 42 days for mail to pass from the principal ports of New Zealand to London, the hub of European markets; from 26 to 33 days for mail to pass from the principal ports of Australia to London; from 17 to 22 days from the principal ports of South America; from 17 to 21 days from the ports of South Africa; and 14 to 16 days from the ports of India; but only from 7 to 8 days from the principal ports of Canada. The time required for the despatching of freight cargoes is longer than for mail, but the relative time required for a cargo of freight to pass between London and the principal ports of any of the countries just mentioned is indicated by the above mentioned figures. These figures also indicate the relative time required and the cost of cable despatches, a consideration of great and growing importance to trade and commerce. The market second in importance is that of the United States, and as regards this market, none of the newer countries is so favorably situated as is Canada. Japan and China form the market third in importance, and with regard to this market also Canada is as favorably situated as any of the above mentioned new countries, and much more so than most of them. Canada thus lies midway between two of the world's greatest markets and is separated from the third only by an imaginary boundary line.

## The Migration of Insects

Some Interesting Facts on Insect Life.

**D**O insects migrate like birds? asks Howard J. Shannon in *Harper's Magazine*. He devotes himself to a study of this interesting topic, introducing some facts that point to the migration of insects as annual events. In introducing the subject, he gives a graphic description of such a migration:

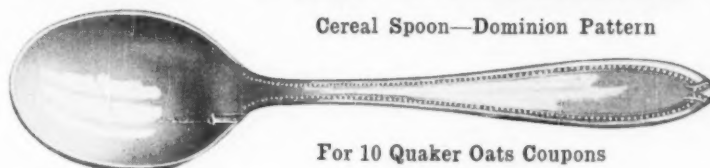
Over the dunes they drive, often veering to the wind as they crest the highest mounds of sand, then, after balancing upon even wings again, in innumerable multitudes they volley past. Increasingly, impressively, portentously they come in a driving hail of green bodies and gleaming wings; or, rather, they seem like an invading winged army with glittering hosts overspreading the entire width of the beach, and with rank beyond rank, company beyond company, steadily emerging from the misty distance as far as the eye can penetrate. For I am crouched beneath the crest of a sea-shore dune, watching the vast spectacle of the seldom observed and less understood dragon-fly migration sweeping over the shore.

They travel parallel with the ocean, and in irregularly regular order—that is, at fairly even distances apart; and so concerted is the movement that even my sudden striking gesture with the net turns aside only the insects immediately attacked; it does not disturb the onswEEPing advance of the general body that seems like a sentient river in irresistible, ceaseless flow. Indeed, their number is enormous! For a brief calculation of the numerical strength of the ranks—that is, the number of insects passing in a given minute, when multiplied by the period of time, two hours during which the hasten-

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ing hosts were in transit—produces the impressive though probably underestimated total of three hundred and sixty thousand dragon-flies. When I look toward their unknown haven in the West I see rank beyond crowding rank, cloud beyond hastening cloud enfilading off between the grass-covered dunes, with the September sunlight all aglitter and ashimmer upon the retreating, slanting bayonets of innumerable shining wings.

How were they marshaled—these columns, regiments, and companies without number? What impulse or purpose captains them in united flight? And the same questions confront the curious observer who considers those other insect hosts which traverse the earth or the upper and lower avenues of the air.

The blight of the Western locusts may be recalled—how in certain unforgettable years they have risen above their native plateaus along the Rocky Mountains, and after appearing in the far western sky as shining clouds of sunlit, membranous wings advancing in fan-like formation over the wheat-lands of Kansas, Missouri, and neighboring states, they have settled down as masses of jumping, struggling, voracious mouths that marched and counter-marched over fields, over fences, through brooks and larger streams here, there, everywhere—even into the forests, devouring every living green thing and leaving devastation behind. In such ways did the pestilential locust of the Scriptures originate in the mountain regions of Arabia and descend upon the fields of Egypt, for such is the behavior of its descendants to-day.

Scientists who have studied the question are convinced that not only do insects migrate regularly but that they follow the same routes as migrating birds. Mr. Shannon says on this point:

Still further confirmations of theory of identical routes for both winged creatures is offered by such few instances of insect migrations as are recorded in this country. Mr. Saverner, a student of bird migration in the West, noticed that a regular bird-route which comes down from the north, passes out over Point Pelee to the various islands in western Lake Erie, and then continues southward to the Ohio shore, is also a route for "monarchs." He observed them there for three successive autumns. They came down through the country, passed along this point, or peninsula, and then traveled away over the lake to the southward; and, as the butterflies flew in open order, one at a time and in a scattered procession, this student of bird activities wondered if it was, indeed, a true insect migration, and strikingly analogous, both in manner of flight and in its coincidence with a great migratory bird-route, to the writer's observations on Long Island.

So few dragon flights are recorded in this country that their nature is almost unknown. To be sure, a great flight of *Epiaschna heros* was observed at Fairbury, Illinois, on August 13, 1881, when they were moving southwestward. They have been reported as not uncommon events in Tennessee, while at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a flight has been reported as taking place annually and lasting several days. As the movements occur in September, and follow the same direction, which (although not given) is probably south through Sheboygan and along the west coast of Lake Michigan, the line of flight very likely coincides with a bird-route leading down the Mississippi Valley to the south. Otherwise North-American swarms are almost unknown.

## Back to Monarchy

*It Is Probable That China Will Revert To The Old Form of Government.*

**W**ILL the Republican form of Government in China be replaced by a return to monarchy with Yuan Shih-Kai, the President, as Emperor? Reports from authoritative sources hint that such a development is far from unlikely. Discussing this question in the *New York Times*, Libbeus R. Wilfley, judge of the United States Court for China, points out the difficulties in the way of establishing the republican form permanently. He says:

"For the real establishment of republican government in China is a very different task from the mere declaration that the form of government is to be republican. A system like that cannot be imposed in a day. The reformers who wished to impose on China a republican constitution similar to that of the United States forgot that republican government in this country did not arise over night, but that it had behind it the development of free institutions for a thousand years in England.

"This was lacking in China, and there was likewise lacking the idea of nationality, despite the spread of such an idea in recent years among the educated classes. In early times the Chinese was interested first of all in his family and then in his village community. The central government was a remote and extraneous affair, which touched him only now and then through the medium of taxes, for which he got no particular return. It is only in recent years that the idea of nationality in the modern acceptance of the word began to grow in China, thanks to the telegraph, the railroad, the newspaper, and foreign trade in China, together with the education of Chinese students abroad. This spirit must be more highly developed before China can be a republic in the true sense of the word.

"If President Yuan has resolved to make a change in the form of government, it is undoubtedly for the reason that the work of establishing a republican polity had not proceeded far enough to make the new government an efficient instrument in his hands for meeting the international issues which have confronted his country, and for the further reason that by returning to the old form he would be in a position to utilize the forces of the nation more effectively than he could possibly do while he was establishing the republic.

"For the republican polity in China was in a state of solution, and had not yet crystallized into a form in which it could function effectively in this crisis. It must not be inferred that this may mean a return to the old regime. This would be unthinkable. The old Manchu dynasty is a thing of the past, and of course the worst of the old official class has also been eliminated.

"I assume that it is Yuan's purpose to establish a constitutional monarchy, and his object is no doubt to use most efficiently the material he has at hand. That means that to some extent he can make use of the old machinery of the monarchy without having to go to work to create new administrative systems in this time of stress; but it will be the old machinery informed by a new spirit—the introduction of the principles of modern adminis-



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tration into the practical workings of the Chinese Government.

"Would this move tend to strengthen the Chinese Government abroad? I am disposed to think it would. It would tend to stability and to the establishment of credit, for the reason that it is calculated to eliminate the doubt that arises in the minds of most observers with regard to the succession. Moreover, Yuan, when he was a subordinate official, had the only efficient army in China. With the better elements of the old monarchical organiza- tion at his disposal he could perhaps build up a national army that would be an effective force.

"I do not think that any element of con- sideration of a possible addition to his dignity by the adding of the religious sanctions of imperial authority enters in- to the plan; the Chinese had pretty well lost their reverence for the Manchu dynasty, and Yuan probably neither could get such reverence nor would want it. But the change would promote adminis- trative efficiency. Naturally, Yuan would surround himself with the ablest men of China, and would build up an order which would correspond to the Elder Statesmen of Japan. This group would be perpetual and would tend to give stability to who- ever was at the head of the nation.

"Much criticism would undoubtedly come from the radical party of Sun Yat- sen, and also from the class made up of Chinese students who have been educated in Japan and have half-baked ideas of Western civilization. There are thousands of these students who could not afford to go to Europe or America, and who went to Japan instead and got their notions of Western culture filtered through a Japane- se medium. They and the radicals may try to make trouble, but I do not think they are likely to afford serious difficulty unless they receive open or covert Japane- se support. I believe the solid element of China and the leading nations of the world will look on the change with favor."

## Was the Kaiser Reluctant?

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the situation over. The dialogue then runs  
as follows:

Enter CROWN PRINCE.

KAISER: Well my boy, what have you  
to say to all this?

CROWN PRINCE: I say there is no  
alternative. War is inevitable. The whole  
country is anxious for it and expects it.  
We can't afford to let it cool off. Ask  
anybody you like, Father, you will find  
only one idea: War has to be. You don't  
suppose that Poincaré is in Petersburg  
merely to pay a call. He was sent for.  
France is simply Russia's lackey. Is-  
wolsky rules the French Cabinet. He has only  
to threaten them with the Imperial dis-  
pleasure and down they go on their knees.

KAISER: Yes, the French are a degen-  
erate people.

CROWN PRINCE: They need a master  
like Napoleon.

KAISER: So do all peoples, my boy. But  
suppose England joins them?

CROWN PRINCE: That she will not do.  
She will only protest, and even that only  
mildly in her usual virtuous way, and  
make money out of the war by supplying  
us with all we want to crush her friends.  
She did that in 1870. She has always  
thriven on the misfortune of others, and,  
when we have crushed France and Russia,  
we shall be able to conclude a naval alli-  
ance with her against America and  
Japan.

KAISER: My boy, you don't know Eng-  
land as I do. I feel like an Englishman  
and understand their feelings. I am  
afraid England will be dragged into war  
by hatred and fear of Germany.

CROWN PRINCE: I think not. She has  
enough on her hands in Ulster. Besides  
the Consuls' reports are there. My dear  
Father, if you were to read them instead  
of . . . trusting to your intuition—I don't  
believe in intuition—you would see that  
Ireland would be in flames the moment  
the troops were withdrawn. England dare  
not move. Lichnowsky reports . . .

KAISER: (looks angrily surprised).

CROWN PRINCE: (misunderstanding  
Kaiser's displeasure at his having had  
access to Ambassador's despatches): Yes,  
you may start, Father. Lichnowsky re-  
ports that the guns may go off in Ireland  
at any moment. Carson is no mere actor,  
and every true Irishman only longs for  
the downfall of England, which means  
freedom for Ireland. England is a  
quantité negligible.

KAISER: Have you thought that just  
the opposite of what you all expect might  
result and that England may come in to  
get rid of the Irish question? I know the  
Irish, when fighting is to be done the Irish  
fly to arms. The English may be mostly  
fools, insular, ignorant and all that, but  
they have just the intuition you despise.  
A common enemy, my boy, will make a  
united nation of the United Kingdom.

CROWN PRINCE: I know the English  
people of to-day better than you do,  
Father. You know those of yesterday, I  
know the English of to-day, the typical  
English who govern India, for instance.  
I have hunted with them, caroused with  
them, and a better sort I don't know. If I  
had my choice, I should rather have En-  
glishmen than any other kind of man for  
my companions. With them I feel more  
comfortable (gemüthlich) than with Ger-  
mans. With Germans I can't be familiar  
as I can with Englishmen. Germans get  
so easily boisterous (ausgelassen). In-  
dividually I like the English, but they and  
the Irish have a racial antipathy for each



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other. Ireland is their Alsace and Poland combined, and it is now or never for Ulster, just as it is now or never for Home Rule. Lichnowsky is quite confident that civil war is inevitable.

KAISER: He may be right, but have you thought that a war between the Great Western Powers at the present day can only be a life-or-death struggle, that we shall have to fling all considerations of humanity, justice, even treaty obligations, to the winds in a gigantic effort to annihilate the enemy, that such war is not a mere duel, but a death grapple in which, just as teeth and nails are used between individuals, what is equivalent to them is used between nations; have you thought what this may mean for Germany?

CROWN PRINCE: Yes, I have weighed all that.

KAISER: Even if we win, have you thought of the countless families plunged into mourning, of the hatred we shall stir up throughout the world, of the curses of whole nations? Have you thought that a mere hitch, the unforeseen of strategy and battle, may foil our hopes, that we may find ourselves a year, two years hence, still struggling against increasing odds? Have you considered the possibility of our ultimate failure?

CROWN PRINCE: Yes, I have weighed all that.

KAISER: Have you thought of Germany invaded by the Cossack, our cities bombarded, our unoffending citizens shot down in cold blood on any pretext that is handy, our villages and towns sacked and burnt, our women and children massacred by drunken fiends?

CROWN PRINCE: I have weighed it all. We can only win, Father. The French are quite unprepared. Everybody knows that. We shall reach Paris before the Russians have finished their mobilization, and we can confidently leave England out altogether. Whatever you decide, don't you think, Father, I ought to be consulted as future sovereign?

KAISER (*musings — pause — stands up and puts his hand on his son's shoulder*): Bear this in mind, my boy, that if I win I shall go down to posterity with a character as black as that of Attila. If I lose, you will never reign.

CROWN PRINCE: We can't lose.

[KAISER *exit*.]

## German War Chest Opened

London bankers have called attention to the fact that the German Government has finally opened up its war chest and placed in circulation the gold which for forty-three years has been hoarded in the Julius Tower at Spandau. In a report which was made to the Government early last summer before the outbreak of hostilities, this Imperial treasure was said to amount to 120,000,000 marks, or \$28,560,000. The sum was in gold coins and was originally reserved from the indemnity paid by France at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. A considerable portion of the money was in British sovereigns and these coins are now finding their way back to the London banks for the first time, revealing the fact that the hoard has been broken into.

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Limited

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

## Must Uncle Sam Prepare?

*A Strong Plea For Military Activity In The United States.*

THE United States is in the throes of a momentous discussion. Up to the present Uncle Sam has been a looker-on at the game of militarism. Secure with the broad waters of the Atlantic between him and the heavily-armed nations of Europe, he has entertained toward the question of armaments nothing but contempt. In the face of the developments of the past year can he dare to continue in his attitude of apathy or must he also roll up his sleeves and prepare himself for the possible day when he will be called upon also to fight for his liberty and rights?

Preparedness has become the big issue in the United States. Theodore Roosevelt leads those who clamor for a new policy by which Uncle Sam will fit himself for action. Opposed are powerful interests. One of the strongest arguments in favor of preparedness is contributed by William Hard in *Everybody's*. He says:

For more precise information as to the world's immediate future we must turn to men who are endowed not only with hope but with power.

Such men, statesmen, rulers, if we read their writings and if we listen to their conversations, at once reveal to us their belief, their sure belief, that the world's immediate future is largely one of intense military rivalry for racial and territorial and commercial advantage.

This belief is not accepted by all statesmen and rulers. But it is completely accepted by most of them. And it is completely accepted by certain whole governments. And it is completely accepted by certain whole nations. It exists, as a policy and as a fact, as an ideal and as a determination, in the minds and counsels of rulers and peoples amply equipped with armies and navies to carry it forward into action.

In such a world then—in a world which has come to centre itself in the midst of our own possessions—in a world in which the idea of "governing and governed nations" is powerful and active—in such a world it is fitting that we should search our hearts to discover—to re-discover—the ideals and determinations of the people of the United States.

The very first of our ideals—in spite of all the efforts of certain Pacifists to wrench our history and to disprove it—is that *resistance by force (if necessary) to wrong is a duty.*

Through this principle we acquired most of the territory of which to-day we stand possessed. We have no other title to it. Certain other stretches of territory we acquired through purchase or through arbitration. But even in such cases our adoption of peaceful methods was usually preceded by open and emphatic threats of war. Our existence and most of our expansion is based on the righteousness of righteous force.

Are we then a nation believing in military rivalry? We do not think so. For to our first ideal we have added a second, which we may illustrate by saying that



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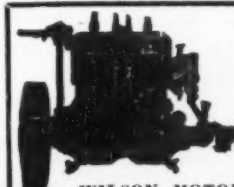
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## The Canadian Government offers suggestions for fruit preserving

In an advice circulated throughout Canada, the Fruit Branch Dept. at Ottawa suggests as being best for preserving purposes, certain brands of peaches: St. Johns, Elbertas, Crawfords and Smocks, and for plums Bradshaws, Gages, Lombards, Reine Claude.

The advice is timely and to it may be added that many of the most successful makers of preserves have for years insisted on securing from their grocers the St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar (Pure Cane).

It is well known that the slightest organic impurity in sugar will start fermentation in the jam, and St. Lawrence Sugar, which tests over 99% pure, has never failed the housewife. Grocers everywhere can fill orders for this sugar. The best way to buy it is in the original refinery sealed packages, 2 or 5 lb. cartons, 10, 20, 25, and 100 lb. bags.

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in the tale of our conquests there is no such event as the Partition of Poland.

Poland differed from the nations which destroyed it only, really, in being weaker. Its partition by Austria and Russia and Prussia was pure plunder—plunder of one part of civilization by three other parts of civilization, excused only by superior power.

The United States, on the contrary, possesses no territory taken by force from any people who were giving to that territory the elementary gifts and rights of justice and security demanded by the spirit of the times. Not an inch. We have taken land only from the red hand of savagery or the dead hand of decay and demoralization.

Finally, if we are not a militaristic nation, neither are we, in the true sense of the word, a "governing" one. In every stretch of conquered territory we have at once set out to produce not a *governed* people, but a people *self-governed*. This ideal of ours is displayed conspicuously in the Philippines themselves. Where is the tropical country that has gone so fast or so far as the Philippines toward free parliamentary institutions?

These three ideals then appear clearly in American history: *to resist wrong; to acquire territory only in the course of such resistance only from hands utterly unable to control it; and then to set that territory at once on its way toward self-control.*

So much for our three ideals that look toward foreign affairs.

It is because of them that we came to our greatest national determination—the Monroe Doctrine. In order to prevent the military-rivalry idea and the governing-and-governed idea from overwhelming our weaker neighbors and from in that way endangering our own peace, we set bounds to the extension of European power in Latin America.

It is a fact, a world-fact, proved by every scrap of American history, past and present, that the American people, far from abandoning the Monroe Doctrine, will never even relax it. But this world-fact is to-day confronted by a certain other world-fact of equal magnitude. And that is that Africa and Asia have been "arranged," divided, finished, and that therefore the weaker parts of South America have now become the one last great ungrabbed prize for the nations which believe in the military-rivalry idea and which believe in the governing-and-governed idea, and which are amply equipped to carry those ideas forward into action. These two world-facts are in collision.

Mr. Hard then proceeds to outline the situation, present and future, which lies between the United States and Japan—as he sees it—and to point out the possibilities arising out of the clash between these two nations over the question of Japanese immigration—a clash between Land-Hunger and Race-Repulsion. The only thing to prevent a clash as he sees it is for United States to make herself strong enough to uphold her ideals even in the face of aggression. He says in conclusion:

A just and necessary war fought by us and lost would leave us our personal ideals, unsatisfied but unconquered. A just and necessary war unfought would leave us empty.

Accordingly, in the world as it is, and



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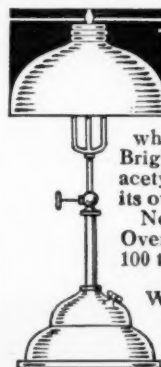
## A SALAD-DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1/2 cup cold water	1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water	1 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cup mild vinegar	3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

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with America as it is, we go forward to the arming of ourselves unafraid.

And shall we become believers in military rivalry for racial and territorial and commercial advantage? We do not fear it. To use the words of daily life, a law-abiding man does not become a ruffian because he takes exercise. His use of his strength does not depend upon his dumbbells but upon his ideals. And our ideals, national and personal, proved by all our history, prevent us from believing for a moment in militaristic empire. We shall fight no wars to that end.

## How Uncle Sam Could Act

*A Means of Making the American Will Felt in Germany.*

**A**LTHOUGH Germany has surrendered to the United States on the question of submarine warfare, the possibility of an ultimate clash between the two countries has by no means been obviated. Other questions may arise out of Germany's systematic campaign of "frightfulness" to lead Uncle Sam to aggressive action. In such a case what form would his action take? *The Outlook* essays an answer to this question as follows:

How can we make our will and determination felt in Germany?

There are several ways in which we can do this without resort to war. We have heretofore outlined some of these ways. We here refer to but one other.

We can say to Germany that she can no longer count upon our financial resources. It is probable that the combined financial and economic strength of the Allies and of the United States is invincible. The strength consists of the accumulated wealth and the earning power of their population. If we deny Germany access to our resources, we should employ those resources elsewhere, and that would mean that we should put them largely, if not wholly, at the disposal of Germany's enemies. These enemies of Germany have undertaken enormous obligations. If the United States indorsed these obligations, the indorsement would give them increased currency and acceptability. In the last analysis, credit is the ability to borrow or to induce sellers to accept promises to pay rather than cash. The decision to uphold the obligations of the Allies would injure Germany's credit and increase the credit of Germany's enemies. It is true that Germany professes to be financially and economically self-contained, and it is true that Germany is in fact commercially isolated from nearly all the world; but she looks forward to establishing again her trade relations as soon as the war is over. If she is to continue as a nation she must establish these trade relations once more. She must get rid of her surplus product if that surplus product is to be of any value to her whatever. If a man produces a hundred bushels of potatoes or a hundred bushels of wheat more than he needs, and cannot sell that surplus, it profits him nothing. And this is as true of a nation as it is of a man. The moment a specific product of any country exceeds its power to consume that product, it has an excess product. It is through trade in

## THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

BY G. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

**D**O you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your own per-

sonal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal-Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awaken in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practise and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 244, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in *MacLean's Magazine*.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

### "The Frost Girl"

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by

HARRY C. EDWARDS

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Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more.'

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such excess products that nations grow. For this reason the threat of a commercial or financial boycott that should necessarily be felt after the war is over, as well as during its continuance, would have great terror for Germany if she believed it could be carried out. And even trade within Germany itself as well as between Germany and other countries would suffer if her credit were impaired. It would be practically impossible for Germany to continue fighting.

At present Germany is paying her own citizens for munitions and supplies for her army in a depreciated paper currency which is said to be already at a discount of about thirty per cent. If this discount continues to increase, the currency will soon become as valueless as the paper assignats of the French Revolution or the Confederate scrip, and even the power of the Government could not, in all probability, force the people to part with things of real value for valueless paper. There are economic laws that are superior even to the edict of the German Kaiser. In order to injure Germany's credit, therefore, it is not necessary to injure the German people directly. The Government's credit is generally exhausted long before the citizens, individually or collectively, are insolvent. The fact that America and England have access to the chief gold supplies of the world, while Germany has no gold mines within her borders, has some bearing on this situation. If Germany should part with the gold she has, and could get no more gold by trading with other countries, her credit would be gone. But, even apart from this, Germany would be greatly weakened by the exercise of such financial and economic pressure as America could put upon her without any resort to arms. Is the United States willing that Germany's belief in the power of frightfulness, intimidation, brutality, and the sacrifice of everything to military necessity should be justified? If not, let the United States answer in terms that Germany will heed. We believe that the use of financial and economic pressure is one of those ways. If so, it is a far better way than war.

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prepared from only choice, red, ripe tomatoes and the finest selected spices. Guaranteed absolutely pure and to contain no artificial preservatives or coloring matter. The finest yet.

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**W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL**

In these days of high-velocity projectiles, heavy powder pressures, and quick-firing weapons, troubles of the ear are to be expected. In the old days of muzzle-loader a cotton-wool plug in the ears at the moment of discharge, proved an adequate protection; but nowadays these expedients are insufficient. The percentage of men working our guns, both on land and sea, who are thus affected is high, and many are permanently deaf owing to the destruction of the tympanic membrane. But gun-deafness can be prevented by using the ear-defender devised by Messrs. A. Mallock, F.R.S., and Armstrong. The defender comprises a small apparatus made of highly finished ebonite, with gold-plated and non-corrodible metallic protection gauzes. A defender three-quarters of an inch in length is placed in each ear. The inner or smaller end is bulbous in shape, the tip of the bulb being pushed gently into the ear with a slight rotary movement for about half-an-inch, so that the tender part of the ear is not touched, while the enlarged base containing the protective "drum" prevents the protector being driven too far into the ear, no matter how severe the explosion and resultant concussion may be.

# Best Selling Book of the Month

Miss Montgomery's New Story "Anne of the Island"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

As will be seen by the reports of best selling books in Canada for the past month, "A Far Country" continues to far outdistance next contenders, with "Jaffery" second and "Anne of Green Gables" third. Consequently, the Churchill and Locke books having already been subjects of reviews in this department, the book to be considered in this issue is the latest of Miss Montgomery's "Anne" books, its title being "Anne of the Island." This is the fourth of the series, which in different senses "speaks volumes" for the immense popularity of little Anne Shirley, now grown to young womanhood.

The scene shifts, for the greater part of the action of this new tale, from Avonlea to Kingsport, which city is easily distinguishable as a fictitious name for Halifax.

At eighteen Anne goes to "Redmond College," being accompanied by another Avonlea girl, Priscilla Grant. Anne's old school rival and ardent lover, Gilbert Blyth, and Charlie Sloan, who also entertains fond hopes of finding favor with Anne, go to Redmond at the same time.

Mrs. Rachel Lynde, who is gossipy but not in the objectionable manner characteristic of the familiar type of "the village gossip," joins in the small talk about this migration of the Avonlea co-eds to Kingsport and opines that students at such colleges do little else than flirt. When it is urged that they must do some studying her reply is:

"Precious little. However, I think Anne will. She never was flirtatious. But she doesn't appreciate Gilbert Blyth at full value. Oh, I know girls! Charlie Sloane is wild about her, too, but I'd never advise her to marry a Sloane. The Sloanes are good, honest, respectable people, of course. But when all's said and done, they're Sloanes."

This was said to Anne's foster-mother, Marilla, and the book goes on to say:

"To an outsider, the statement that Sloanes were Sloanes might not be very illuminating, but she understood. Every village has such a family; good, honest, respectable people they may be, but Sloanes they are and must ever remain, though they speak with the tongues of men and angels."

The story is rich in such humorous passages and that element is second only to the charm of Anne herself in constituting the appeal which this book has for the reader.

Another most engaging feminine character is introduced in this story, in Philippa Gordon, who enters Redmond College at the same time. She and the Avonlea girls become the greatest of friends. It so happens that Philippa comes from Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia, Anne's birthplace, from which she went as a little girl to Avonlea.

"That makes you a Bluenose after all," is Philippa's comment.

"No, it doesn't retorted Anne, wasn't it Dan O'Connell who said that if a man were born in a stable it didn't make him a horse. I'm Island to the core."

The pride of the Islanders in their good old P.E.I. is reflected in a piece of advice given to Anne for her guidance at Kingsport. She was entreated to have little to do with any boys who were not from the Island!

At Kingsport in their first term Anne and Priscilla board with two maiden ladies who are twins fifty years of age but who at thirty had ceased to be alike.

"Miss Hannah has grown old, not too gracefully and Miss Ada has stayed thirty, less gracefully still. I don't know whether Miss Hannah can smile or not; I've never caught her at it so far, but Ada smiles all the time and that's worse. Miss Ada indulges a penchant for cushions which are by no means to be sat on, and space for placing these cushions becomes so scarce that she must needs place one elaborate Battenburg creation on top of the piano.

In their rounds of Kingsport in which they discover many delightful spots of historic interest, they come upon one surprise which proves a lasting joy. It is an insignificant little cottage right in the heart of the mansions on the city's chief residential thoroughfare, Spofford avenue. It was the old home of the Spoffords who gave the street its name and all offers to purchase it so as to make way for another big residence have been persistently refused. When Anne discovers the cottage with its unique name "Patty's Place," she immediately falls in love with it and what is her delight subsequently, when out on a house-hunting expedition, a decision having been reached to take up a house instead of boarding, in their second term, when they see a sign "To Let" on Patty's Place.

One of the most delightful chapters in the book is that which describes the girl's first visit to Patty's Place.

"The girls rang rather timidly, and were admitted by a grim and ancient handmaiden. The door opened directly into a large living-room, where by a cheery fire sat two other ladies, both of whom were also grim and ancient. Except that one looked to be seventy and the other fifty, there seemed little difference between them. Each had amazingly big, light-blue eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles; each wore a cap and a gray shawl; each was knitting without haste and without rest; each rocked placidly and looked at the girls without speaking; and just behind each sat a large white china dog, with round green spots all over it, a green nose and green ears. The dogs captured Anne's fancy on the spot; they seemed like the twin guardian deities of Patty's Place.



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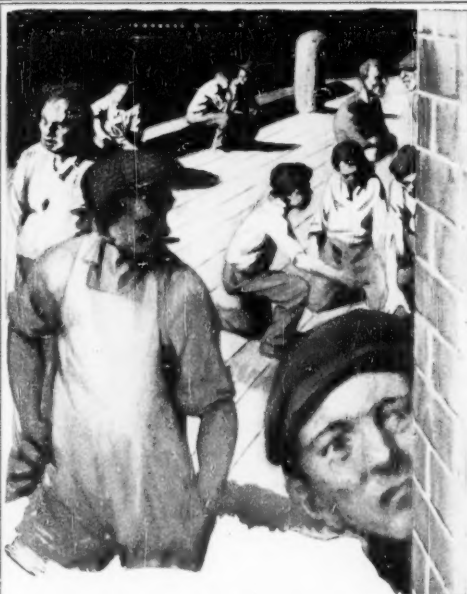
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To know criminals, study their origin, study the years spent, as boy and man, with dissolute, lawless, perverted companions. Study the slow, inevitable death of every moral impulse. Study the finished product: debased, diseased, drug crazed — wholly dangerous.

Then admit that as long as society continues to breed thousands of criminals every year it is a civic duty for every honest man to protect himself and his family. The law has but one representative in your home—you are that representative. The

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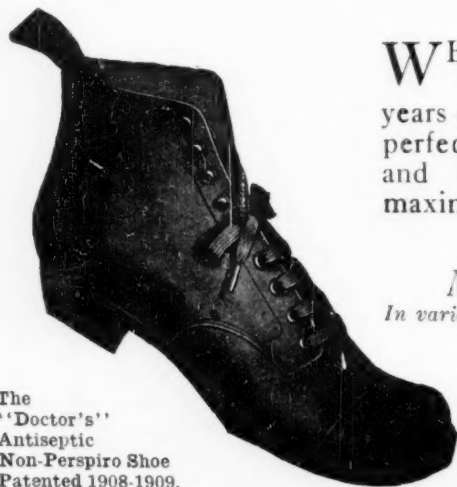
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Limited  
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For a minute nobody spoke. The girls were too nervous to find words, and neither the ancient ladies nor the dogs seemed conversationally inclined."

Anne thus had an opportunity to look about and after some descriptive matter as to what she saw the story proceeds:

"By this time the silence had grown too dreadful, and Priscilla nudged Anne to intimate that she *must* speak.

"We—we—saw by your sign that this house is to let," said Anne faintly.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Patty. "I intended to take it down to-day."

She added that they had decided not to let the place.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Anne impulsively. "I love this place so. I did hope we could have got it."

Then did Miss Patty lay down her knitting, take off her specs, rub them, put them on again, and for the first time took a look at Anne as at a human being. The other lady followed her example so exactly that she might as well have been a reflection in a mirror.

"You love it," said Miss Patty with emphasis. "Does that mean that you really love it? Or that you merely like the looks of it. The girls nowadays indulge in such exaggerated statements that one never can tell what they really do mean. It wasn't so in my young days. Then a girl did not say she *loved* turnips, in just the same tones that she might have said she loved her mother or her Saviour."

Anne's conscience bore her up.

"I really do love it," she said gently. "I've loved it ever since I first saw it last fall. My two college chums and I want to keep house instead of boarding so we are looking for a little place to rent; and when I saw that this place was to let I was so happy."

"If you love it you can have it," said Miss Patty.

And so it came about.

There is more about Patty, Patty's niece and Patty's Cottage. The latter, of course, looms large in the subsequent working out of the story. Needless to say the girls have love stories. Charlie Sloane makes an early avowal and is retired. But Gilbert gains ground until—but it would not do to tell the whole story here.

Those who loved the other Anne books will thoroughly enjoy this one.

### CANADIAN SUMMARY. Fiction.

1. "A Fair Country." Winston Churchill 131
2. "Jaffery." W. J. Locke ..... 83
4. "K." Mary Roberts Rinehart ..... 55
5. "Michael O'Halloran." Gene Stratton Porter ..... 54
6. "The Double Traitor." E. Phillips Oppenheim ..... 36

### A Tri-vision Windshield

One of the latest improvements on recent automobile models is a combined windshield and mirror, secured by fitting a special mirror attachment of the same width as the shield, to the top. By the use of this device the driver can obtain a full view of everything in the rear of his car by raising his eyes. The mirror is attached to the windshield by two vertical arms and thus may be thrown backwards or forwards out of place if desired.

## Character

Continued from Page 43.

never make a strong man or a strong woman. Letting things alone that are physically, morally or mentally injurious is merely incidental to the development of character.

A person may not have positive vices; he may never be guilty of anything absolutely wicked, and still he may have but a tithe of the active, sterling virtue of one who sometimes wanders from the straight and narrow path. He who faithfully practises 'don'ts' may never do a good or unselfish thing in all his life. He may be like the unfruitful servant whom his Lord condemned for burying his talent.

There are multitudes of people in the world who have no bad habits and yet they do not amount to anything. They are flat, insipid, flavorless, people; they carry no weight. They are too negative to make any impression on their community.

Men who amount to anything in the world, who stand out distinctively, must have force of character, a strong, positive individuality. This can only be gained by persistent, vigorous doing of the right, not merely by refraining from doing the wrong. It is the positive virtues, the vigorous resisting of temptation, the doing of things, the standing up for principle in spite of opposition, that makes force of character. Positive, not negative righteousness is what counts. A negative character may be virtuous, but he can not be strong.

It is of the greatest importance that a man who has no capital excepting what is inside of him should early establish a reputation for having certain winning qualities. Until he has done this, no matter how brilliant he may be, he is at a certain disadvantage. When he has shown that he is honest, reliable, that he has principles and proposes to live up to them: when he has shown that he has courage, grit, pluck and that he is not afraid to fight for truth and justice; when he has proved that he thinks more of always being found on the right side of any question than on the winning side, he will get people's confidence and admiration.

To have backbone as well as a clean record is worth everything to a young man starting out for himself. Not to have any smirch or spot upon his name, but to make every transaction so clean that it will never be questioned, that there will be no chance for reflection on his character, is worth more than any inherited fortune. And what a boon later in life to look back on a past clean and unbroken by even the breath of suspicion!

In Norway they speak of "the white Christ"; and after the poet Longfellow, during a visit to that country, had so endeared himself to the people by his genuineness, his transparent honesty and uprightness of character, they always spoke of him as "the white Mr. Longfellow."

Is there any grander, can there be a truer indication of success, than the reputation among those who know us best of being a "white man?"

## A MARVEL OF VALUE

An Everyday Luxury—  
No Dust, Dirt or Stems.

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TEA

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SEALED PACKETS ONLY—NEVER IN BULK.

Your Grocer has it—  
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## NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 247, 449 Spadina Ave., Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in MacLean's Magazine.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

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For a real appetizing breakfast try

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Its delicious, satisfying flavor arouses the dull appetite and pleases the most fastidious taste. Try this bacon for the hard-to-please men folk. Fearman's Bacon is sugar cured. It is the product of the choicest Canadian Hogs.

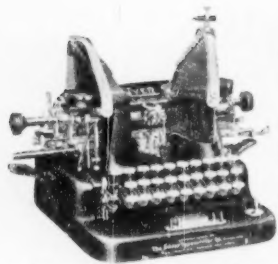
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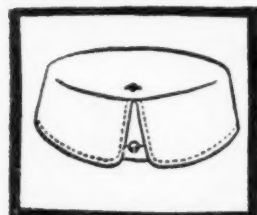


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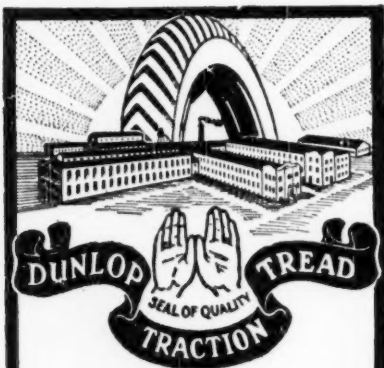


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## Years of the Wicked

Continued from Page 16.

"Listen, Aunt Zib," he broke out hopefully. "I didn't mean to— Say, Aunt Zib, I'm sorry fer it. Honest to Gawd, I'm sorry fer it! I didn't intend to take the coin. I—"

"The hearin' ear an' the seein' eye, the Lord hath made even both of 'em."

"Won't you give a feller another chanst, Aunt Zib?"

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, an' let not thy soul spare fer his cryin'!"

"Don't you think I'm handin' it to you straight now?"

"The righteousness of the upright shall deliver them; but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness."

"I say, don't you think I'm on the level 'bout bein' sorry, Aunt Zib?"

"When he speaketh fair, believe him not: for there be seven abominations in his heart."

"They'll give me ten years, Aunt Zib. They will, fer a fact! Wouldn't be much good when I got out, would I?"

"The fear o' the Lord prolongeth days; but the years o' the wicked shall be shortened."

"Bah! What's eatin' you anyways?"

"Correction is grievous unto him that fersaketh the way."

"Aw, hell!"

"Br-r-r-r!" growled the dog.

For a time they rolled on in silence through the still summer night. The moon floated in the sky like a silver chalice, spilling its pallor upon the fat back of the old grey horse, on the oval of the woman's face, on the dog; it converted the dust behind them into drifting vapor. Occasionally the click of a wheel against a stone obtruded on the chirring monotony of crickets in the dried grasses of the wayside.

THE man's face was tense with impatient anger. His bushy brows were drawn in a scowl. For Dan Larcombe knew now that she would keep her word—that she would take him straight to the prison gates. He tried a new tack.

"Spoutin' scriptur'!— You spoutin' scriptur'!" He laughed huskily. "Aw, you make me weary! What 'bout poor Uncle Ed, eh? Kin you spout it to fit his case, aunt o' mine? Nice, fine, Christian sperrit you showed him all right, all right!" He laughed again, contemptuously. "Why, I wouldn't 've treated a dumb annymal the way you went an' treated your own brother an' I aint pertendin' to be no church artist, believe me!"

"We won't be a-discussin' things as aint none o' your business, Danny Larcombe," said Miss Hepzibah severely, a quick look of pain in her eyes.

"Oh, all right. On'y I thought mebber you'd like to hear how he croaked—died, y'understand."

"Died!" It was a whisper rather than an exclamation. The lines sagged to the base of the dashboard; the muzzle-loader slid with a clatter to the bottom of the rig. "Edward Peters—dead! I can't be

a-believin' that!" She shook her head emphatically.

"Fat lot o' difference it makes whether you do or whether you don't. That aint goin' to fetch him back. What 'd you think he was—'nother Methoosluh? Expectin' him to live ferever, was you? I didn't tell you before 'cause I didn't want to hurt your feelin's, Aunt Zib. He—shot hisself!"

SHE was hanging over the seat, staring down at him with agonized eyes, her worn face wan in the moonlight. He saw that her fingers gripped the back of the seat as if she was on the verge of a collapse and the knowledge that he had found the weapon to wound brought back great satisfaction to Dan Larcombe. He gloated evilly the while he tried to conceal the fact.

"Edward Peeters couldn't be a-doin' a thing like that," she objected faintly. "He couldn't be a-doin' a thing like that." She mumbled it over and over.

"Whatcha talkin' 'bout? He could do 't if he put a pistol to his head an' pulled the trigger, couldn't he? Was you thinkin' a pistol wouldn't go off fer Uncle Ed same as other folks?"

"The likes o' Edward Peters beant a-committin' suicide!" she persisted passionately.

"Well anyways, he done it, I tell you; fer I seen him!" She flinched as if he had struck her. "What's more, he told me just why he was doin' it. He done it 'count o' the way you treated him!" He laughed brutally.

"Listen to me, Aunt Zib. I wasn't goin' to tell you all this; but I guess y'aint sparin' me none, so I'll tell you the whole thing. I been a pretty bad sort, but I was a preacher conductin' a revival to what he become after he left these here parts an' hit West. Clean to the bad, that's where poor Uncle Ed went, an' the night I runs acrost him in a Chinese gamblin' joint out at Vancouver he was all in. Told me he'd just got out o' the Provincial Gaol an' hadn't been sober sinst—didn't intend to ever git sober again, he said.

"He wasn't so drunk but what he knew what he was sayin', though, an' he started to tell me how bad you'd treated him—first the ol' man kickin' him out o' the house an' then you goin' back on him. He got all worked up, just tellin' me of it, an' I tried to git him to shut up. But he wouldn't. Sudden he yells out: 'Tell that pussy-cat sister o' mine I aint never goin' to fergive her fer sendin' me to the devil! Tell her that, Dan!'—An' first thing I knowed the fool had pulled a gun an' blowed a hole in his head!

"There was some ructions 'round that joint fer awhile, believe me. I come near bein' 'cused o' killin' him. But 'twas hushed up final an'—"

Miss Hepzibah tilted her nose to the moon and laughed—a shrill, unnatural

laugh. He failed to catch the hysterical note of it.

"Shut up! I aint through yet. Mebbe you'll believe me when I am!" he cried angrily.

"Pussy-cat!" she tittered. "Edward Peters called me—a 'pussy-cat!'"

"I said mebbe you'd believe me 'fore I git through!" raged Larcombe, so vehemently that the dog's growl rumbled warningly. "You 'member your row with Uncle Ed was over him not comin' home when his father asked fer him on his death bed. When the ol' man repented fer the way he'd treated his only son an' implored you to find him so't he could ask fer his boy's forgiveness, you was pretty keen fer Uncle Ed to take the first train back. 'Member? You writ him some letters an' when that didn't fetch him you telegraphed him. But nary a reply did you git. An' long after 'twas all over when you did hear from Uncle Ed you was so all-fired mad that you writ him you never wanted to see him again. Oh, you was a wise one all right, all right!" he scoffed. "No explanations fer yours! Nothin' could excuse him not rushin' back home an' that was all there was to it, eh?"

"Well listen to your little nephew, Danny, my scriptur'-spoutin' aunt, an' see if he can't tell nothin' but lies! 'Twas your little nephew Danny's birthday one time an' he got pretty sore at you an' Uncle Ed 'cause you hadn't time to take poor little Danny into town to see the Dog-an'-Pony cirks! 'Member the time? It was before Uncle Ed had the row with your dad. Your little nephew swore he'd git even if he had to wait till doomsday an' that's why Uncle Ed never knew nothin' 'bout the ol' man being sick.

"Hmph! Makes you open your eyes, eh? Hold your horses, now! I aint through yet. You give me all them letters to post. It was me you sent to the telegraph operator. You was too busy nursin' to git out yourself. 'Member? Well—your precious little nephew Danny didn't go near the post-office ner the telegraph operator. Not on your life! He went down to the ol' swimmin'-hole with the gang that night an' used your letter to light the bonfire the boys made on the river-bank.

"Oh yes, indeed! An' he watched like a hawk fer any letters what might come through with Uncle Ed's writin' on 'em an' one night when little Danny went fer the mail, there was a fat letter fer you in answer to the one you writ after it was all over. But you didn't git that one. Little Danny on'y let you git the short one Uncle Ed sent long after that—the one that made you mad at him. Some cirks, eh?" He laughed cruelly.

**F**OR he saw that she believed this part of his story at least. He waited eagerly for the fainting-spell that would cause her to fall forward helplessly in her seat. The shock of this revelation as a climax to the revival of poignant memories left Miss Hepzibah trembling from head to foot, weak with the emotions which stifled her till she seemed to gasp for very breath.

The face which she turned upon him was pinched, ghastly. She hung limply to the back of the seat as she looked at



## A Supper Story For the Boy

Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

### Prof. Anderson's Discovery

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
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*Except in Extreme West*

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

These delightful morsels are scientific foods. They seem like bonbons—flaky, toasted, almond-flavored bubbles. But there's vaster reason for them than enticing taste.

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him—looked and looked at him. Only her eyes seemed alive.

He waited. When her head sagged he intended to grab the dog's rope and before the brute could make a move, throw a loop of it around his neck and choke the life out of him. The rest would be easy. He could leave her by the roadside, drive back to the house, get the money and his revolver and say good-bye forever. He could—

"Danny Larcombe," she said, her voice hollow in its weakness, "will you tell me what was in that letter—the first one—the big one I didn't get—as near as you kin remember?—what Edward Peters said?"

Eyes narrowed, he watched her and decided that he could invent no better knock-out blow than the bare truth itself.

"He said he didn't even know his father was sick—hadn't had any word from you for ages. He said he'd come back at once and see you on'y he'd been thrown from a horse on the ranch, bustin' two or three ribs and one o' his legs, so 't he was laid up fer some time to come. The rest o' the letter was just 'bout how bad he felt that he hadn't known in time 'bout his dad's sickness; fer he said he'd 've come home, even if it was on a stretcher an' against the doc's orders. An' if you'd had any sense, Aunt Zib, you'd 've knowed there must be some good reason fer everythin'. Uncle Ed was the whitest feller in the world. Fine way you went an' treated him!"

LARCOMBE had not had much difficulty in working his right hand loose from the knot she had tied, for his wrists were strong. He had felt it give as he talked. Stealthily his hand slipped along the bottom of the rig towards the slack of the dog's rope. His fingers touched it, closed around it, gathered a loop of it.

He eyed the dog. The animal looked comfortable enough, stretched out there with his nose between his paws. The loop would be around his throat before the brute could get into action—*Now!*

With a snarl the dog buried his teeth in the fleshy part of the man's arm. Larcombe yelled.

Miss Hepzibah had not fainted. She had merely lowered her head with a low moan till it rested on her arm. She looked up dully. She reached over, struck the dog a sharp tap and pulled him away. She examined the bite and bound it tightly with a strip from his shirt-sleeve.

"We'll be a-goin' on now," she said apathetically.

She picked up the reins and they ambled along the dusty highway with the summer moon wheeling slowly westward and the crickets chirring monotonously in the dried grasses.

THE sun was climbing above the murk of the city to the east when they reached the prison gates; it flashed upon the rifles of the guards and glared with hard brilliance on the window-panes of the warden's quarters. The old horse's pink tongue, lolling frothily from a grass-stained corner of his mouth, was eloquent of unaccustomed travel. Covered with dust, Miss Hepzibah climbed down stiffly and told her story. For confirmation there

was Dan Larcombe himself, swearing furiously.

Warden Chadwick was a man of tact and understanding. When Miss Hepzibah had partaken of the breakfast he insisted upon, including a good cup of tea, she felt greatly refreshed. As he listened to her confession of the part she had played in helping Dan Larcombe to make good his escape a year ago, the warden's eyes twinkled and he nodded sympathetically.

There was a reward of \$500 for Larcombe's capture; but when he mentioned it Miss Hepzibah's chin quivered. She would have none of it.

"You can be a-keepin' it fer Danny when he's let out again," she urged. "It'll give him a fresh start, mebbe." She reached for the old carpet-bag by her side. Quick tears filled her eyes as she broke the string around a cardboard box and lifted out a layer cake. Just that!

"I baked it the other day, sir," she explained tremulously, "an' I jest thought I'd be a-bringin' it along so 't you jail folks could be a-givin' it to Danny, come next Friday. It'll be his birthday an' I didn't want poor Danny thinkin' I'd forgot him. It's his fav'rite kind—with lemon fillin'."

Be it said to his credit Warden Chadwick did not laugh. Instead he escorted her to her patient old horse with every respect. As she drove off he bowed again.

MISS HEPZIBAH headed for a livery barn she knew of in the city close by and while Old Bill was enjoying a well-earned rest and feed, she spent several hours in the shopping district. It was nearly noon before she was on her way home and the sun was dipping behind the hill when her own gate at last came in sight.

As they turned into the lane the dog came to life suddenly. He stood with his forepaws on the dashboard, sniffing the air. He began to bark—excitedly, furiously. Miss Hepzibah chided him in vain. She had him tied to the whip-socket and when they were nearing the house the dog leaped from the rig, taking the socket with him.

In some alarm Miss Hepzibah stood up and watched the excited animal making for the house as hard as he could go. Not till then did she notice that someone was sitting on the verandah—a man—a stranger.

At the top of her voice she called quick warning.

But the dog was upon him—leaping upward at him, thumping around at his feet, wagging his tail and barking as if—

The man was standing up now where she could get a better look at him—a tall figure in a wide felt hat. For one moment Miss Hepzibah stared in palpitation. Then, throwing the lines out of her hands, she too jumped out of the rig and went running for the house.

In a tireless circle, round and round, the dog was tearing with yelps of delight.

Just an instant she hesitated at the picket gate. But it was no mistake. He was coming to meet her—with outstretched arms.

"Ed!" she cried. "Oh, Brother Ed!" she sobbed.



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your household  
happy; your  
guests grateful;  
yourself enthu-  
siastic.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole—ground—pulverized—  
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to-day

Like Magic, the dust rolls up, leaving faded, dirty carpets looking spic and span, and quite like new again. Try it out for your next sweeping, and you will be more than delighted with the results.

## Tryst

Continued from Page 36.

cemetery, I'm told, is only six miles from the river."

So it came that next morning, the dahabeah furled her sail opposite a cluster of tents beside a mud village on the bank, and I saw a straight, trim figure stand and stare at us as we came ashore.

The meeting of the two friends had just sufficient suggestion of indifference to convince me that it was thoroughly British. Bethune nodded and held out his hand, while Barry's eyes narrowed as he said: "Hullo—what are you doing here?"

WATCHING him while he was being introduced to Ruth, I thought I had never seen a man more hardened by exposure to sun, wind and weather. His skin was tanned a mahogany brown and the muscles in his lean arms looked like whipcord. He had moreover, the distinctive calmness of the Saxon and that definite touch, which assured one that he had drunk brandies and sodas from Alaska to Mandalay. His hair was brown and his eyes a hard blue and he betrayed no particular age.

We shook hands and, dismissing our past from his present, he jerked his chin toward the desert. "Want to come out? It was pretty good digging yesterday." He paused and fished out a gold pendant. "Roman—about 500 B.C. Nice stuff, isn't it?"

Ruth exclaimed at its beauty. "Where did you get it?"

"Mummy—a wood coffin—very rare in Abydos. They didn't put on many frills." "Oh!"

"People been digging for a thousand years here. We don't get very much now. I'm looking for inscriptions. Glad to have you, if you'd like to come." He smiled faintly. "Nothing like this in the U.S.A."

I became aware that Bethune had turned and was staring into the desert. His eyes were alight and his lips parted. He seemed like a wild creature that, long banished, now suddenly sniffed its native air. Ruth noted it too.

"I'll be very glad to come," she said. "When do we start?"

"Right away. Wake up, old chap."

Bethune started as though jerked out of sleep, then looked at us and the color mounted hotly to his face.

"I've an extraordinary sensation of having been here before, but the river and those cliffs—I can't just get that."

Barry glanced at him quickly. "Just what do you mean?"

"It seems," answered Bethune, as though talking to himself, "that it's too far from the water to the cliffs. We used to—" his voice trailed out and I felt Ruth's hand slip into my arm.

Barry flashed us a warning. "Why is it too far? Go on," he said evenly.

"The palms' came closer to the river, and—" Again there was silence.



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THE explorer crooked a finger and one of his men ran up. "A spade—dig!" he commanded sharply.

In a few moments, a small pyramid of white sand sparkled at his feet. "Look!" he said to me stooping. "This top stuff is what we call wind blown. Under a glass you would see that all the sharp corners and edges are rounded. That's from traveling to and fro with the wind for a few thousand years. But this—" he plunged his hand to the bottom of the hole, "is water-laid and it's quite sharp. It was brought here when the river covered where we stand. He glanced at Bethune. "How the devil did you know that?"

"Eight cubits deep," whispered his friend. "Eight cubits deep and a brick tunnel at the bottom, the only one on that side. Let me sit down. I feel rather queer."

It was an hour before we set out. These two rode ahead and Ruth, robbed of speech, beside me. Bethune was very pale and Barry surveyed him out of the corner of his eye. Soon we began to pass previous excavations. These were described curtly—Base of Pylon, courtyard, grain storage, temple wall, and so forth. The sun glared down and beat fiercely on ancient slabs and brickwork. There was something ruthless in this uncovering, denuding that which had slept so long beneath its glittering blanket, these memorial sands into which historic nations had thrust their myriad dead. I noted the straightness of Barry's back and wondered if he was truly scientific, or had merely a predatory instinct.

At that instant he turned and pointed. "Temples of Memnon and Osiris, ripping work." Then in just the same voice, and with a side glance, he added, "Remember any more, old man?"

"Hathor is dead and Isis; and only Ra the sun shines on. And the roofs of the houses are no longer thatched with millet but with cornstalks. How beautiful she was when she was dead," mumbled Bethune.

I heard Ruth breathe quickly. Then Barry's voice came in trembling.

"But before that?"

"I promised not to tell and Nefertari promised too," chanted Bethune deliriously. Then he stiffened suddenly in his saddle. "It's none of your damn business. Eh! I beg your pardon."

He rubbed his eyes and twisted round, but Ruth and I were staring at the Temple of Memnon. Not for worlds, would we have met his glance at that instant.

Barry said nothing more and we plodded toward the strip of barrenness, "that just divides the desert from the sown." Beyond this were those amazing cliffs palpitating in orange and red. At one time the Nile must have lapped against these stupendous and vertical barricades but now, shrunk to a ribbon, it meandered lazily through the vast delta of its own creation.

BETHUNE was silent nor was there any attempt made to rouse him. Then, as we drew near the scene of Barry's labors, the latter began to explain things, speaking all the time with a curious suggestion that it was only to us he

addressed himself, and not Bethune as he was in the secret already.

"Buildings and temples and towns generally show up somehow in outlines or shreds of pottery. Then we dig—with a system. I've seen ten towns built, one on top of each other. They just crumble and the next one is started."

"But graves," I said. "How do you find graves?"

"We go down till we come to the water-laid sand and, if there's any mixture of that and wind-blown, it just means that some one's been diggin' a grave there at some time and what he pitched out got mixed with what was on top."

"Yes, and then—"

"They're generally at the bottom of a brick-lined shaft. We strike the top of that."

Bethune nodded thoughtfully but did not speak. He seemed to be listening.

"Where I'm working now is mostly Ptolemaic, you know," concluded Barry, "about four hundred B.C. Cheerful people. The men generally married their sisters. Cleopatra was the last of 'em."

IT was noon when we dismounted, stiffly, beside a tent he had pitched in the middle of his work. The shade was grateful, for the sun though not oppressive seemed extraordinarily penetrating. Bethune stood for a moment looking curiously about. He seemed hardly to breathe while his eyes wandered and apparently picked up old land marks. Something that was like memory clouded his eyes, till they took on a strange glaze. Then he stepped off toward two men who were emptying sand baskets on to a small, irregular mound.

Barry gathered us with a glance and we followed. Once at the excavation, he began to talk with a palpable assumption of indifference.

"There—you see the brick-lined shaft. It's apt to bulge and bury the men below. If you lean over you can see him. He's about at the bottom now."

We leaned over and did see him. Bethune did not move and stood staring at the brick work. Then Barry ejaculated.

"By George! There it is—you're here at just the right time. Can you see that tunnel?"

I stretched further and perceived that one side of the shaft opened into a small vault-like hole. The curve of its roof was also brick. "That's the only one on that side," he went on, his eyes wandering to Bethune.

The latter nodded and smiled sadly. "It was the best we could afford. She was so beautiful," he whispered.

A sentence of Arabic floated up from the shaft. Barry looked at me. "I'll have to go down. He wants help. Will you—" he glanced again at his friend.

I nodded and Ruth moved over and stood beside our traveler. Barry disappeared and took an end of rope with him. "Hoist!" he said presently.

IT came up lightly. Bethune stepped forward, received it in his arms and peered hard into the swathed bands ere he laid it gently down. Then Barry clambered up and, shaking the sand out of his clothes, examined it closely.

"Greek," he said. "You can tell by those wrappings. They're all in a pattern of concentric squares. That's typical."

But Bethune squatting on the earth began to shiver. "No—not Greek. They—they were good to her—that's all. She came from far away."

"It's all right, old chap. Anyway you like."

"Her name is Nefertari," answered the other. "I ought to know. Look!—look—you know where."

Ruth began to cry softly as Bethune, with his hands clasped, rocked to and fro while he crooned something unintelligible.

"My God! Where did you get that?" snapped Barry. He turned to me and spoke under his breath. "It's the incantation to Osiris."

"Are you afraid to look?" whimpered the crouching man. "Go on. She won't mind now."

Barry crossed shakily and, stooping over the form, pulled away the wrappings at the breast. They crumbled into dust and there on the black and withered heart lay something tarnished and yellow.

"It's Irish," he said nervously. "There's the flat band and the Celtic spiral—quite unmistakable, but it's broken. This is only half. It's probably a love token. She was evidently a slave girl in some Greek family, and in those days the Celts were famous for jewelry. I say Bethune, stop it. Get up."

But Bethune was fumbling in his own breast and rocking in an abandonment of grief. Presently he found a leather case and, as he opened it, I could hear his teeth chatter; but his eyes were blazing. In another moment he laid the other half of the bracelet on the dusty bosom and bent forward, brows to the earth in the immemorial posture of worship. Then he crumpled up and keeled over.

A week later, he bade us good-by at Assouan and we watched his figure diminish as the steamer slid rapidly down stream. He stood motionless and bare-headed but utterly peaceful and triumphant. We never saw him again, nor did we hear that anyone else had seen him. Naomi married two years later and, on the eve of her wedding received a nameless and magnificent present of rubies. That was the last sign of his existence. We often talk of him. Ruth pictures him as still a wanderer with that deathless ache in his heart, but I know that somewhere he has found his mate and she will not disturb his dreams of that Nefertari on whose pale and sumptuous breast his spirit had rested two thousand years ago.

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# The Business Outlook

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Mr. Appleton believes that the Imperial Government will, as a result of the Canadian wheat crop being earmarked for the use of the Empire, see to it that the Canadian producer will get a normal price for his product which will mean, despite the uncertainty as to the value of the pound sterling, a better return in money than has hitherto been the case in Canada.

**B**USINESS men during August, especially the early part, were somewhat disturbed with respect to the value of the pound sterling. There was ground for anxiety. If a Canadian sold to a miller in the United Kingdom 20 bushels of wheat for £5 the banker in Canada would only give the seller \$23.50 for the £5, whereas when exchange is normal the seller would get \$1 more or say \$24.50. The discount on the British pound at the time of writing is practically 4 per cent. On the other hand a merchant buying goods from England would be able to settle for them at the rate of \$4.71 or thereabouts, whereas under normal conditions he would have to pay \$4.86. But Canadians sell more to England than they buy from that country and consequently when the English pound is not worth as much as usual it is to their disadvantage, generally speaking.

Some misleading statements have been made with regard to the effect of exchange upon prices of wheat. Let this fact stand out in the minds of the farmer who has wheat to sell: When the elevator man offers him a price he has the rate of exchange in view. Buyers of wheat on the Winnipeg Exchange or elsewhere in Canada watch the exchange rate very closely. If the English pound is worth \$4.71 the price of grain drops accordingly and if the value of the English pound sterling goes higher then the buyer of grain will give more for wheat. If, however, there was a very great demand for wheat on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean the price of wheat in Canada would rise in the same ratio as the value of the English £ declined. If the English, Scotch or Irish people or even the people of any of the allied countries were really suffering for want of bread they would send more pounds, more roubles or francs or their equivalent in goods to pay for the necessary wheat. As it happens they have for the time being, all the wheat they need. Being shrewd, however, under present circumstances they like to have a great reserve and for that reason they keep on buying. In this the hope of wheat prices keeping up lies. A week or two ago some orders from the eastern side of the Atlantic placed at Chicago were cancelled. Quite a number of people became alarmed and as a result prophesied that the war was about to come to an end. Our opinion is that these cancellations were the result of the huge accumulation of foodstuffs in the allied countries. While that is the case we cannot look for higher prices for wheat. What will keep up the price is the fact that the allies will always take the precaution, a very wise precaution, of

having big reserves in store. It is realized by the best naval authorities that the possibility of the submarines are as yet far from being fully determined or exploited. All the naval resources of the United Kingdom and those of France have not availed in entirely suppressing the operations of the few submarines which Germany has. Damage from that source has no doubt been kept down to a minimum. But we have been made to understand that the submarine is a dangerous force to be at large and in a position to imperil the food supplies of such vast populations as those of France and the United Kingdom. Until the submarines of the enemy are entirely under control the allies will be reaching out for such a first necessity of life as the grain of our prairies.

About a month ago we expressed the opinion that the wheat of the prairies would not exceed 200,000,000 from this year's crop. It is a month since that estimate was made and during that interval the weather has been ideal. We based the estimate upon normal weather instead of which we have weather that ranks very much higher than that and consequently the crop will be larger. We can say that at the moment of writing, near the end of August, the outlook for the prairies is that the wheat yield will be approximately 215,000,000 bushels. Of course the larger output may mean lower prices. It is our opinion, however, that the farmers of the West will derive from their field produce this year fully \$100,000,000 more than they did a year ago.

It is satisfactory to note also that the storm in Ontario did not do as much damage as anticipated. The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Duff, ventured the estimate that the loss to Ontario farmers would be approximately \$20,000,000. We doubt that figure. During the past week or two the weather in the principal grain producing province of the Dominion has not been at all satisfactory but nevertheless much of the grain that appeared to be utterly destroyed will to a certain extent be recovered. On the whole the products of Ontario will be above normal.

If the farmer cannot get a good price for his grain he can feed it to cattle and in that way get a good return. The United States packers and those in Canada are sending vast quantities of the produce of animals to the allied countries and we regret to say to the enemy also. We ab-

solve Canadian manufacturers from all blame as to the feeding of the enemy but



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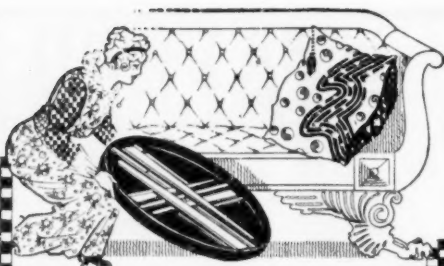
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it is all too evident that the packers in the United States are doing their best to sell as much as possible, not only for the use of our own soldiers but for the use of those of the enemy. While all packing plants are apparently busy preparing food for the war fields there will be a good level of prices for the domestic animals of the farms. Authorities in the United States and those who give particular attention to the Canadian market hold to the opinion that prices, although they may go up and down to accommodate the whims of the speculators, will on the whole rule high and the cause of their doing so is that the demand for animal products will be very heavy as long as the war lasts. How long the war will last we cannot say but it is safe to prophesy that the armies at present in the field and those to take the field will require feeding for at least another twelve months. This being the case the price of the farm animal as well as the price of the field produce will remain high.

We therefore can say that the Canadian producer has no cause for sleepless nights as the result of the ups and downs

of exchange. It would not be safe for anyone to prophesy that the lowest point in the value of the British pound has been touched.

No one can tell what this war may bring forth in the way of surprises. Whatever happens the Allies will win. Before that desired end is attained we must expect reverses and periods of depression, trials and disappointments, and other forms of untoward happenings which tend to breed pessimism and consequently the neutral countries will have less faith in England's cause and the value of the English pound.

Mr. Lloyd George at a recent meeting in Wales said that all parties of a political character had been eliminated. There were now no Liberals, no Tories, no Socialists, no independent laborites, no aristocrats and no paupers. There were just two—optimists and pessimists. With every reverse sustained there will come some depression. Great Britain's credit will probably move up and down to some extent in accordance with varying successes of her forces during the course of the war. Britain always has paid her debts and always will. Those who are able to buy English pounds at a discount at the present time will be able to sell them ere long at their full face value of \$4.86. Already let it be noted United States bankers have protested against England sending to the United States more gold. What they require is that responsible British bankers should come across to this side of the Atlantic and arrange the necessary credit. No sooner had steps towards this end been definitely taken and two such men as Lord Aldwyn and Sir E. Holden been named as a deputation to visit the United States than the price of the British pound in New York was again in the ascendant. Canada can rest assured that the allies will require the wheat of Canada and they will be able to pay for it.

An embargo on the export of Canadian wheat except to the allies should be taken into cognizance by business men. It is

understood that the matter is under consideration by Sir Robert Borden in London and probably his mission there was in a measure to ascertain definitely what the attitude of the allies would be with respect to the Canadian crop. With our markets limited solely to meet Imperial exigencies it would be reasonable to expect that producers in Canada will receive for their output a price not below normal.

The nation as a whole would not hesitate to make any sacrifice necessary for the defence of the Empire. It is in respect of the latter objective that the embargo on wheat exports was placed. If our freedom as to its disposal is restricted, there should be protection in the matter of price. On steadiness of the latter the future of Canadian business—the immediate future—materially depends. Stability and certainty would be imparted if some definite policy with regard to price—on the part of the Government—was determined upon.

With October ranging around 90c, which would ensure to the producer at the remotest point in the Canadian West approximately 75c per bushel, the question of price is not for the time being a pressing one. But there are big crops and big supplies elsewhere than in Canada that will be available for export to the allied countries. If these supplies are pressed on the market the price may weaken to such an extent as to necessitate its being dealt with from an Imperial standpoint.

Being assured of a very substantial crop in the entire Dominion—a crop that will measure both in quantity and value higher than any other crop as yet recorded—there will be in the country some very active buying of general commodities. Although, while the war lasts, the

tendency of the average individual will be to spend as little as possible, he will be compelled to buy essentials. The average Canadian household has put its affairs upon a more economical basis than existed a year or two ago. Old shoes that were discarded have been made to serve and old clothes have been patched and repaired to take the place of new garments. The stock of old boots and reserve pants will not last for ever. Fashion also decrees that "my lady's boudoir" must be replenished at least once a year. The extreme economy of the past twelve months and the great economy of the antecedent twelve months has had the natural result of exhausting the private reserves of many necessities, as well as reducing the stock on the shelves of storekeepers and warehouse. There is more than a grain of truth in the joke of a contractor who said that when he needed half a dozen of wheelbarrows he had to go to half a dozen big warehouses to get them. Two years ago bankers advised their customers to get rid of their accumulated stock. In other words they were given the tip to liquidate. If the tip was not taken the banks used pressure. When war broke out the average storekeeper and jobber was as desirous as the bank to get stock reduced, and some very excellent work has been accomplished along that line. Bearing in mind the fact that

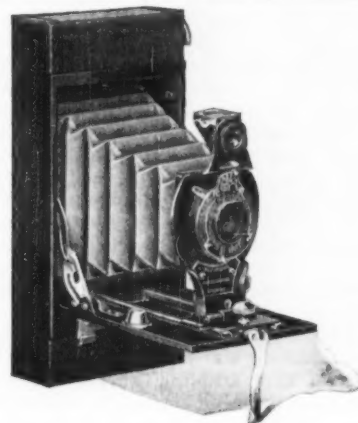
stock reducing and liquidation set in long before war was declared, it will be quite evident that the process must result in a scarcity of commodities when a normal demand for them arises. The average business man is endowed with enough native sagacity to know that following a good crop and following a period of economy by the people as a whole there must arise some buying of commodities despite the utmost frugality around the domestic hearth. While the economy practised by Canadians and the inability of manufacturers to liquidate their stock practically put a stop to movement of industrial wheels, that was a very anxious time for manufacturers generally when they saw nothing for it but to close down. Like other human beings manufacturers do not lightly send notices to a few thousand workpeople that there is no further work for them in sight. A year ago, however, there was nothing else for them to do. Dividends were passed, orders were not in sight, and the future was enshrouded with clouds impenetrable by the shrewdest business eye. However, we were willing to fight and to send our men and equipment. This provided an opening and an opportunity for manufacturers that could adapt themselves and their plants to the turning out of war materials. The beginning in this respect was beset with many real difficulties, the nature of which the public generally do not fully appreciate. Most of these difficulties have now been overcome with the result that every factory that can be has been utilized for the manufacturing of munitions. An official statement made a few days ago is to the effect that orders to the extent of \$230,000,000 have been in Canada since the war began. While this figure will not fully cover the loss of ordinary business it will go a long way towards giving employment to staffs equal to those employed in normal times. That official statement was a great relief inasmuch as some enterprising journalist had given currency to statements that orders placed in Canada and being executed in Canada aggregated approximately \$400,000,000. That seemed too good to be true, and so it was. Sir George Foster has given in one of the Trade and Commerce bulletins figures that may be relied upon, although in our opinion they are somewhat in excess of the actual value of the orders placed. It will appear also that Mr. Thomas, Mr. Lloyd George's representative in Canada, is satisfied with the work being done here and we understand he is also somewhat surprised at the magnitude of our industrial plants available for turning the kind of munitions effective in destroying Prussianism. We have demonstrated that we have the right type of fighting men and now the entire Dominion will demonstrate that it has the right kind of industrial plant to forge the missiles that will open the road to Berlin. We no doubt want the war materials first. Always our first duty is to squelch and obliterate the enemy. Without any intention of detracting from that good work we would point out that when so much of our factory plant is employed what is going to be the result when our normal demands, such as can be reasonably expected to follow an abun-

dant crop, begin to present themselves and knock at the doors of our manufacturers? Our great wheat fields, our rich pastures and our mines have been talked about a good deal and they are now beginning to count. We are making good use of these resources now as attested to by the official trade figures issued by the Department of Commerce.

Just about the middle of August Sir George Foster, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, told us that the exports for July amounted to \$61,000,000. Of this about \$16,000,000 were in the form of foreign produce.

This leaves a balance of approximately \$45,000,000 of purely domestic produce, which exceeds the total of our imports for July by practically \$9,000,000. Since March last our exports have steadily exceeded our imports. We are now on the verge of our big exporting season. By the end of the year if Great Britain takes our available surplus for exports, the trade balance will be very much in our favor. It is a long time since it has been in this position, and the result will be impressive in the United Kingdom, where it is still of the utmost importance that our credit should stand high. But it is almost of equal importance that the investor of the United States should appreciate the fact that although Canada during the past five or six years has borrowed very largely—if too rapidly—but nevertheless the money has been expended on productive plant in the form of railways and equipment of cities that will be turned to account. We borrowed the money in the belief that we had as productive wheat fields as there are in any part of the world, and that we have other resources which compare favorably with those elsewhere and moreover we have the nucleus of population that can turn them all to account. In this, the time of great emergencies, Canada has acquitted herself creditably. As rapidly as we assumed an air of extravagance we have dropped it and got into line in real earnest not only in fighting, but in providing munitions of war necessary at this juncture. For the first seven months of the present calendar year the exports of Canada amounted to \$261,774,018, as compared with imports of \$240,731,638. These figures apply to domestic produce only. A month ago we gave figures covering the first six months of the present calendar year. We now give the returns of the exports and imports as covering the first seven months of the current year:

Exports of Domestic Products.			
	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan. ....	\$ 19,370,514	\$ 25,218,737	\$ 28,595,598
Feb. ....	22,857,169	20,553,387	28,881,277
March ...	34,874,752	26,700,991	45,118,922
April ....	22,016,880	17,753,071	28,691,859
May ....	27,883,971	30,005,625	42,080,486
June ....	33,619,425	28,000,200	42,805,846
July ....	33,660,716	41,807,648	45,000,000
	\$194,283,437	\$190,039,069	\$261,774,018
Imports of Merchandise.			
	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan. ....	\$ 52,751,901	\$ 40,921,240	\$ 30,300,157
Feb. ....	52,951,300	38,540,045	35,912,910
March ...	67,603,976	53,111,104	40,411,384
April ....	48,488,280	36,937,713	28,391,640
May ....	60,514,284	45,076,939	34,390,808
June ....	57,957,006	45,750,793	35,324,739
July ....	59,926,232	42,964,467	36,000,000
	\$400,193,488	\$303,322,301	\$240,731,638



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Our readers interested in conning the horizon of business will no doubt have noticed that from Winnipeg and Western cities there are no complaints with regard to the abundance of employment. They will have noted also that in the East farm laborers are being sent West in numbers as large as in previous years. This means that within a few weeks a very large sum of money will be distributed for harvest purposes. Merchants in Winnipeg will look for a harvest as these laborers return from the field some time before Christmas. Much of the money which will be paid out in wages to these men will come back to Eastern Canada before Christmas. At the same time factories making war munitions are picking up men and training them. Hitherto they have not been classed as skilled laborers. It is more than likely therefore that during the next few months business will tend more definitely in the direction of normal.

The liquid resources of Canadian banks at the end of June were approximately \$56,000,000 greater than at the end of June, 1914. At the time of writing the bank statement for July has not appeared, so that we have to base these figures upon the month of June Government returns. It will be found at the end of July that very little change took place in the figures. The larger cash reserves of to-day, are not greater than prudent

banking demands and do not leave the banks much room within which to work. It must be remembered that last year's crop was not a large one, and that of this year will be not only greater in bulk but greater in value very considerably. The question of exchange is also an awkward one for the banks. Hitherto they could sell their bills on London with confidence, but they are not in this position this year unless the representatives of the British Government are able to arrange satisfactorily a credit at New York that will make exchange more normal. But even though some satisfactory arrangement is arrived at, it must not be assumed that conditions then will be normal and the exchange market will be subject to fluctuations that have not hitherto stood in the way of grain and crop financing. The London banks, which in past years have aided the movement substantially, may not at present be able to do so. When the actual work of crop moving is under way we doubt not but that the experienced bankers of Canada will devise some way of handling the crop satisfactorily. There will be no surfeit of money, however, nor will there be a dollar more than is necessary to purchase from the producers the great crop that will be gathered in this, the most trying year in the Empire's history, but nevertheless a year that is not without its promise of greater things for Canada.

into the swirling, yeasty flood; so that the passage of the regiment was a noisy one with much shouting and cursing and snapping of whips.

On the other side, the troops formed up and followed Crane along a narrow lane that led back on a slowly ascending scale toward the foothills.

Almost before they knew it, the regiment had ridden through a small hamlet. Darkened houses lined each side of the road and just ahead of them loomed the spire of a church. The noise of the galloping horses aroused no signs of life and this made Crane feel certain that they had reached the appointed place; it having been arranged that Larescu was to warn the villagers to make good their escape.

The troops set about their work with eagerness, even with noisy gusto. They broke in doors and windows and set fire to the houses. Soon one end of the village was in flames and in the bright light that suffused the whole, the fact that the village was deserted became apparent.

The officer in command, plainly uneasy, rode up to Crane, who had kept in the van with his eyes open for a chance to make good his escape. The Austrian was clearly suspicious.

"Not a soul in the place," he said. "Why not? Some one carried word of our plans ahead of us; that must be it. What's this?" The rattle of musketry broke out ahead of them. Some of the men, getting in advance of Crane and himself, had been fired on from the bush in which the long single street of the village terminated. As if by magic, though no one knew whence it came, the word passed down the ranks: "Ironian troops are firing on us." And, as a natural corollary, the most discerning saw and voiced what had happened. "We have burned an Ironian village," said the officer who rode by Crane. The latter sensed trouble.

"No you don't," came sharply from the Austrian, as Crane put spurs into his horse. But the Englishman was putting yards and more yards between him and the officer. He did not hesitate now. He knew that his safety depended upon his ability to get away at once. Kicking the steel into his horse's flanks he started it into a wild gallop. Guttural but loud shouts behind him warned him of impending retribution—if they could shoot straight. Instinctively he dropped flat over his horse's neck. Shots rang out, and one bullet plowed through his hair, touching and grazing his forehead in its passage. The blood trickled down over his brow and filtered over his eyes. He brushed it away and found he wasn't really badly hurt. But a moment later another shot apparently hit his horse for the animal screamed, stumbled and lunged forward on its knees. Crane hurtled over its head and came down with a thud on the rough muddy road.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### Crane's Escape

WHEN Crane returned to consciousness, he found himself lying in a cramped and painful position on a rough clay surface. His arms were tightly strapped to his sides, so that any motion was extremely difficult and painful.

## The Last Ally

*Continued from Page 27.*

er all the time. There is a bridge not a hundred yards ahead of us—unless the rising water has already swept it away. I propose that we cross there. It may be impossible higher up."

"It is well advised, what you suggest," replied the officer. "I am worried, however, about the possibilities of the return trip. Suppose the floods rise so rapidly that it will be impossible to recross the river? We should be trapped on Russian soil!"

Crane shrugged his shoulders.

"Our orders cover only the advance," he said. "After we have carried out that which has been entrusted to us—the return, that is strictly our business. For the mission on which we are bound, it might be better if none of us returned. Austrian and Ironian troops massacred on Russian soil would surely bring about war."

"I don't fear to die," said the officer. "But I would prefer to fall in open battle and not in an obscure border affray. But, as you say, we have our orders to follow. Nothing else need count. God! it is dark! A damnable night for our purpose, Neviloff!"

"An admirable night," said Crane. "We can carry out our raid under the cover of this darkness and get safely back across the border without loss. If the floods let us, that is."

"Hein! we are into the water now," ejaculated the officer, reining in his horse.

"The road is low here and the water has come up over it," said Crane, peering intently ahead. "But the gods are with us. I can see the bridge ahead; it is still holding. We had better get across while we may."

The troop clattered across the bridge at a smart gallop and turned up a road on the Ironian side of the Bhura, which was still quite dry. Ten minutes brought them to the first stream. It was swollen with the rising water but, being but a narrow creek, was still fordable.

"Across there is Russia," said Crane, pointing over the stream. "My troops are crossing some miles below and will join us near the first village. We must lose no time. Every minute now lessens our chances of getting back over the Bhura alive."

"It's strange," said the officer. "I didn't think we were so close to the Russian frontier. Are there not two streams branching south from the Bhura?"

"Yes," replied Crane, "there is another stream behind us. We passed it some time before we reached the flooded section."

Orders were passed along the line of troops and the work of crossing the turgid stream began. The horses balked at the brink and had to be beaten and spurred

He fell into a violent fit of coughing. The atmosphere about him was smoke-charged and stiflingly close and hot. A steady, crackling sound above gradually impressed itself upon his groping mind with startling import. He was confined in a building of some sort and it was on fire!

After many futile attempts, Crane managed to struggle into a sitting position. The light from the burning roof provided sufficient illumination to enable him to see that he was confined in one of the small hovels that had constituted the looted hamlet. The fire had gained such headway that to remain longer where he was would be fatal. Breathing had become difficult and painful. The smoke that filled his lungs shook him with rasping, suffocating spells of coughing. Dimly he heard sounds of a receding conflict in the village streets.

Crane struggled to his feet and lurched weakly toward the door. Blinded with the smoke, he groped vainly for the handle. Next moment, overcome with the intense heat, he fainted dead away and, his weight falling against the door, caused it to swing outward, precipitating him into the street.

It was some time after, that Crane again regained consciousness. This time he was lying on the ground, his head reclining comfortably on a pillow made of some folded garment. A water-soaked bandage encircled his brow, giving inexpressible relief. His arms were free, though still tingling painfully from the pressure of the rope that had bound them. He attempted to pull himself together and sit up, but desisted from the effort with an involuntary groan.

"Hello, here's old Crane coming around after all," said the voice of Fenton, somewhere close at hand.

"Right as rain in a minute," said Crane, weakly. Then, after a pause, "Where am I?"

"Don't know exactly myself," said Fenton. "We got you out of the burning village just in the nick of time and carried you back into the woods here. How are you feeling now?"

"A little brandy would make a new man of me. Any handy?"

A flask, containing some raw, pitch-hot Ironian equivalent, was procured and a liberal measure poured down his throat. Crane coughed, spluttered and finally sat up, little the worse for wear, but still weak and decidedly giddy in the head.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"Everything went off as per schedule," said Fenton. "The Austrians started to set fire to the village, and then Larescu and his men opened fire on them. They put up a short fight, and retired with more precipitancy than order. Last I saw of it, they were headed for the river with the hill men in hot pursuit. If the river has continued to rise, the Austrians will have some difficulty in getting back to their own side. I didn't join in the chase, as I was getting anxious about you. Luckily, Mlle. Petrova found you and managed to drag you out of the road just before the front of the hut fell out."

"Mlle. Petrova! Now what, on the



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word of a bald-headed friar, was she doing there?" exclaimed Crane.

A soft voice, proceeding from some point close behind him, spoke up.

"It is indeed the great pleasure that Mistaire Crane has recovered. One judges from his choice of words that he is feeling much the better."

"I have a double duty to perform then—to thank you for saving my life and to lecture you for your folly in being where you could do it," said Crane, with a return of his habitual manner.

"My good friend, the brave Mistaire Crane, will please forget the thanks and save the lectures until he is stronger," insisted Anna. "If I have been foolish, it has been in the best company. Her Highness was helping in the search for you."

"Yes, they both insisted on coming along," put in Fenton. "I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them off the firing line. If all the women of Ironia are as fiery as the pair I've had on my hands to-night, I shall feel the deepest compassion for any army that attempts the invasion of the country!"

"I'll never forgive myself for this night's work," said Crane, dejectedly. "I bungled things and let the Austrians truss me up in a burning building. Then Mademoiselle has to risk her very valuable life to save my very worthless one—"

It was still dark. A soft hand from somewhere was slipped confidently into his. Crane did not finish the sentence.

A moment later a gypsy-clad girl who had been sitting silently by during the dialogue, rose unobtrusively and led Fenton away.

"I am glad," whispered the Princess. "I have been most jealous of that woman."

With the first light of dawn, came Take Larescu, an unsheathed sword in his hand. The gigantic leader of the hill-men was mud-stained and dishevelled, but thoroughly well pleased with himself.

"Not an Austrian remains on the sacred soil of our Ironia," he declared, rubbing his brow with a bright silk handkerchief, drawn from his belt, "except a hundred or so who will never go back. And more good news for you, my young friend. A party of my men have burned Kirkalisse to the ground. Everything comes to him who strikes while the iron is hot."

For a moment Fenton said nothing. Then: "Kirkalisse burnt. Miridoff dead. Austrian invasion of Ironian soil. Ironian rout of the Austrians. This is news. It must be gotten to Serajoz, and that at once."

"As to the raid of the Austrians," replied the brigand chief, "I have already arranged that news be got abroad. Messengers have been sent east, west and south. All Ironia will know within the next twenty-four hours that our country has been invaded, and that means—"

"That war is certain." Fenton finished the sentence spiritedly.

Neither spoke for a second. Then the hill leader drew Fenton closer and whis-

pered to him, "We captured several of Miridoff's men at Kirkalisse."

"Yes. What did you find out?"

"They told us all they knew. One of them was the young gypsy who had been sent with the token—the Princess's ring, was it not?—which would stop the assassination of Prince Peter. But he had not been able to find his man, to warn him."

Fenton started. In a moment he visualized all that this item of news meant. Was, then, Miridoff's death of no avail?

"Do you mean, then," he asked, "that the assassin has done his work?"

"No. Prince Peter, it appears, changed his plans and returned to Serajoz by another route."

"Thank God! Then everything will be alright."

"I don't know," said Larescu, shaking his shaggy head. "The assassin has followed him on the road. But I think the Prince had start enough, from what I hear, to get to Serajoz a good few hours before the assassin could come up with him. Nevertheless, someone should go to the capital immediately—"

"Yes, you are right," broke in the Canadian. "I shall go myself. Find me a guide back through the mountains."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### The New King

KING ALEXANDER of Ironia stood in an embrasure of the royal council room. He appeared to be gazing over the crowded, turbulent Lodz but in reality he saw nothing; nor did the wild clamor that rose from the mob-ridden square in front of the palace reach his ears. The King stared into space while angry emotions ran riot in his mind. Adamant determination, black anger and futile longing for strength to combat his aroused subjects, filled the brain of the baffled monarch. A truly royal figure he appeared standing there alone by the window—arms folded on his breast, mouth set in ominous lines, staring out into space as silent and as motionless as a statue.

Back in the council room, a number of men were seated around a long table, conversing in low tones and furtively regarding the solitary figure of the monarch.

"His Majesty will never give in," said Danilo Vanilis, the shrewdest and strongest of the King's councillors. "I know him. He is a Hohenzollern; and the proudest of them all. He has sworn not to fight his kinsman at Potsdam—and he will die rather than break his pledge."

"But he can't resist longer," interjected another. "The Austrian invasion has stirred the country up from one end to the other. The army clamors for war. Officers, who have been known to favor the Austrian cause, have been forcibly ejected. There is not a man left in Ironia to back the King. He must give in."

"Look at him," said Vanilis. "There he stands, like a lion at bay; see the poise of the head, the set of the lips, the brooding light in the eyes. Alexander would stand fast if the whole world took sides against him; he would fight single-handed against the hosts of the Archangel. It is a pity that such determination, such grand devotion, should have found its

vent only in upholding a family tradition!"

"It is most strange that the Austrians should have committed this open act of war," whispered a third. "It was rumored that Miridoff had a carefully concocted scheme that would inevitably result in plunging us into war with the Russians. Then, like a bolt from the blue, comes this mad exploit of the Austrians. And, strangest of all, Miridoff himself disappears."

"It can only be understood when it is explained that it occurred in the mountains," said a fourth. "Anything can happen there. Take Larescu led the force which drove the Austrians back over the Bhura. Mark my word, Larescu is at the bottom of this. And, what is more, I am convinced that Miridoff has been killed. He has been tactfully eliminated in a way that is typical of Larescu."

"And not too soon!" A murmured chorus of assent ran around the board. Vanilis, after a pause, remarked in a lowered tone: "It is strange that Peter has not returned. He was to have been with us. You all heard the rumor that an attempt would be made to assassinate him on his way back. It cannot be that—"

He paused. There was no need to finish the sentence for the faces of all in the company advertised the fact that the same fear had entered the mind of each man there. It was a disquieting thought; for all men recognized now that the strong hand of Prince Peter was needed at the helm.

"Gentlemen!"

The King had faced about. Slowly, with white, set face and dignified stride, his Majesty walked back to the head of the table. He glanced coldly about the board.

"You have demanded that we sign this heinous paper," he said, his voice cold with the evenness of an irrevocable decision. "An ungrateful country clamors for war. Our word has been pledged that Ironia shall not join the pack that seeks to drag down the German empires. That word must stand. Sirs, we refuse absolutely to sign this iniquitous declaration!"

"But, sire," protested Vanilis, "recollect what this refusal means. The army is determined. Even the household guards have joined in the clamor. Sire, your life might even be placed in jeopardy!"

"Our life is of no value beside our honor," said Alexander, with dignified scorn. He reached into the breast of his uniform and drew out a document, which he placed on the table before him. "There is our answer. The hand of Alexander shall never sign the order that declares this infamous war. But, sir, if on war you are bent, war you shall have. We gladly lay down the distasteful task of ruling a nation of ingrates."

The men round the table sat silent. But each of them knew that that paper was the King's abdication!

As he turned the sound of sudden tumultuous cheering came up to them from the streets below. It was almost as though the news of the stubborn King's dramatic exit had been translated by some speedy telepathy to the eager crowds without. Alexander frowned bitterly and turned back to the silent company about the council table.

"They cheer now," he said, grimly. "What will they do after your mad determination and their lust has flooded the country in blood—and German Uhlans ride down the Lodz! Sirs, I have warned you. The ruin of Ironia be on your heads!"

He walked slowly from the room, head held proudly high, one hand clenched across his breast, the other pressed tightly on his sword hilt.

"The King is dead," uttered one of the men, almost with awe; "Long live the—" "Long live King Peter!" cried another, with enthusiasm.

For a door at the other end of the hall had opened to admit the Prince; his sudden arrival the cause, quite apparently, of the clamor that had broken out in the square below. Prince Peter was flushed with rapid riding and spattered with mud. It was clear that he had ridden far and fast to attend this momentous conference.

"Gentlemen, it is war!" he cried, with high enthusiasm. "The country through which I have come is literally ablaze. Nothing can hold us back now. Austria has struck the first blow. And I bring you news. The Russian armies move on Mulkovina to-morrow. Ironia must declare herself to-day."

Danilo Vanilis, sitting at the end of the table, rose and held a paper out toward him.

"All that is needed is the signature of his Majesty the King. Sign, sire!"

Peter gazed at the other for a moment, growing wonderment on his face. Then he glanced quickly around the crowded board.

"Alexander abdicated five minutes ago. King Peter now rules in Ironia," announced Vanilis with a low bow.

Peter was a man of quick comprehension and decision. He grasped the pen.

"That King is fortunate," he declared, "whose first duty is to fight a cause so dear to the hearts of the people over whom he has been called to rule! To-night, sir, we leave for the front!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Assassination.

EVENTS moved fast in Ironia. At five o'clock Peter was publicly declared King, the announcement being received with manifestations of the wildest joy in Serajoz. At 5.30 an official statement of Ironia's intentions was communicated to the ambassadors of Austria, Germany and Turkey, and their passports were handed to them. At six o'clock the first regiment marched out of the capital for the front, through streets lined with deliriously happy multitudes.

The work of mobilization was begun with feverish haste. King Peter spent three hours directing the efforts of the general staff and in conference with the leading bankers. In Balkan warfare, the financing of the campaign is even more important than the mobilization of the forces. As he worked, however, the new monarch never for a moment lost sight of the grim spectre that had haunted him for two days. Varden had brought him word of the abduction of Olga just as he was preparing for his trip to the

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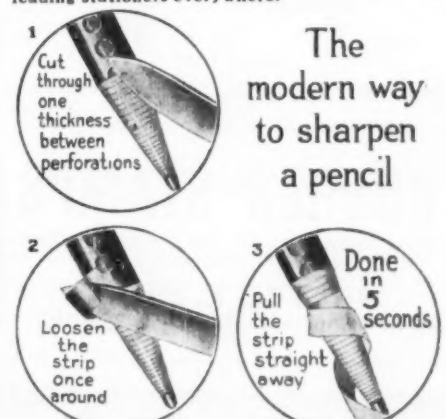
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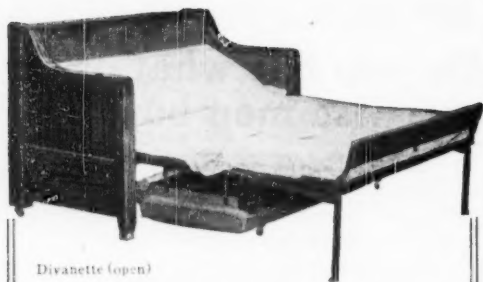
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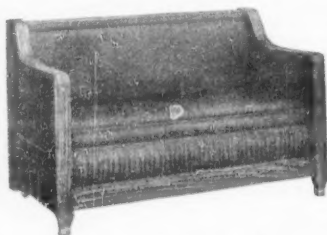
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frontier. Since then, he had heard no news of her.

A stern Spartan in everything else, Peter had been the most loving and indulgent of fathers. Left an orphan when less than a year old, Olga had soon gained complete possession of her father's heart. He had pampered and petted her in quite as complete degree as any foolishly partial parent that ever ruined a child in sheer blindness of affection; but Olga, having one of those rare natures that cannot be spoiled, even by parental indulgence, had developed greater stores of sweetness and grace in the strong light of her father's love. It can be surmised, therefore, that when the news of the abduction of the Princess reached him, he had been thrown into a ferment of fear; but, knowing how much the welfare of Ironia depended upon him, Peter had delayed his departure only long enough to issue instructions for the pursuit of her abductors.

The news awaiting him on his return had been disquieting. No direct clue as to her whereabouts had been found, although there was plenty of evidence to show that the abduction had been the work of brigands from the hills. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that Peter applied himself to the multitudinous duties devolving upon him with his sudden accession to the throne of Ironia on the eve of her entry into the war.

Outside the demonstration continued, growing in enthusiasm as hour succeeded hour. Military headquarters was besieged by men begging for an opportunity to enlist. A statue in the square before the royal palace, representing the lost provinces, was literally covered with flowers. The public streets were rendered quite impassable by the masses of exuberant citizens who loudly acclaimed the new king, and clamored for a sight of him.

About the time that His Majesty rose from the desk to which he had been chained for three hours of unrelenting activity, Fenton, weary and dust-laden, astride a foam-flecked horse, turned into the north end of the Lodz. On receiving the startling intelligence that the human instrument of Miridoff's foul purpose had followed Peter to the capital, intent on carrying out his work, Fenton had at once secured a guide from Larescu and had negotiated a difficult short cut through the mountain country. Arriving at the base of the chain of hills in the early forenoon, he had procured a horse. An all-day gallop with one change of mount in the late afternoon, brought him to the city about nine o'clock in a condition bordering on total collapse. Since his arrival in Ironia, Fenton had found little opportunity for sleep, and his exploits had been as varied as they were arduous. By sheer force of will only, was he able to maintain his seat in the saddle.

The presence of dense crowds in the Lodz did not surprise him: all the way down from the hill country he had found increasing evidences of excitement which satisfied him that Crane's spectacular coup had finally brought Ironia into the war. As the density of the crowd grew, he was forced to abandon his mount, and

continue forward toward the palace of the prince on foot. It became very slow work, until finally Fenton's patience gave way. Fearing that every moment lost might cost the prince his life, Fenton broke recklessly through the crowd, using his fists freely when occasion demanded. This inevitably brought him into conflict in a crowd where the fighting spirit ran so high. As he crossed the square in front of the king's palace, a much excited and picturesquely ragged man blocked his way determinedly. Fenton roughly elbowed him aside, and received in reprisal a blow in the face. His assailant poured out a volume of abuse in French, which caused the Canadian to turn and regard him curiously. To his delight, Fenton recognized his acquaintance of the Greek restaurant, M. François Dubois.

"Dubois, by all that's holy!" he cried. "It's lucky I can claim a prior acquaintance. Otherwise I fear you would be inclined to show me no mercy. You have plenty of strength left in that arm of yours, my friend."

"M. Fenton," cried the Frenchman. "Ah, my young friend, forgive me. I have strength left, yes — strength to shoulder a rifle, monsieur. To-morrow I enlist for the service."

"I am just back from the hill country," said Fenton. "What is the news? Has war been declared yet?"

"War was declared by our good King Peter within an hour of his accession to the throne," cried the Frenchman.

"King Peter!" exclaimed Fenton, surveying M. Dubois as though he feared the Frenchman had been suddenly bereft of his senses.

"It was just as I told you, Monsieur. Alexander would not give in. When he found that war could no longer be staved off, he abdicated. And so Peter became king."

"Then I must lose no time," cried Fenton. "It is doubly important that I get to him at once. I have news of a plot against his life."

He plunged with reckless haste through the crowds, opening an avenue by sheer force and thus enabling M. Dubois to follow along in his wake without difficulty. "Make way! In the name of the King!" cried the Frenchman at intervals, in the native tongue. This caused the people in front to give way. Nevertheless the progress of the pair was intolerably slow.

There is an emotional strain in the Ironian which manifests itself in moments of stress and unusual excitement. When stirred by any deep emotion he will emit strange cries and break into high-pitched interminable chants. To the visitor this tendency is inexplicable, and it has contributed not a little to the feeling among other races that there is something uncanny about the men of the Balkan mountains. As Fenton piloted M. Dubois through the square, a monotonous chant arose from all sides and, mingling with the shrill and warlike cries, created a literal pandemonium of sound.

To Be Continued.

## A Canadian Adonis of the Stage

*Continued from Page 30.*

SUCH is the progressive intellect that all the time one is in the act of accomplishing one thing, one is also mentally active in devising another. All the time that Matheson Lang was appearing in the gratifying role of Tristan, he was thinking of appearing in another. Future success must needs depend on present efforts. He was ambitious to be recognized as a successful Othello. What could have prompted this ambition, who can tell? For it must be somewhat of a strain on a young, handsome actor to assume the guise of so unhandsome a character. However, there might have been some thought of art in it. There is always that explanation of any act.

Be that all as it must, may or can, he appeared as Othello, in Manchester, the next year. And with much success!

And it is not to be doubted that after this successful role, there were many delightful matinée girls who thought that Othello was not such a monster as they, at one time, had been led to suppose. For essentially, Matheson Lang had arrived at that pinnacle of fame, known as the matinee idol's pedestal. Also, it must have cost somebody a great deal of sterling, to pay for the electricity which now flashed out the nightly information that he was a star!

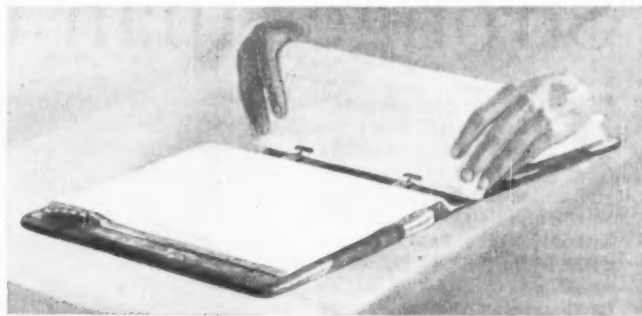
Then his thoughts strayed from Shakespeare, for a time. Of course there was always a chance of his appearing in his favorite role, of the melancholy Dane, at some charity matinee or other. What else are such matinees for, if they do not give the player an opportunity of appearing in the part which reflects the greatest glory to himself?

He has played successfully the leading parts in "John Gladys's Honor," "The Christian," "The Devil's Disciple," and "Henry VIII." And at the present moment, after a long run in London, he is touring the provinces in a weird, horrible Chinese realism, known as "Mr. Wu." In this, all his physical beauty is eclipsed by the brilliance of his conception of a character, scheming, sensual and brutal.

### Belgium Optimism

Strange though it may seem, there is real optimism in Belgium. Prominent business men in the stricken little kingdom are already making arrangements for the resumption of business on a wider scale as soon as the war is over. A group of Belgians have formed an organization which is now making arrangements for the eventual establishment of American manufacturing agencies in the principal cities of the kingdom. The plan is to give employment to Belgians who have been ruined financially and to find a safe outlet for the funds of other Belgians who have been crippled financially by the war.

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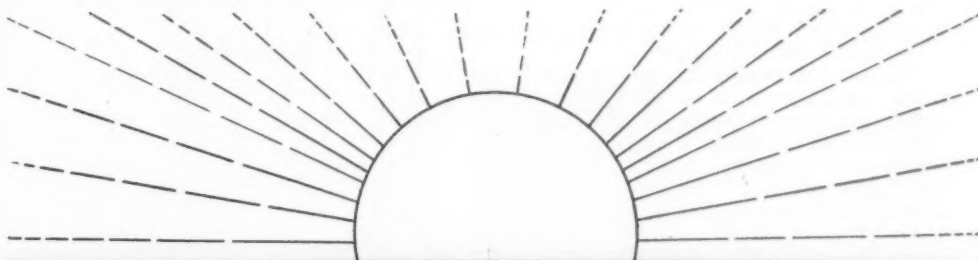
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# Stronger than Death: By Eric A. Darling

Illustrated by LORNE SMITH

THE high dog-cart evolved itself from the mist that had crept up from the meadow, and the girl seated on the front steps of the parsonage watched it listlessly. Indeed, she almost wished that Miss Lawlour would not call to-day. Miss Lawlour was the one really rich girl in the neighborhood and her horses and dresses, the latter wonderful in their rich simplicity, and Miss Lawlour herself, with her unswerving poise bred of gentle birth and foreign polish, grew really trying at times. Besides, she never was in a hurry, never tore her clothes, and little Miss Robins wondered if she had ever climbed a tree or hunted for berries, or learned to swim and run and fish, like most of the girls round the Beach.

She frowned a little and twisted the strings of her sun-bonnet. She really couldn't remember that Miss Lawlour was five years older than she was, and had found most of her amusements within the confines of her father's large estate. She could see the top of the broad chimneys through the trees—that wonderful house that the rectory girl had, as a child, regarded as the Palace Beautiful.

The dog-cart drew up at the door of the parsonage. The groom jumped down and took from the back a large bundle that had been hidden under the seat, deposited it in the porch, then ran down again and stood at the horse's head. The girl descended.

Something in the settled sadness of the rich girl's face, too deep to be defined, struck the rectory girl afresh. And she had envied her—this girl whose lover had died within the year, a victim to scarlet fever; while Ned, her own sweetheart, whom she was to marry before the moon was full, had escaped.

"You have not been near me for a week," said little Miss Robins with a gayety she did not feel.

The other smiled slowly.

"So? And yet you were not very glad to see me come up the road. You were wishing I would leave you alone for another week."

"Really—" began the younger girl, but Miss Lawlour only laughed.

"You can't deny it. I knew by the angle of your pink sun-bonnet before I even saw the face beneath the frill. It's an infallible sign."

"To tell the truth, father's away, and I'm poor company, and have grown, in consequence, unbearably cross."



Still the girl did not stir. Miss Lawlour went and stood behind her.

"Anything wrong?"

The girl twisted her pink sun-bonnet dejectedly. How was she to tell this rich girl that she was aching for a couple of really pretty dresses, and a wedding gown of silk, and a veil, instead of the made-up poplin and the old white muslin, newly pressed, that lay in a drawer upstairs awaiting next week? Perhaps she wouldn't understand. Perhaps she would think she was begging. Little Miss Robins pressed her lips firmly together and tied the pink strings determinedly under her chin.

THE elder woman's eyes were fixed on the meadow. She wondered how she was to begin. She had never known the girl of the rectory very well but after Harold had died it had been the girl's father who had helped her most. He had seldom spoken to her religiously at that time, appreciating that abstract principles are not the balm needed for a break-

ing heart. He had talked to her rather of her lover himself—the human Harold that had lived near them, the Harold they both had known, and of the simple grandeur of his short life. And so it was that Miss Lawlour had come to him and had grown to know his daughter. They had never become very intimate. Their ways and modes of life were too distinct for that; but little Miss Robins had been the only girl she had associated with since her lover's death. It might have been that little Miss Robins was unhampered by the formal conventionalities that hedged in the richer girls she knew. It might have been that she was a rector's daughter. Harold had been a clergyman.

She looked down at the big bundle at her feet in an undecided way and repeated her question.

"N—no," said little Miss Robins, her mouth drooping as she thought of the newly-ironed muslin.

"I'm glad of that," said Miss Lawlour

briskly. "How's the trousseau getting on? Do you know, I've been wondering about that. I know you rarely get to town to see the pretty things, and—" she broke off and then started again, "I have to go to-morrow, and I thought—"

The girl of the rectory looked at her squarely.

"That's certainly very good of you," she said, bravely swallowing a lump, half of pride, half of pity, "But I haven't the money to buy the things, even if I went, and I can't ask father—"

Miss Lawlour nodded gravely.

"Of course not," she said.

"The things I've got will do very well," added little Miss Robins. And then she was seized with a panic lest this rich girl would ask to see them. But she did nothing of the kind.

"Of course not," said Miss Lawlour again. Then she hurried on: "A clergyman's wife or daughter doesn't need such things. You see, you're going to be both; and it would be very foolish and very inappropriate to get the ordinary amount of dresses, even if you had the money to spend."

SHE paused a moment, then went on quietly, her wide eyes fixed on the distant fields—her still hands clasped in her lap.

"We used to talk over that part of it, Harold and I."

It was the first time she had mentioned his name in her presence, and little Miss Robins drew a quick breath and held on very tightly to the pink sun-bonnet strings.

"If—if he had lived, we were to have been married very quietly and my trousseau would not have been very much more than your own. The wedding dress"—little Miss Robins wondered how she could speak so quietly—"the wedding dress was to have been of finest silk, though—the finest that could be bought; for, since I had the money, nothing would have been too good to have gone to him in, and—I was to have worn my mother's veil. Did you know that the dress and all the things were finished when—when he died?"

She paused, as though expecting an answer from little Miss Robins.

"No," said little Miss Robins very, very gently, and in a whisper, "I did not know."

"The last stitch was put in the dress the day he went to the poor people of his parish, and nursed the man through the fever. When I returned afterwards"—it was her only allusion to her own exposure in nursing her lover—"I laid it away with the other things. I could not bear to see them. Last night I could not sleep, and I kept thinking of them and of—you—and—and I thought, perhaps, if you were not superstitious"—the shadow of a smile trembled around her mouth—"I thought, perhaps, you would take a few of the things, and—perhaps the dress. You see, they'll be as appropriate for you as for me, since you're to become a clergyman's wife. It would be a comfort and a favor to me. Would—would you—"

She got through the speech somehow, turning from the distant view to the girl. Little Miss Robin's back was to her. Miss Lawlour rose quickly and went to her.

"Oh! I have hurt you," she cried. "I did not mean to; I only thought—"

Little Miss Robins turned. She was crying and smiling a little too.

"Hurt? A favor to you? It's all too beautiful to be true!" she began incoherently.

The girl was undemonstrative. She did not touch the pathetically happy little figure at her side.

"I am glad," she said gently. "I am glad you are to wear them. I hoped you would, and—see, I have brought the dress with me. Would—would you care to look at it?"

Between them they got the big bundle through the small door of the rectory and into little Miss Robins' room; and then Miss Lawlour undid it, the younger girl looking on with a queer choked feeling in her throat. It was Miss Lawlour who shook the silk out and laid it on the bed, and it was Miss Lawlour who smoothed the creases out of the exquisite lace with which the bodice was trimmed.

The evening sun, breaking through the mist, crept around and looked into a window, and one long, brilliant shaft of light fell like an angel's finger on the veil. Outside, a thrush trilled as though to burst his little throat, and still the silence of the room was unbroken by a sound.

The daughter of the rectory touched the edge of the long skirt with a small, timid hand that trembled, and a big tear hid itself in the folds, as a dew-drop hides in the heart of a white rose. Miss Lawlour, her hands upon the enameled foot railing of the iron bedstead, leaned her weight upon them, until the tension told in the blood that swept round the knuckles. She had no tears to cry.

"How can you look at it?" the younger girl whispered, turning her face, one flushed cheek against the silken folds, to the elder's still, sad one.

"I could not at first," said she in a low voice. "The world wondered and talked," she went on, with her grave smile, "when it heard I was engaged to Harold. It said I was unfitted for the life he led. I was. Until I met him I had never known what a man's life could be." She stopped, looking down at the white silk on the bed.

"But—but that you can be so brave," said the other awed.

"Love brings strength," said Miss Lawlour. "I loved him so that, if one of us had to be taken, I am glad it was he—glad, if one of us had to suffer, he was spared."

THE long, long silence fell again between them, heavy with the weight of its own stillness. The sun ran its golden shaft of flickering light from the face of the veil, across the bodice of the dress, down to the farthest hem, and then wraith-like melted into the dissolving mist. Outside, the cadence of the bird filled in the calm lapses of nature. Miss Lawlour moved towards the door.

"Perhaps—you would let me help you alter it to fit you," she said a trifle doubtfully, "and then if you would let me put it on when—" She fingered the fringe of the scarf lying across a near-by chair.

The girl of the rectory raised herself from her knees by the bed, stood upright,

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and faced her with blue eyes swimming in a sea of tears.

"If—I—would—let—you," she said slowly, and then she came to Miss Lawlour, took both the elder girl's delicately gloved hands and silently laid her cheek against them.

AND so it was Miss Lawlour who dressed her on her wedding-day, Miss Lawlour who greeted her on the landing of the stairs when the brief ceremony held in the little church was over, and who helped her into the traveling dress of brown.

The girl went over to the window and drew aside the muslin curtains of the tiny room where she had lived so long and which she was now leaving. Miss Lawlour finished putting the last things in the bag resting on the bed, and glanced uncertainly once or twice toward the slim, motionless figure by the window.

"Ned is waiting," she said gently. "It is time for you to go."

Still the girl did not stir. Miss Lawlour went and stood behind her, looking out over her shoulder.

"Ned is waiting," she repeated. "They are calling to you. Come."

Below a bevy of girls, their hands rice-laden, were calling her by name. Someone slammed a door, and someone else struck up a popular air on the old cracked piano.

There was an echo of blithe laughter—the bridegroom's voice in protest. The younger woman still stared out across the quiet country to the strip of water lying silver-sheeted in the bright sunlight. Then she turned and clung to Miss Lawlour, the glory of her own happiness shadowed by the wonder of the other's pain.

"How can you bear it so?" she whispered. "How can you bear it so?"

"I loved him," said Miss Lawlour simply. "We loved each other. I have that to think of—always."

And the young wife went down to meet her husband with a new realization of the power of love—a power stronger than Death.

### Sir George Paish

Continued from Page 28

said of the conduct of other departments of the nation's business during war time, at least the Exchequer had the very best at the helm. Not a little of the success of David Lloyd George as economist *par excellence*, this last year, has been due to the advisory voice of Sir George Paish.

He has some failings and no biographer could truly sing his subject did he neglect to say so. Curiously enough this mathematical and keen-witted financier-journalist has a propensity for leaving everything to the last moment. He catches a train as it is steaming out. He boards a liner for New York as the bell sounds for visitors to leave the ship. But for a busy man a miss is surely as good as a mile; and if Sir George gets home by the skin of his teeth, at least he always gets there—that is the main thing.

## The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

Continued from Page 33.

Over our drinks we talked.  
"You ought t' celebrate now," counselled Hanny.

"Think I'll be too busy later?"

"U-hu."

"What will follow?"

"Law-suit."

"Try to upset the legality of the meeting?"

"Oh, no. Can't do that. Probably sic the Government on you."

"The same thing I was thinking of doing to him once before! But that would ruin Aiken?"

"No. Aiken might be able to build up again same as you thought of doing. Then again—Aiken has other irons in the fire."

"Hm!" I was thinking. "I guess it's up to me to be ready with something on Aiken? Know anything?"

"Wouldn't tell you if I did."

"Don't be nasty."

"I ain't nasty. I just don't know anything. But—if I were you—I'd look into Aiken's crowd. I hear—" He spoke now with elaborate indifference and with a casual look over both shoulders to make sure no one else in the bar was listening. "I hear that Sir Robert Jones is a great friend of Aiken's."

"Mm! I knew that. Jones has loaned Aiken money very freely."

"Yes—and there's more than that between them."

"Thanks," I said, reading his face.

"Get the rejoicing over with soon as y' can," growled Hanny and he strolled away with the same amiable appearance of innocence and good nature. "S' long."

"S' long, George."

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**I**F YOU ARE A BOY and need more spending money, or such premiums as gold watches, canoes, bicycles, baseball outfits, boxing gloves, rifles, etc., let us tell you how to get them. Write MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, 143-153 University Ave., Toronto.

the system. But the three thousand employees in the head office alone are three thousand intelligent and alert men and women, each tapping a circle of acquaintanceship, in clubs, in hotels, in workshops, in the parlors of lower class people. If the head of a big wholesale grocery takes to dabbling in politics and is thinking of running for the Provincial Parliament next election—that word comes to the C.T.R., and is docketed with the rest of that man's record in the mind of some official whose business it is to know about that wholesale grocer. If another road proposes to use lighter steel on a new bridge than has been its practice in the past—the C.T.R. knows of it. I never knew how Hanny heard about the change in the management of the Wholesalers' Guild. I took pains not to inquire.

**T**HIS is what I found out about Sir Robert Jones, head of the second railway financial bund of Montreal. Sir Robert's last efforts at floating bonds in France—a market which he had been assiduously cultivating of late—had been successful but promised to yield him a bitter crop. He had floated a mere two million dollars for a street railway deal in a Quebec city and the railway had not turned out to be all that Sir Robert had promised it was or would be. Paris was likely to be a hornet's nest. There would be trouble when the bondholders found out how the earnings of the road stood and how the overhead expenditures had been increased—without any good return. This, in itself was not useful information until one came to consider the miracle by which Sir Robert had so long been able to keep the true state of affairs from getting out. I hired my Montreal detective once more to help me—I had dismissed Smedden. Through this newspaperman I obtained a list of the shareholders in the street railway company of which Sir Robert was the unhappy president. The chief block was held by Sir Robert in trust for a Montreal monastery. This institution was next in order of wealth to the order whose financial ventures were handled by Blondin. The agent for the order was no other than the richest man in Canada—the little Frenchman Percard, whom I had seen so obsequiously treated by Sir Robert Jones the day I escaped him by hiding in Blondin's office. It was through Percard that Jones was able to muffle all questions and suppress the facts as to the earnings of the street railway. Here was real material of war. I could silence Aiken by making a feint—or a real thrust for that matter at his big chief Jones.

**H**ANNY grunted and chuckled when I told him.

"Hu-hu!" he said. "I ran across that little matter once—when we were afraid Sir Bob was going to ask for more favors from the Government at Ottawa than we thought were in the interests of the country. Go to it, Lazenby. More strength to your arm."

I went to Quebec and saw little Blondin. This time he dined with me and afterward we played billiards with friends of his in the Garrison Club. Billiards over, Blondin and I talked business. I outlined

the case of the electric railway and asked him what would happen if Percard were given a hint of the true situation.

"Ah!" sighed Blondin. "The thought is quite too unkind. I cannot imagine it. It would be very sad. Very distressing."

"Then my gun is loaded? Eh?"

"Cruelly so, m'sieu'."

SINCE my Toronto house was still closed and I had no need to be there, thanks to the efficient management of the Bradbury's, I occupied a desk in the Wholesalers' Guild headquarters and took an active part in the conduct of its affairs. The next lot of orders for knitted goods was already being prepared and would go to my mills—not Aiken's. I had everything ready for Aiken. I was not afraid.

On Monday his vessel was reported at Father Point. Wednesday morning I was early at the office. Wednesday noon brought Aiken.

"Ah!" he said, espying me in the office and coming forward. "How do you do? Back early, you are?" He seemed a little anxious.

"I didn't go." I answered, easily. "I sailed you know—but was called back from Quebec. Had to send the family on alone."

"Eh?" he cried.

But I did not repeat the information. He had heard it the first time. He was merely gaining time to collect his senses. And he did it, I must say, admirably. All that escaped him was:

"Ah!" And he proceeded to clear his papers out of the big desk. "So—" he said as he seemed about ready to go, "You—you have had a board meeting?"

"Yes."

"And—"

"We decided it would be necessary to issue the balance of the authorized capital. I bought the \$150,000 of treasury stock. Of course if you had wished any—"

"Unissued stock!" he cried. Was there—oh!"

"Possibly you forgot that our original charter authorized a \$300,000 capital?"

"Phew!" He seemed dazed. "So that was the particular method?"

"It was deemed—advisable," I said.

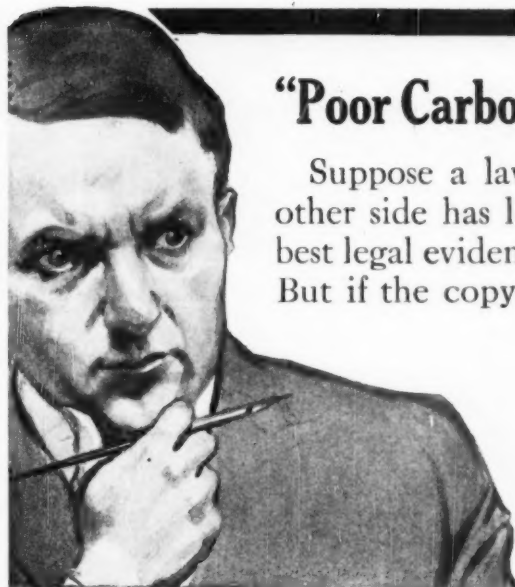
"Hm! Well by Gad, we shall see! We shall see!"

He went out. There was fight in his eyes. I found myself rather hastily thinking over the weapons I had ready for him when he made his counter attack. They were staunch enough.

To Be Continued.

### Will Men be Shorter?

The great struggle now being waged in Europe will leave its imprint on future generations in the form of shorter stature among the nations which are suffering most severely. One feature of war is that the tallest and strongest of the men are sent to the front. The shortest and weakest men remain at home and this results in a lower standard of manhood in the succeeding generation. This was the result in France of the Napoleonic wars. The protracted campaigns of the little Corsican drained France of her finest sons and reduced the average stature of the race to an appreciable degree.



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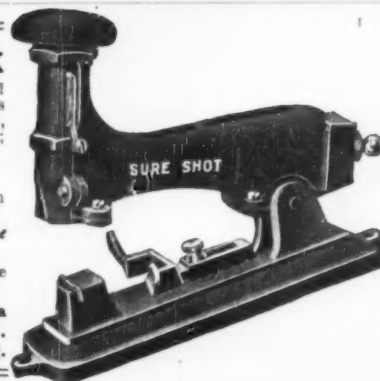
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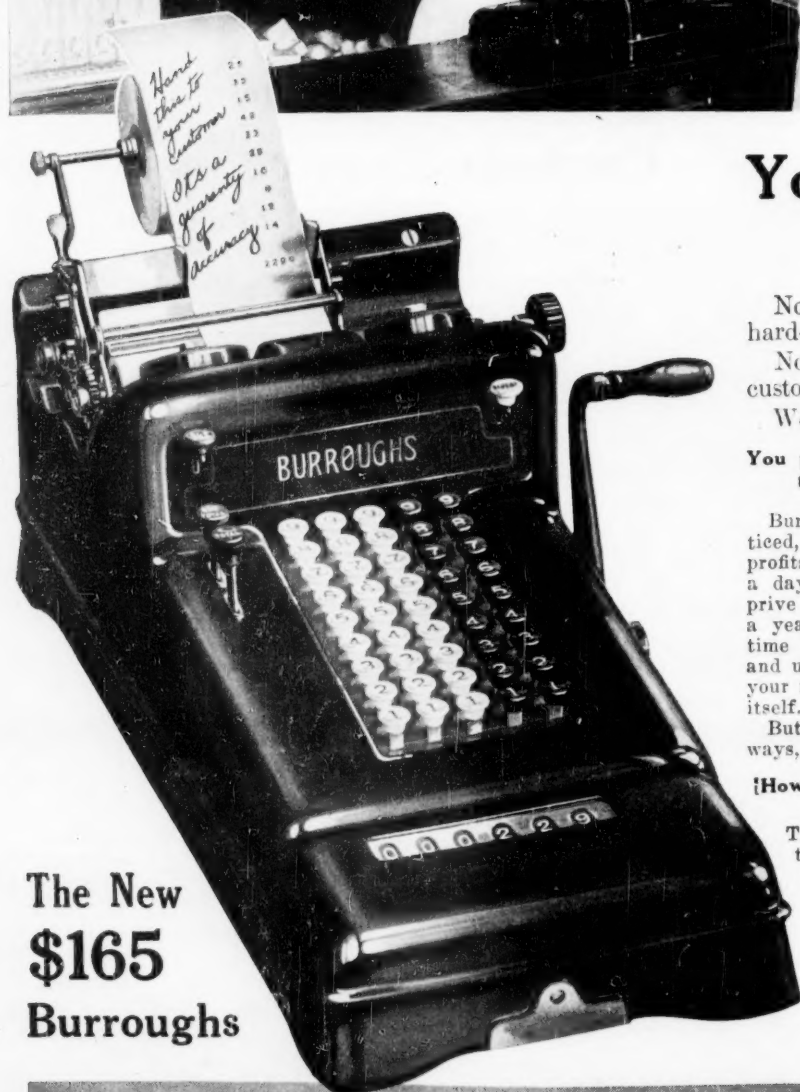




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But it saves in many other ways, too.

**[How about errors in your charge accounts?**

They are just as common there—and even more serious. They cost you money and often cause suspicion in your customers' minds.

The housewife doesn't like to add up all those sales slips at the end of the month—neither

do you. But the Burroughs does it in a jiffy—and protects you both.

**Retailers invested \$72,000 in this machine the first three days**

Every day since the new Burroughs was announced, retailers everywhere have been buying it.

There is just one reason. The Burroughs solves the big problem of profit protection that has worried thousands of progressive retailers for years.

**Have a look at it on your counter**

Next time the Burroughs man is near let him show you this machine. There are many other things it will do for you—too many to crowd into one advertisement. Drop a post card to the nearest Burroughs Office. There are 170 of them. Your telephone book or your banker will tell you the nearest, or just address Burroughs, Detroit, Michigan.

## The Next Man Up

Continued from Page 14.

his hand on a particular individual in the group of able young men who are growing up in the service of the company and say, this one will outstrip all the others. As the Canadian Northern has hitherto been managed primarily by four men, so it may yet be controlled by a second and younger group of four men.

If any one will take the trouble to look up the list of officers of the company, he will notice a peculiar circumstance. This is the absence from the roll of a second vice-president. Sir Donald Mann is called vice-president pure and simple; D. B. Hanna is third vice-president. Between the two there is a hiatus. More than one official of the Canadian Northern is said to be looking with covetous eye at the vacant office, but so far the position has never been filled. Rumor has it that Sir William wants the position for his son, R. J. Mackenzie, of Winnipeg. That may or may not be true. At any rate, R. J. Mackenzie is the natural successor to his father's great interests. He has been actively associated with the railway for a good many years and has been especially prominent in construction work in the West. He resides in Winnipeg where he is a leading figure socially.

Of course much is going to depend in future on the direction in which the activities of the owners of the Canadian Northern find expression. If construction, which has hitherto been the preponderating interest, continues to hold sway, one group of men will exert superior influence. If on the other hand construction is diminished or ceases, the power will pass to the hands of quite another group. The latter contingency is obviously the most likely, which means that the department over which Mr. Hanna presides will gradually assume greater and greater authority.

THE operating department has two general managers, M. H. Macleod, who has been in charge of Western lines since 1900; and L. C. Fritch, who was recently made general manager of Eastern lines. The latter is also designated assistant to the president and as such is nominally at any rate Sir William's own special understudy. He is a man, who is as yet a stranger to the great mass of Canadians, but who will, if all signs do not fail, become a very important figure in the railroad life of the country. Indeed, insiders are prepared to admit that he may quite likely be the dark horse, who will nose out the field in the running for presidential honors.

Mr. Fritch is an American by birth and is now forty-seven years of age. He enjoys the advantage of having been trained both in civil engineering and in law. Entering the service of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, he spent several years in an engineering capacity on American roads. He rose eventually to be assistant general manager of the Illinois Central, became assistant to the president of that

## The War and Canadian Trade

Many books increase our knowledge of the fighting aspects of the War—the men, the methods, the area of conflict. This book deals with a peaceful aspect that appeals to every citizen of the Dominion: Canada's Commercial Opportunity.

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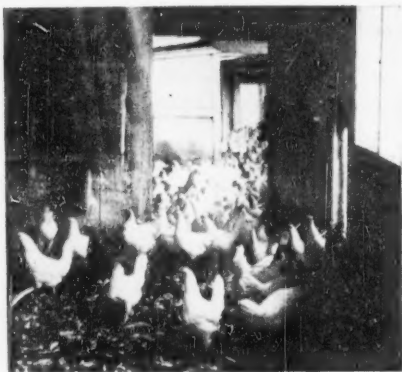
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# Farms, Large and Small

*The money that can come to the man with courage and resource.*

A Living from the Soil! The New Freedom on a farm! The actual stories of men who have gone ahead with ideas, makes interesting reading because of their practical common-sense and possibilities for you.

The October Number of The Farmer's Magazine is an especially good one for the man who wants to make money on the farm, whether that farm be large or small. The writers are practical men, who do not glorify any job for a sinister purpose. They are on the land because it gives them

## Five Good Reasons for Living on a Farm:

- Independence.
- A Good Living.
- Scientific Interest.
- Good Health.
- A Bank Account.

A glance at the contents page of this issue will suffice. The cover design is from a painting made on the farm by a celebrated artist. It will

frame well. The illustrations are most attractive. Here are a few titles:

### Two Small Holdings—and Content

By W. L. Smith

Small farms near Orono, Ontario; greenhouse possibilities and returns that beat out a city income.

### 200 Free Farm Books

By W. D. Albright

A tabulated statement of the information to be had from the Government bulletins. A special article.

### Making the 100 Pay

By A. H. Harvey

Mixed farming on the Otonabee, where good results follow.

### How Henry Holmes Grows Wheat

By Max McDermott

The secret of getting high quality grain on the prairie farm.

### Double Money in Beef Cattle

By W. H. Guthrie

A young farmer's experience on a 300-acre farm with stockers and finished beef.

### Ready Money Each Week

By A. P. Marshall

A few hens, fruits and vegetables on a small farm.

### Why 30 Grades of Wheat?

By Professor R. Harcourt

A discussion about the growing of hard wheat and how soil, climate and variety changes the flour content.

### Getting the Baby's Viewpoint

By Genevieve

An expert writer on Women's Institute matters. A subject that is compelling.

But time and space are too short to enumerate all the good things of this issue. Others dealing with traction ditching, kitchen furnishing, school fairs, demonstration classes, consolidated schools, the month's work, farm letters, rural mail queries, farming under glass, etc.

The main point about them is:

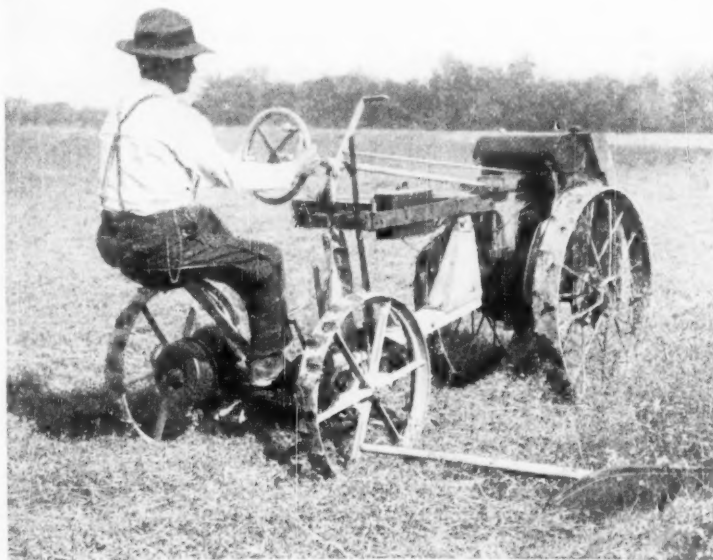
These articles are authoritative and comprehensive. They give under one title a thorough treatment of the subject and explain largely by pictures. The Farmer's Magazine is a purely Canadian publication and leads in its class on the continent.

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**TORONTO**

**CANADA**



The big farmer, as well as the 100-acre man, is beginning to enquire more into power machines. A big test is on at Guelph in November.

road and ultimately its consulting engineer. Then he went over to the Chicago Great Western as its chief engineer and last year was selected by Sir William Mackenzie as his assistant. He has brought to the Canadian Northern very valuable gifts, having a complete knowledge both of construction and operation, great executive ability, forcefulness and a genial and approachable manner.

His western colleague, Mr. Macleod, is also a civil engineer by profession. He was chief engineer of the Lake Temiskaming Railway, now part of the C.P.R. and later was in charge of the construction of the Crow's Nest Railway. Joining the C.N.R. fifteen years ago, he may be said to have been connected with the organization almost from its inception. He is a combination of a good construction man and an efficient operating official and is thoroughly well liked throughout his jurisdiction. He too may be expected to hold high rank in the system.

ON the construction side of the organization, the coming man is reputedly A. J. Mitchell, whose official titles are that of comptroller of Mackenzie, Mann & Co. and assistant to the vice-president of the Canadian Northern Company. He is a young Torontonian, the son of the late Charles Mitchell, a veteran Grand Trunk Railway conductor, and is now about forty years of age. As comptroller, he undertook the financial work in connection with the construction of the Canadian Northern System, performing the duties of the office with energy and efficiency. He is a man of undoubted ability and he enjoys the confidence of Sir William and Sir Donald to an intimate degree. From present appearances, his future as a high official of the C.N.R. organization, seems absolutely assured.

FROM the executive standpoint, the next man up is undoubtedly the company's general counsel, F. H. Phippen, K.C. Mr. Phippen succeeded Mr. Lash in this office and he is in a special manner qualified to carry forward the policies which the latter has devised for the advancement of Canadian Northern interests. He was born in Belleville, fifty-three years ago, studied law under the late Walter Barwick, K.C., in Toronto, and went to Winnipeg in 1885 to join the legal firm of Macdonald & Tupper. These young men—Hugh John Macdonald and J. Stewart Tupper—were solicitors for the land department of the C.P.R., for the Hudson Bay Company, the Bank of Montreal and other corporations and Mr. Phippen, being confident and aggressive, soon became a leading corporation lawyer in Winnipeg. Eventually he spent three years as a judge of the Manitoba Court of Appeal, but resigned from the bench in 1909 to come to Toronto as general counsel for the Canadian Northern. He has done good work for the company but his present standing, as also that of Mr. Lash, has been somewhat shadowed by the recent unpleasant developments in Manitoba.

There are other young men in the organization, who give promise of advancing to positions of high authority—notably W. H. Moore, the secretary, and L. J.

# "VIYELLA"

(Reg'd)

## FLANNEL

### Fall Designs for 1915

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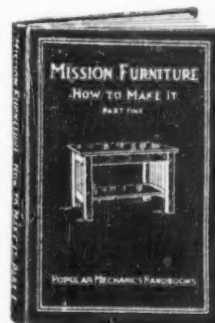
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# Watson's

## UNDERWEAR



27

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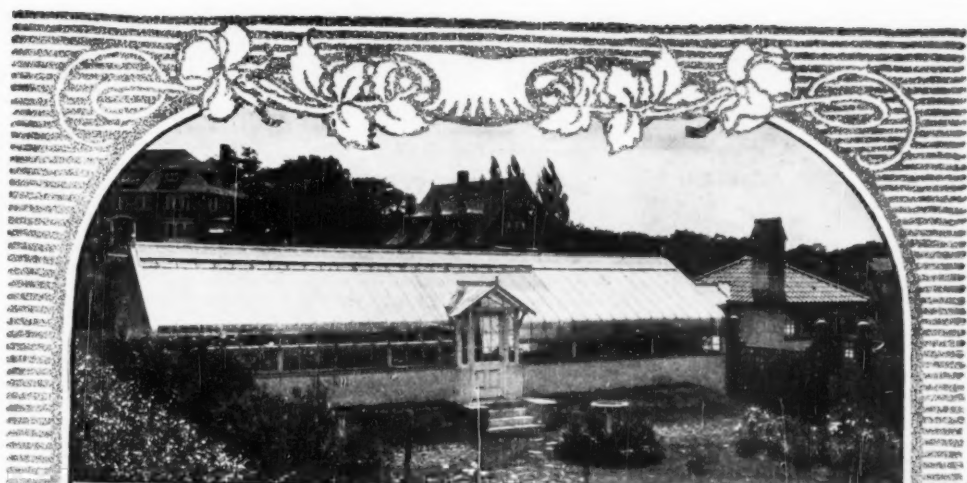
Mitchell, the treasurer, but it would be invidious to select and compare them. The four, who from present appearances seem to be the most likely successors to the present high officials are those mentioned. They are at least the next men on the staff in point of authority, but whether any or all of them succeed to office or in what order of precedence they will advance, are secrets that only time can reveal.

PASSING now to the larger banking institutions of the country, who are the next men up in the management of their affairs? Of prospective presidents in succession to the present holders of the office, it is impossible to make predictions. Presidents of banks differ appreciably from presidents of transportation companies, in that they are not of necessity managers. Indeed, their association with the banks over which they preside, may be of quite a nominal character and any member of the board of directors with the necessary power and influence may succeed. This is often the case, despite the growing custom of promoting the general manager to the presidency when the vacancy occurs.

With one or two possible exceptions, therefore, it is the general manager who is the important figure in the banks from the executive standpoint, and it is with the men who are in line for the post of general manager that we are concerned. They belong to the bank's organization and have advanced through the ranks to their present position in the head office. Speculation as to their identity may be said to be reduced to a minimum, for of late years it has become the custom to appoint assistant general managers, who are presumably qualified to take up the duties of general manager in case of emergency. At the same time, it must never be overlooked that the position is in the gift of the board of directors, who may advance whom they will to the office.

SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, has as his assistant and presumable successor, Arthur Douglas Braithwaite. Mr. Braithwaite is a man, who has been associated with banking in Canada for over forty years, and his knowledge of the subject is reputedly extensive. He has enjoyed experiences in the West during its formative period, was stationed in Hamilton and Toronto at the time when these cities were developing so rapidly industrially, spent some time in New York acquiring a knowledge of the mysteries of exchange, and for the past few years has been on the head office staff in Montreal.

Mr. Braithwaite may be described not only as an efficient banker but as a man of great social popularity and one who has always been keenly interested in sport. When he managed the bank's Calgary branch during the eighties, he was one of the social lions of the place. He went in enthusiastically for every pastime in which the Westerners indulged, and even took to broncho busting. As for racing, he was one of the foremost supporters of the sport in Alberta and did much to



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Perhaps you have a notion it's going to be quite a task.

Promptly dispel the notion.

There are worries about it—but that's our end of it. We will, if you wish, do every part of the work from the turning of the sod to turning on of the heat in your completed glass garden.

The first thing to do now, is send for our Two G's Booklet or Glass Garden, etc., and see if there are any subjects in it that seem to meet your needs. If so, we can promptly give you a price on any one of them complete.

If you fail to find any quite satisfactory, then we will take pleasure in making for you a special design, in which case the work room should harmonize with your other buildings. A photograph of such buildings would then be of great assistance to us. So will you kindly see that one is sent us?

All this preliminary can generally be carried on by correspondence; but frequently it is an advantage to have one of us come right to your grounds, look over the proposed location and talk things over generally with you. This we are always glad to do. It often results in our being able to make several advantageous suggestions.

When you have finally ordered your house, we at once start to get the materials ready in any one of our three factories. Everything when it reaches your grounds will be cut and fitted ready for immediate erection. Because of this, the rapidity with which the house goes up, will surprise you.

And now let us suggest that this is a particularly fortunate time to build. Materials are bound to be higher. Everything points that way.

Shall we send the Two G's Booklet or come and see you?

# Lord & Burnham Co.

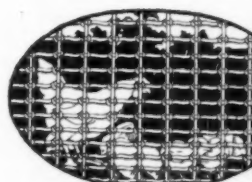
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**NOTE**—A special reduction will be allowed to all who do not win a prize.

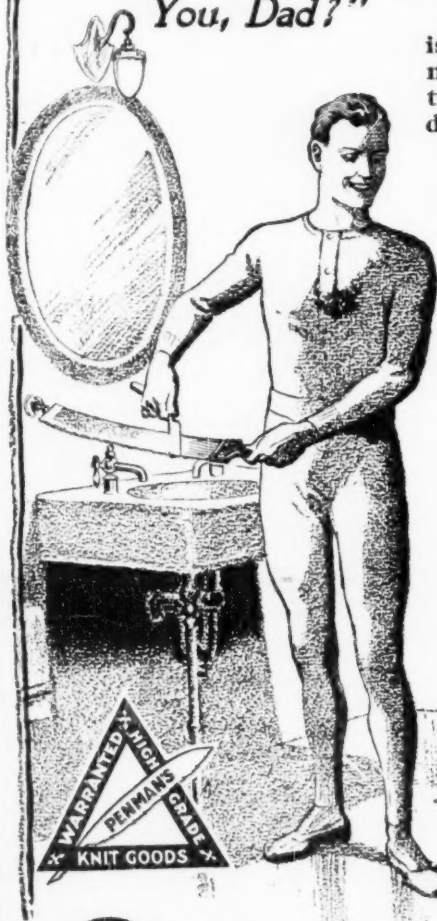
### CONDITIONS

1. Make your drawing with either pencil or pen.
2. Your drawing must be larger than copy.
3. Write your name and address on upper left corner of drawing.
4. If under 15 years, state your age.
5. Cut out this Ad. and pin to your drawing.
6. Our drawing outfit is not given with these prizes.

Your drawing must be in our hands not later than **Sept. 30th**. Somebody will be the lucky winner—it may as well be you. Remember the date—**Sept. 30th**. Address—**Drawing Contest Department—**

**The Shaw Correspondence School, 397 Yonge Street, Toronto**

*"Does Everybody  
Wear Underwear  
Same as Me and  
You, Dad?"*



*"Don't know, son. Guess  
the wise ones do. You're  
going to get Penmans as  
long as dad's doing the  
buying for you."*

Penmans Underwear  
is made from fine-grade  
materials, smooth, elastic,  
and of a quality that  
defies wash-tub trials.

The Penman process  
puts the shape there  
to stay, and costs you  
no more than lower  
grades.

Made in all styles  
and weights for men,  
women and children.

Penmans Limited

Underwear  
Hosiery  
Sweaters  
Paris, Ont.

100

**Penmans Underwear**

maintain it on a respectable plane, his own horse, Harkaway, winning him fame in more than one event.

The son of an English Church clergyman and himself born in the Old Country, he has always evinced a deep interest in church work, while his public-spiritedness has been shown on more than one occasion when he has taken an active part in patriotic, social and philanthropic undertakings. He is a brother-in-law of Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and has lately been called upon to sacrifice a daughter and two sons-in-law in the cause of the Empire. Lieuts. Guy Drummond, of Montreal, and Trumbell Warren, of Toronto, who died on the battle front in France, were married to his elder daughters, while Miss Dorothy Braithwaite, who was on her way to London to be with Mrs. Drummond, lost her life in the sinking of the Lusitania.

IN the case of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the coming man is undoubtedly John Aird, the present assistant general manager. Like Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Aird has been associated with banking for a lengthy period and also like his Montreal contemporary, he spent many years in Western Canada. Indeed, it is said to have been on account of his exceptional knowledge of Western conditions that he was selected for his present position. When Sir Edmund Walker succeeded to the presidency of the bank in 1907, and the assistant general manager of that day, Alexander Laird, was promoted to be general manager, it was thought that there would be no necessity to appoint an assistant. Mr. Laird, who had had fifteen years' experience as manager of the New York branch, was and is a great authority on exchange and, so far as the problems of international banking were concerned, he had no peer in the Dominion. But his long absence in New York had placed him a little out of touch with certain aspects of domestic business and, as the story goes, he began to find the task of managing the bank single-handed too heavy an undertaking. Accordingly, in 1911, he agreed to have an assistant and Mr. Aird, who was then superintendent of central Western branches at Winnipeg, was brought to Toronto. The combination proved a happy one. Mr. Laird with his intimate knowledge of the larger problems of banking and Mr. Aird with his close personal acquaintance with the domestic field, made a strong pair.

Mr. Aird, who will celebrate his sixtieth birthday this fall is a banker first and last. You may find him around the clubs, it is true; you may even see him an interested onlooker at sporting events, but these are in a sense outside of his regular routine. To the service of the bank he is giving his undivided attention. He is in his office late and early and is keeping his hand and eye constantly on the affairs of the institution.

As a banker, Mr. Aird's distinguishing characteristic is an insatiable desire to come right down to fundamentals. It is said that when he was in the West and traveling about the country, he was accustomed to get right out among the farmers and by asking questions right and left ascertain with a precision that

no one else could hope to equal, just exactly how the agricultural community stood financially. Even to-day his knowledge of detail is reputedly extraordinary. These qualities have inclined him to be cautious and may be accountable for the reputation he possesses of being extremely careful and exacting.

IN the case of the Royal Bank, of which E. L. Pease is the general manager, the next man up is Charles Ernest Neill, who is one of two assistant general managers. Mr. Neill is a much younger man than either Mr. Braithwaite or Mr. Aird, being only forty-two on his last birthday but, that he is a coming man in banking circles, is an opinion widely held. In a sense he is a combination of his two older contemporaries. He is keen and aggressive in business; agreeable and entertaining outside his office.

Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, Mr. Neill entered the service of the Royal Bank locally and was advanced to be manager of the branch in Vancouver. It was here that he made a name for himself and, when he left to become a supervisor, the branch had grown to such dimensions that it had few equals outside some head offices in the East. From supervisor, Mr. Neill rose to be chief inspector, and at the early age of thirty-four, he found himself in the position of assistant general manager. No bank in Canada has forged ahead so rapidly of recent years as the Royal and, while Sir Herbert Holt, the president, and Mr. Pease, the general manager, are responsible for the larger policies that have made the advancement possible, the working out of much of the detail has been in the hands of Mr. Neill. He, it was, who put through the Royal-Traders merger that gave the Royal such a strong forward impetus, and in much of the progressive work of the bank, his hand is in evidence.

### Restocking of the North Sea

For many years past the depletion of the fishing-grounds of the North Sea has been a matter of great importance. The multiplicity of fishing-vessels and the widespread use of the steam-trawler have tended to exhaust the fisheries of the North Sea, the fishermen of to-day being compelled to go much farther afield to secure remunerative catches. Now that this expanse of salt water is virtually closed to peaceful pursuits, the fish have the opportunity to multiply; and one may rest assured that Nature will take full advantage of the lull in the work—so far as she is concerned—of destruction as represented by fishing activity. Sufficient evidences of this are already forthcoming. The herring-run has been one of unprecedented magnitude, but it has proceeded practically unmolested. The mackerel-run will share a similar experience. As what might be termed the annual or migratory fish-runs escape decimation, it is only natural to assume that the ground fish, such as the plaice, sole, etc., will profit from a spell of trawling inactivity.

# Big Ben

Made in LaSalle and  
Peru, Ill. by Westclox



## You and Big Ben

FROM that very first happy morning greeting, Big Ben will be a new inspiration—to speed you on through those busy early morning *rush* hours.

He will start you on the "straight-ahead" track with extra steam and capacity for that *big* job in sight, and you'll look forward to the wind-up time with a feeling of *security*.

Big Ben will share your room like a bully-good companion—shoulder your "get-up" troubles, and regulate your habits. He will make the morning call any way you say—with a straight five minute ring or with ten gentle taps at half-minute intervals.

Big Ben stands seven inches high—has a clear, white dial with black numerals and bold hands. His price is \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. If your jeweler hasn't him, a money order addressed to his makers, Westclox, La Salle, Ill., will bring him to your door with all charges paid.

## How I Escaped From Germany

The third and concluding installment of the adventures of Lissant Beardmore in escaping from Germany will appear in our November Issue. : : :





## A Remarkable Exhibition

To Record an Attendance of over 880,000 people in twelve days at Canada's National Exhibition during the War, is a Real Event

**T**HE real test of a man's character comes in the moment of the emergency.

So it is with a nation. The unexpected happens and the taut fibre of a people vibrates in heroic harmonies.

With a continent at war and a world in turmoil, the Canadian National Exhibition would have startled no one had it fallen flat.

On the contrary, it drew from some hidden reserve power, from some secret chambers of influence—to make the Fair of 1915 what must be acknowledged as a record breaker in world events.

Canadians are in this Empire war—men, munitions and money. Canada is straining at every sinew, for the Allies must win. The whole people are fighting or fetching.

Yet Canadian enterprise, in factory and field, never showed a finer spirit. They never pulled to a fuller purpose, and the watchword of industry is Forward to Better Things.

Particularly impressive was this noted by visitors at the great Exhibition. But for the sake of those who could not get the enthusiasm from a personal visit, these notes are made, as there may be something here detailed that will meet their needs, and even with those who were there it may serve the usual purpose of reminding them of their possibilities. Industrial and mechanical exhibits are a great attraction at the Fair. The

power of man to produce greater by means of a machine has always carried intense interest to mankind the world over. The development of highly intricate machines marks man's superiority over the brute creation. The higher the order of civilization, the higher the use a machine can be put to.

A flying machine, with its graceful movements over the crowds at the waterfront, marks man's conquest of power, just as does the engine, the piano, the knitting machine or the printing press.

This conquest of power is not for vain purposes. It is being applied to conveniences for the comfort of mankind. An invention that cannot be made of use to someone is inconceivable.

So that our visits to the machinery halls, with their marvellous, almost human movements; the clever ingenuity of the process building exhibits; the splendid creations in the manufacturers' building; the luxury and refinement of travel as instanced in the transportation building; as well as the unequalled display of man's creative genius among Holsteins, Clydesdales, Shropshires, Yorkshires, Thorough-breds, Ponies, Jerseys, or Wyandottes, these all gave answer louder than platform eloquence of the enterprise and expanding energy of the Canadian people.

That Canada can make use, and enjoy everything in the world, was demonstrated beyond doubt, and it should carry

to all a greater sense of National confidence and a greater determination to forge ahead into a more prominent place in commerce, in industry, and in agriculture.

A noted feature of the exhibits and one which reflected the confidence of the exhibitors, was the attractive nature of the individual displays. These were of such a high standard in construction and workmanship that any fears that Canada would be unable to rise to the emergency of the war demands on industry, were quickly dispelled. Readers of this magazine will find a renewed interest in taking an arm-chair tour over the exhibits again. Cameras have been busy, and descriptive pens active to carry forward the impressions made and to hammer home the ideas of saving, money-making, improvement and uplift that these things give to any man who is interested in his business.

And not the least, the reader has a chance to get into touch again with the manufacturer or exhibitor in case he has laid aside the memo he took. As one visitor told us, "I have forgotten where to write for that article exhibited in one corner of the process building, but which I must have, as I did not know it was so easy to instal a perfect satisfaction like that."

Hence these stories of business sparkle with interest.



## The Channell Chemical Company

**O**-CEDAR goods need no introduction to Canadians. The crowd visiting the booth this year came not through curiosity, but to see one of the best demonstrations on up-to-date housekeeping efficiency given at the entire Exhibition. It was clearly shown that the work of keeping a house clean and shining can be cut down to less than half by the use of O-Cedar Polish and an O-Cedar Mop. These were used on the floor, and on highly polished furniture, with results that seemed marvellous, but which are nothing more than the natural result of using a polish of this particular composition.

O-Cedar Polish mixes freely with water, giving a high, hard, durable finish. Because it is free from grease, it is absorbed by the varnish, becoming a real

varnish food and preserver. From the standpoint of sanitation O-Cedar has a distinct advantage over other polishes in that it absolutely prevents the breeding of germs, a feature which is partly responsible for its wide use in cleaning woodwork and floors in hospitals and public halls.

In order that O-Cedar polish might be used on woodwork, floors and furniture without the old-fashioned, back-breaking, muscle-aching manipulation, the O-Cedar Polish Mop was invented. With this it is not necessary to get down on your knees to clean and polish a hardwood floor, or to stand on a chair to dust the moulding, or to move heavy furniture in order to clean under it. The mop is long-handled and heavily padded, it slides easily between the stair banisters and into all

hard-to-get-at places. Hard rubbing is not necessary. Wherever the mop passes a good lustre is left and the dust is gathered up and held. This is where O-Cedar cleaning has another marked superiority over the dry dusting, the dust is not stirred up into the air of the room; it sticks tight to the mop.

The demonstration at this exhibit gave an interesting object lesson in saving unnecessary motions in doing house-work. Instead of taking one cloth to dust the woodwork, another to clean the floor, and then going over it all a second time to polish, the whole room was dusted, cleaned and polished in one operation with the O-Cedar Mop.

The same principle is followed with the O-Cedar Dry Duster, an invention which should replace every feather duster in



the world, as it picks up the dust and holds it.

Besides its use in the house, O-Cedar Polish has no equal for cleaning carriages

and automobile beds, seats and tops. After seeing it used on a mahogany piano, leaving a surface like a mirror, you have every assurance of certain results. A

letter addressed to the Channell Chemical Company, 369 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto, will bring any reader further information concerning O-Cedar goods.



## Burroughes and Watts

**M**OST of the Crowned Heads of Europe and statesmen of all countries are billiard enthusiasts. That Burroughes & Watts, Limited, have warrants from seven of the European Courts, is in itself a sufficient testimonial to the quality and workmanship of their Billiard and Pool Tables. Significantly, they have no warrant from the Kaiser, he being the one exception. His attention at the present time seems to be diverted from

billiards to the direction of other kind of "cannon."

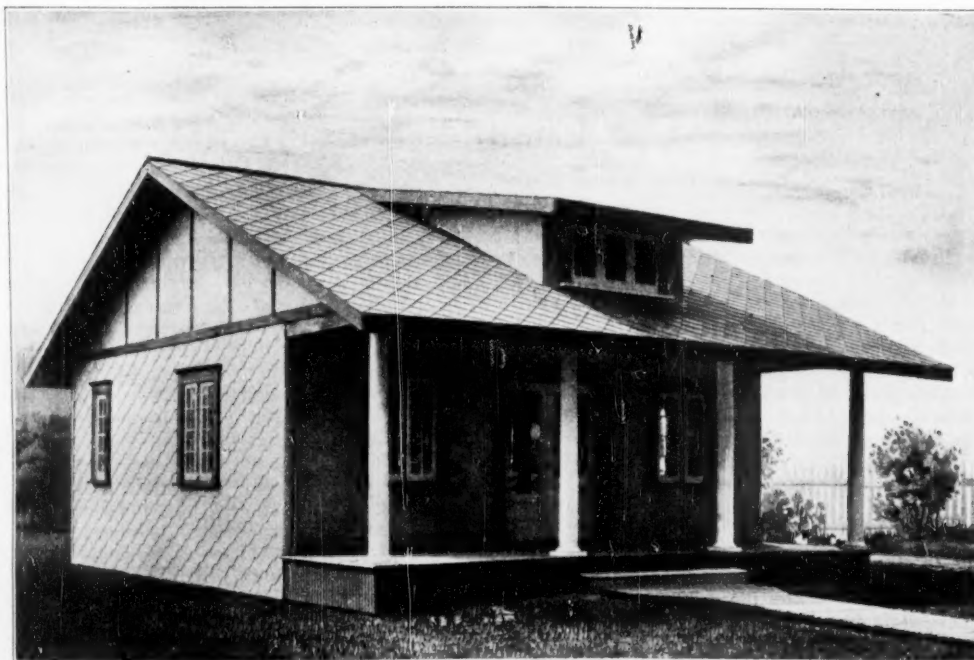
The table, illustrated, is one as shown at the exhibit of Burroughes & Watts. This exhibit attracted a great deal of attention. The table is remarkable for being fitted with two of the most important improvements ever introduced, viz., the Patent Steel Vacuum Cushion and Patent Rigidus Frame, one guaranteeing greatest speed and accuracy of angle and the other a mathematical level, no matter

how faulty the construction of the floor. Visitors were interested to learn that Burroughes & Watts are making tables of all sizes ranging from small one 3x6 feet to the stand size 6x12 feet, so that no room need be considered too small for this fascinating game. Interesting information on billiard playing and the manufacture of billiard and pool tables can be secured by writing to Burroughes & Watts, Billiard Table Makers, to H.M. King George V., 34 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

## The Asbestos Manufacturing Company's Bungalow

**I**N this attractive little Bungalow erected over a year ago on the Exhibition Grounds, the Asbestos Mfg. Co., of Montreal, whose factory is at Lachine, P.Q., have worked up a practical and convincing exhibit of their products as they appear in actual use. The roof is of Asbestoslate, the walls of Asbestos Building Lumber and Asbestoslate, and the interior is lined with LINABESTOS.

All these Asbestocement products are absolutely fireproof, never require paint, and are practically indestructible.



## Nugget Polish Co. LIMITED

THE "Nugget" Polish Company have their usual stand in the Industrial Building and a great feature is made of the flags of the Allied Nations. A new show card, very beautifully lithographed, has been got out by this firm showing the flags of the Allies in the corner and two most important allies, viz., a pair of well-cleaned shoes and a "Nugget" Outfit in the centre. At a time like this, when economy is one of the primary virtues, it is well to remember that a tin of "Nugget" not only goes farther than any other brand of shoe polish but makes shoes last longer and retain their smart appearance for a greater length of time.

A new feature is the Dark Brown Polish which is being introduced into Canada for the first time. This polish is very much in demand among the Australian troops employed in Egypt and the Dardanelles and promises to make quite a hit among those battalions of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who have not yet been despatched Overseas.

The "Nugget" Outfits in cardboard and metal boxes still continue to be the most compact arrangement for travelers and others who are so jealous of the appearance of their shoes that they clean them themselves. These Outfits contain a brush, pad and tin of polish and make a very useful present and a very useful addition to the furnishing of one's room or office.

The "Nugget" White Cleaner for buckskin, canvas and nubuck shoes is becoming increasingly popular among residents at the summer resorts, tennis players and boating people. The great advantage it displays over other articles of the same kind is that it will not rub off, and it dries a pure white.



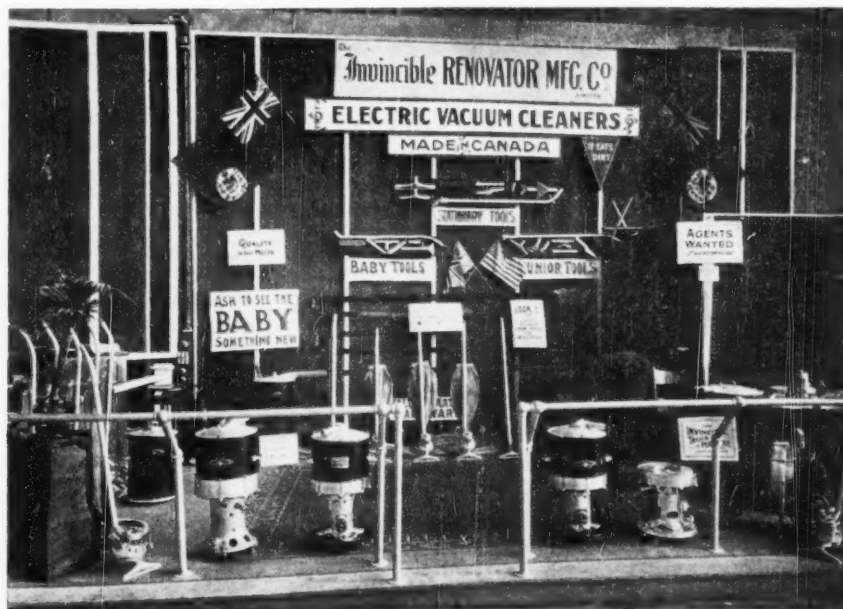
Other articles manufactured by this company are Creams in Black, Tan and White, the latter of which is suitable for any colored kid shoe.

In these days of short skirts it is more than ever necessary that milady's footwear is irreproachably turned out, and as putty and other light shades of kid are likely to be worn during the fall, the

"Nugget" White Cream should be extensively used on these leathers.

The policy of the "Nugget" Company has always been to give the greatest possible amount of service to its customers and patrons and any failures on the part of the public to obtain the company's goods should be immediately reported to its office in Toronto.

## The Invincible Renovator Manufacturing Company



A GREAT deal of interest was centred upon the Electric Vacuum Cleaners displayed at the unique exhibit of the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co. At the exhibit there were various types of cleaners displayed, some suitable for the modern hotels, the skyscraper office building and apartment mansions. The outstanding feature is the construction of the cleaners, there being only two wearing parts, no valves, bellows or pumps to get out of order. Their comparative noiselessness was very favorably commented upon. The suction of these "Invincible" machines is so even and steady that they will clean the most delicate fabric without the slightest injury.

Housewives were particularly taken up with the "Baby" Invincible cleaner which are the very last word in electric cleaners for the home. They embody all the improved ideas in vacuum cleaning, leaving out all the disadvantages of the older makes. The swivel joint in the hand-rod was one feature that left a very favorable impression. This swivel joint is unique with all "Invincible Machines" and



is a great convenience. With this swivel the operator can get around the legs of furniture and in and out of corners with the greatest ease. Low furniture is no detriment, the swivel enables to reach under places impossible with the rigid rod. Housewives and janitors were quick to see the advantages of this "Invincible" feature. People unable to visit the Exhibition or who failed to see these "Invincible" machines demonstrated may have a demonstration in their own home without being put to the slightest obligation. Just write the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co. and ask for their booklets or for demonstration. The address is The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Ltd., 81 Peter Street, Toronto.

### The Toronto Pad Co. LIMITED

**W**HEN we consider that one-third of our life is spent on a mattress there is little wonder that the manufacture of mattresses is receiving so much attention. Great advance toward the perfecting of a mattress conducive to health and sleep has been made of recent years. This fact was convincingly proven by the exhibit of the Toronto Pad Co. Limited, manufacturers of The Fischman patent mattress, which was attractively displayed at this company's booth. Features of "The Fischman" mattress that distinguish it from the ordinary mattress are 35 rows of springs with cotton felt layers on top and bottom; each spring acts independently, thus allowing the mattress to automatically adapt itself to the

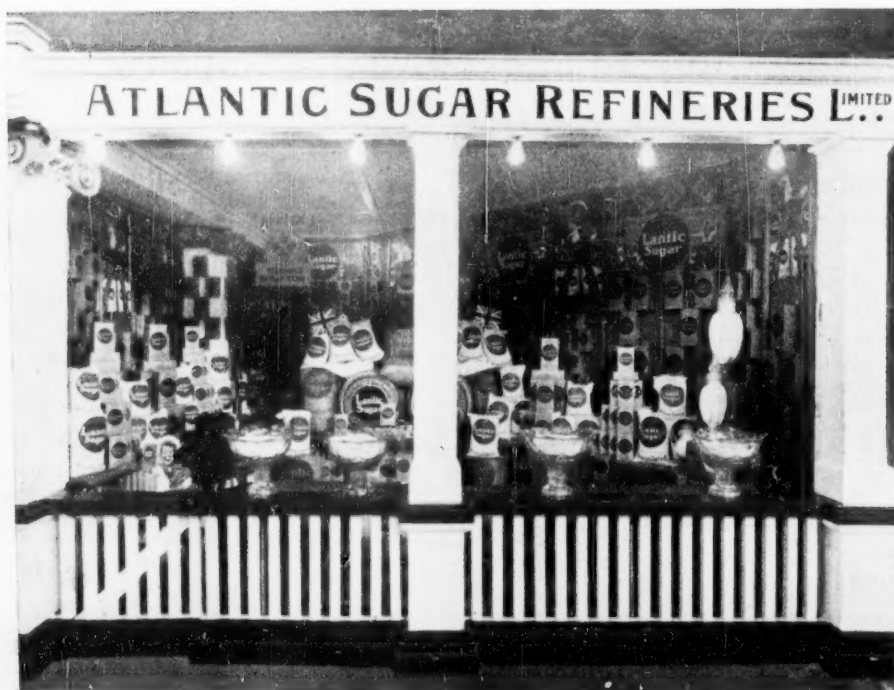


contour of the body, ensuring the utmost in comfort and repose.

Proof of the wearing and resisting power of this mattress can be taken from the fact that for two weeks it was subjected to the severe test of bearing a ton weight. It came through the test absolutely unaffected. Do you wonder that the manufacturers are able to guarantee this Fischman mattress for 3,000 nights

not to sag or spread and to be absolutely noiseless? It is the only mattress that can be rolled up without in anyway damaging the construction. If you are looking for more comfort and better repose in sleep you will be wise to examine the Fischman mattress at your dealer's, or write to The Toronto Pad Co. Limited, 333 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, for descriptive literature.

### Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Limited



**A** VERY attractive booth on the main aisle of the Manufacturers' Building was the sugar exhibit of the Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Ltd., containing a display of the different lines of Lantic Sugar made. The manufacturers claim that there is no chemical or coloring used in the manufacture of Lantic Sugar and that this sugar can be bought at any grocery at the same price as ordinary sugar. This firm also displayed the different styles of bags and barrels, cartons and white cotton bags. The cartons and white cotton bags of sugar have become very popular owing to the fine granulation of sugar they contain. Furthermore, this method of buying sugar ready packed is the ideal way from a sanitary standpoint. This firm will be pleased to send you a sweet little story book called "Mary Jane Limited." Address your request to the Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal, Que.

## Usit Mfg. Company

**T**HE booth of the Usit Manufacturing Co. was a constant centre of attraction during the Exhibition. The Oriental statuary and hangings made an attractive background for the demonstration of a toilet preparation, old as Egypt, yet entirely new to many Canadians.

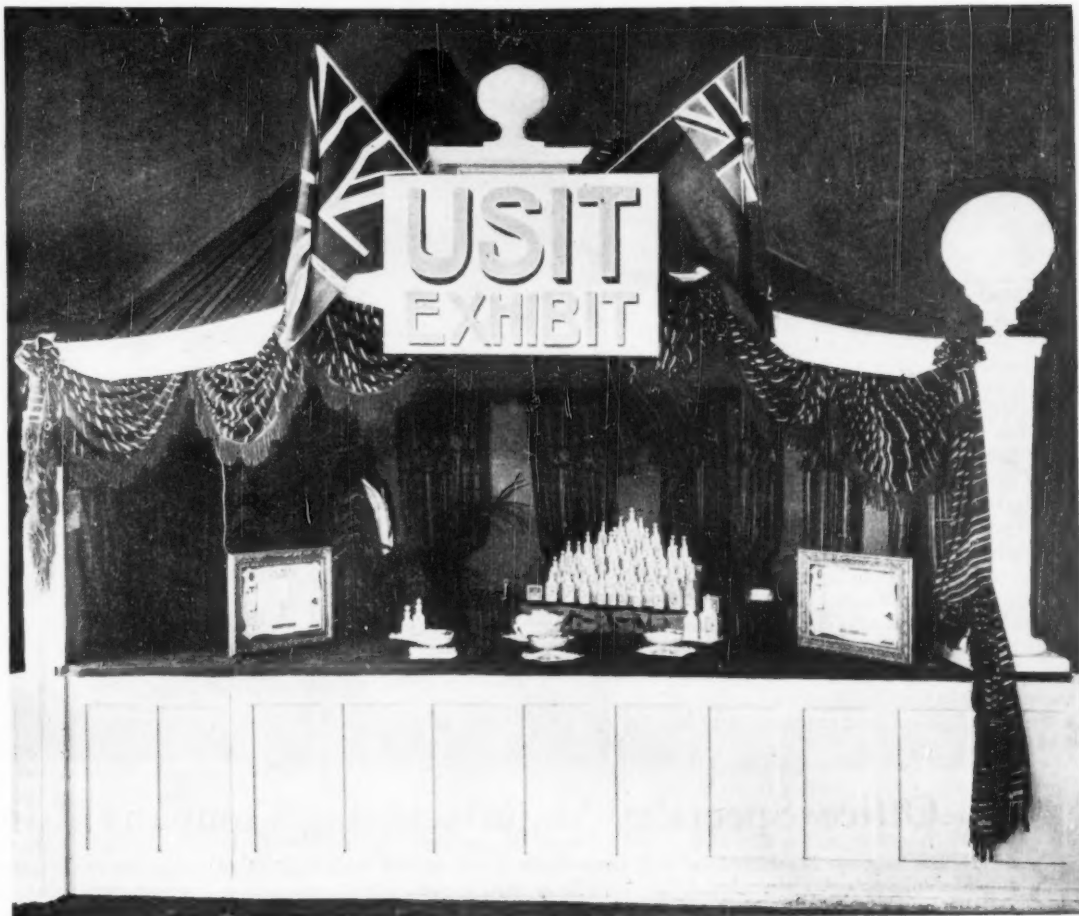
Usit is really what the famous historic Egyptian beauties used centuries ago, but until recently, it was entirely unknown in Europe or America. Then the recipe was obtained from an old Arab in Cairo, and it was discovered that the Arab was quite mild in his contentions regarding its skin preservative and beautifying properties.

There isn't any mystery about it however. Usit is simply a wholesome, clean preparation for keeping the skin in the smooth, firm, velvety condition that Nature intended. The thing to be regretted is that it hasn't been discovered sooner. It is composed entirely of nut oils, which act as a natural skin food, toning up the muscles, and chasing the wrinkles, without the offsetting tendency to clog the pores—a serious effect of many so-called

"skin foods." Usit is simply applied with the finger-tips at night, and the skin, being hungry, absorbs it before morning. Since its reputation has been established, men are finding it an invaluable comfort in shaving.

The Usit Company have on the market also Face Powder De Luxe, a high-class powder, delicately perfumed, and free from any chemical or coloring matter

which would injure the most sensitive skin. This powder is made up in white, flesh and brunette tints, in a composition so smooth and fine as to give the desired effect without one particle of the powder being visible. Both Usit and Face Powder De Luxe can be obtained from local druggists or from the Usit Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 476 Roncesvalles Avenue, Toronto.



## This was the Washer that Drew the Crowd

**I**N Industrial Building No. 2 at the Exhibition scores watched three Excello Power Washers all working at once off an ordinary half-inch water pipe that was supplying another complete exhibit at the same time. Strong men from the crowds stepped in and tried the power of the motor by holding on to it with all their strength. This proved quite impossible, as the Excello Washer has the strongest water motor made. Attach it to the ordinary water-tap, fill the tub with clothes and soap-suds, turn on the tap and go about your other work. Your washing will be done in a few minutes in a perfect, sanitary and thorough manner, without the unnecessary wear and tear and with

*No Cost At All.*

With the Excello, which, mind you, is a guaranteed, tried-and-found-satisfactory



washer there's no increased electric light bill, no hand labor and no complicated mechanism to get out of order. See the Washer in operation and you'll wonder how it could ever wear out. Scores have been in use every week for seven and eight years and are still running perfectly. Read our letters to this effect, also letters galore at our offices from enthusiastic users all over Canada. Read why our motor is so strong and our tub so light and lasting, why they use Excellos in Rosedale where laundresses are employed and in absolutely every other kind of a home where there's a water-tap, why apartment houses are using them instead of laundry tubs. Read this and a score of other interesting Excello facts in our booklet. Write to-day to Excello Sales Co., 632 Yonge St., Toronto, for full particulars regarding Excello Power Washers.

Name .....

Address .....

(Send this coupon)



## H. & A. Saunders

"Dreadnoughts" at the Exhibition

A UNIQUE display of watches remarkable for workmanship, accuracy and perfection of finish was to be seen at the exhibit of the H. & A. Saunders, Pioneer Wholesale Jewellers of Canada and makers of the "Dreadnought" watches and the Britannic Watch Bracelets.

The "Dreadnought" watch was especially featured as representing the highest skill in watchmaking, and the makers are justified in their pride for this watch, which would be difficult to surpass. Evidence of the reliability of "Dreadnought" watches is given in the fact that 100 class "A" Kew certificates were obtained by them in a year. This is a guarantee to the purchaser of accuracy of the watch in every position, a point that should not be overlooked when purchasing a watch. Much attention and interest to buy a "Dreadnought" Watch, a "Britannia" Watch Bracelet or any piece of jewelry made by H. & A. Saunders is to be assured of absolute satisfaction and reliability, backed by the reputation of a quarter of a century for making nothing but the best.



## Office Specialty Manufacturing Company, Limited

BUSINESS success is reliant to a considerable extent upon adequate, reliable and concise record keeping. The accomplishments of the Office Specialty Co. in devising Systems and Filing Units for the systematic care and protection of the business records of commercial and professional men, is worthy of every man's earnest investigation. Office Specialty have really got their Filing Sys-

tems right down to the rock bottom of simplicity, which means that accuracy—which is all-important in office work—can be assured in the operation of any System.

This company had a noteworthy display of their Office and Filing Equipment in the Manufacturers' Building. *Osco* Steel Cabinets really attracted the greatest interest, even from those interested, per-

haps only in a casual way. The manner in which these Cabinets have been finished in realistic imitations of the fine woods—chiefly quarter-cut oak and mahogany—demands high tribute for such skillful accomplishment. The only chance of distinguishing between those Cabinets of Steel and those of Wood was by touch or operation. The greater protection which these Cabinets offer over those of wood, likewise their long wearing qualities, makes a man ready to buy these Cabinets of Steel as an investment for his business lifetime.

Office Specialty have anticipated the desires of the vast force of men at the head of Canadian business and have in consequence made it their business to make and supply to them just what their particular tastes may dictate, whether it be Desks and Filing Cabinets in Steel or Wood, large or small units, or any kind of wood or finish. In Desks, they showed a very fine model—the *Osco* System Desk—in reality a combined Desk and Filing



Cabinet. This, indeed, is a happy combination for men in executive positions and it also finds popularity with a great many other business men seeking economy in time as well as expenditure. Another item of more than usual interest was their Half Sections—small, compact units just right for the man starting a small business, or for a man who wants his private papers kept close at hand beside or near his desk. A large part of Office Specialty's business is the fitting up of vault interiors with filing arrangements. They are a Canada-wide organization, having show-rooms in nine cities and Head Office and Factories at Newmarket, Ont.

## Gundy-Clapperton

COMPANY, LIMITED

**C**UT GLASS makes a strong appeal to all lovers of things beautiful. That the Gundy-Clapperton exhibit of cut glass articles drew big crowds is not to be wondered at, for here were displayed exquisite pieces of cut glass, sparkling and scintillating and reflecting infinite beauty of prismatic colorings. Cut glass has superseded silver decorations to a great extent, so that to-day in homes of refinement cut glass is now in indisputable supremacy. The Gundy-Clapperton exhibit was without a peer. Among the articles exhibited were Berry Sets, Comports, Vases, Candlesticks, Lamps, Flower Baskets, Water Sets, Decanters, Bon-Bons, Wine Glasses, Punch Sets, and Fruit Bowls. Particular interest was centred around an exquisite set



upon which was skilfully designed the strawberry and its leaf, giving an effect that was as unique as it was beautiful. Another article of unusual design that attracted attention was a lamp, the shade of which was exquisitely worked, depicting a Dutch landscape scene and Dutch figures. The Gundy-Clapperton Co. are without rival in the perfection of workmanship and skill in finishing cut glass

articles. People who desire cut glass that will stand the most critical inspection can rely upon any article that bears this trade mark.



Those who are interested in the purchasing of cut glass pieces should write the Gundy-Clapperton Co. for booklet—"Cut Glass in the Home." Address your request: Gundy-Clapperton Co., Limited, 61 Albert Street, Toronto.

## The Sovereign Perfumes, Limited

**T**HOUSANDS of visitors were sprayed with the delicate perfume of Corson's Ideal Orchid at the exhibit of Sovereign Perfumes, Ltd.

This firm is the only Canadian owned house exclusively engaged in the making of perfumes and toilet requisites. Their products are sold all



over the world under the name of "Corson's." Famous beauties and actresses the world wide, use Corson's perfumes and toilet requisites. Maggie Teyte the famous English soprano who toured Canada just recently singing the patriotic song, "Your King and Country Need You," placed a large order for Corson's charcoal Tooth Paste, to be sent to her through her druggist in London, England. She wrote the Sovereign Perfumes, Ltd., that she liked their tooth paste better than any she had ever used. Mabel Taliaferro, noted American actress; Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress; Dorothy Parker, English actress, daughter of the famous English playwright, Louis N. Parker; Kitty Gordon, noted English beauty and wife of Capt. Beresford, adopted Corson's Ideal Orchid, stating that it is their favorite, and that their dressing tables would not be complete without it.

Corson's have the honor of being the first Canadian house to ship toilet and perfume requisites to South America, and Australasia. The name Corson's is a guarantee of exclusive quality. Whatever you wish in a high class perfume or toilet requisite you can be sure of getting it by insisting on Corson's.





New Triumph Imperial Cornet as shown in the Exhibit of Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, makers of Band and other Musical Instruments

## Whaley, Royce, Co., Limited

**C**ROWDS were continually seen around the magnificent display of Bugles, Trumpets, and other musical instruments as supplied to the Canadian Contingents. These instruments were exhibited by the Whaley, Royce Co., Limited, near the centre of the Manufacturers' Building. Centred in this handsome display and surrounded by specimens of the famous Imperial line of silver-plated band instruments was an excellent painting by W. H. Wallis of the famous Rheims Cathedral as it appeared before being destroyed by the Huns.

Whaley, Royce Company are naturally proud of the two cornets made by them in 1888 which were in this exhibit, looking as good as new and playing as well as when first made, even after continuous use in Queen's Own Rifles, 48th Highlanders,

and other regimental bands for over twenty-three years. Facts like this prove the reliability of the guarantee which accompanies the purchase of every Imperial Instrument made by Whaley, Royce Company, foremost of musical instrument manufacturers in Canada.

A "Made in Canada" drum of the Guards pattern was also exhibited. This drum will undoubtedly play a prominent role on the battle fields of Europe where our boys are doing their little bit.

People desirous of securing musical instruments for bands or any instrument for home use would do well to get the Whaley, Royce Company's catalogue, which, we are told, will be gladly sent to any address in Canada free of charge. The address is The Whaley, Royce Co., Limited, 237 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## Natural Tread Shoes, Limited

**A**RE you kind to your feet? *Natural Tread Shoes, Limited*, are justified in asking you that question. They have taken the making of shoes seriously and are making shoes that are made for the feet. The ordinary shoe is not.

Visitors to the Canadian National Exhibition had an excellent opportunity of examining the Natural Tread Shoe at the exhibit of correct shoes displayed by this company in the Educational Building.

People who wear the Natural Tread Shoe will never be troubled with corns, bunions, flatfoot, or other foot ailments caused by the silly vanity of wearing tight, uncomfortable shoes for the sake of style—shoes made for the eye instead of the feet.

Natural Tread Shoes are endorsed by the leading physicians, orthopedic surgeons, medical men, physical culturists and athletic associations.



Thousands of nurses, doctors, business men and women, society ladies, actresses, and others have adopted the Natural Tread Shoe in spite of fashion's decree, and are to-day perfectly comfortable.

These shoes differ from ordinary shoes in the following way:

The shank or arch is double bending. No steel or stiffening used.

The last is natural shape with graceful lines.

The heel is broad and low, allowing parallel walking and stability.

The vamp is long, allowing perfect freedom of the ball and toes. (Note: Short vamp should never be used). The body has balance with weight on outside of foot. Soles are strong and heavy enough to protect your feet. Uppers are soft and pliable and boxes high.

Every width in the world is made, AAAAA to EEE, and every shoe made on the same style of last.

The manufacturers of this shoe claim without fear of successful contradiction:

1st.—That it is the only scientifically built shoe made in Canada.

2nd.—That it is the only shoe "Made in Canada" that will give strength through natural muscle action to the feet.

3rd.—That they are the only firm in Canada (and one of two in all the world) who are defying fashion for the sake of comfort and humanity and specializing in a correct shoe—with the shape and all general and important points the same year after year.



4th.—That they are the only shoe dealers in Canada who will absolutely refuse to sell unless we can fit you anatomically correct and comfortably.

5th.—That they are the first and only shoe dealers in Canada to publish a book on the feet for the education of the young and the old, as to the relationship of their feet to the rest of the body, and to encourage the adoption and use of proper footwear.

This book, "The Feet and How to Treat Them," will be sent to all persons who did not get an opportunity to see the exhibit of "Natural Tread Shoes" for sensible men, women and children. Send for this book and learn how to restore your feet to their natural shape and beauty. Every pair of Natural Tread Shoes is of the highest grade only. Every pair is guaranteed. Natural Tread Shoes, Limited, 329 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**T**HE Dominion Soap Company had an attractive exhibit of toilet articles. Their Mother's Favorite Soap is manufactured on hygienic principles, being especially adapted to the care of the delicate skins of babies. Their Egyptian Violet Glycerine is the purest product obtainable. The Viole Odorato and Reine Tris toilet soaps serve the double purpose of a soap and a perfume. Peroxide Facial Soap for removing blackheads or any skin eruption; Egyptian Pearl Drop, a lotion to soften and whiten the skin without leaving the rough white appearance of face powder; Egyptian Rouge, a lotion giving a natural pink tinge; the Dominion Shaving Stick, and Quicks Washing Tablet for washing clothes have all won a lasting reputation.



## Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Company, Limited



**P**EOPLE with suffering feet will find ready relief from the "First Aid" to the feet specialties that were conspicuously displayed by the Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co., at their unique exhibit.

This company are the pioneer manufacturers of arch supports and have greatly extended their line by adding First Aid to the Feet, Foot Resturs, Heel-Cushions, Bunion Shields, Toe Strates, Foot Powder, etc. Their display was strictly for advertising purposes, in which the public was referred to respective shoe dealers, as the Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co. are the only manufacturers of foot specialties who merchandise their goods to shoe dealers only, who are equipped with the fitting facilities, thus ensuring proper correction of foot troubles and their permanent relief.

Two new features of this year's exhibit that will be gladly hailed by victims of corns or those suffering with tender, aching, burning or perspiring feet, were the "Curo-Foot" Balm, which is a soothing balm for massaging the feet, and "Cal-Corn-O," which is a simple and effective remedy for removing of callouses.

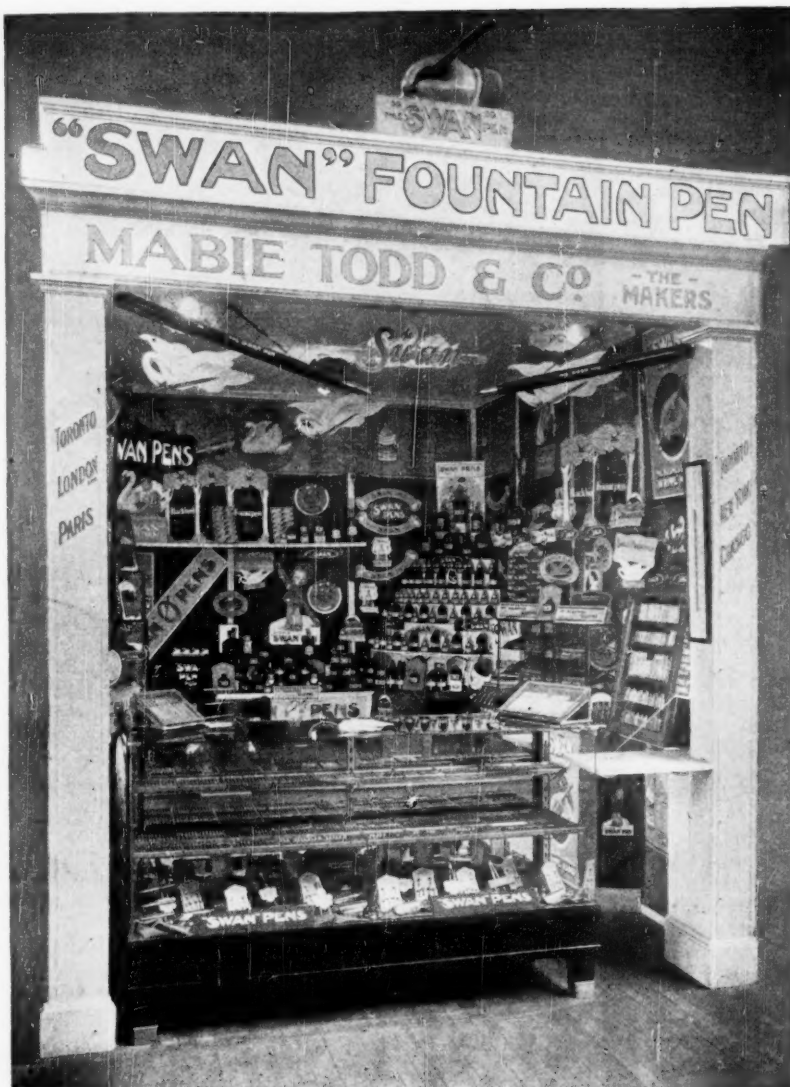
The First Aid Foot Restur, which was demonstrated, is a patented orthopedic appliance for the foot, constructed of two plates of German silver which bridges the ligaments and tendons that have become stretched and strained by being over-burdened by overweight, caused often by walking or standing on hard floors, cement pavements, and from other various causes.

All first-class shoe dealers are equipped with the First Aid Foot Restur and other foot specialties manufactured by this company and should be secured from them, but descriptive literature showing the advantages and effectiveness of First Aid Foot specialties for relieving suffering feet will gladly be sent to you. Send requests for literature to the Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.



WHEN people buy a fountain pen they expect a pen that will write smoothly and at any moment—that is what the "Swan" Fountain Pen does. This was convincingly demonstrated to the numerous visitors who stopped at the unique and attractive display of "Swan" Fountain Pens. The exhibit was a very clever arrangement of "Swan" specialties in Fountain Pen requisites. Many visitors took immediate opportunity to possess a "Swan" pen, glad to know that at last they had a pen that could be depended upon to write at any time with perfect ease, without having to be coaxed or jolted to make the ink flow. It is the ever-readiness and smooth writing qualities of the "Swan" Fountain Pen that have made the "Swan" the choice of business and professional people, who require a quick and ready medium to express their thoughts.

Another feature which attracted special attention was the "Swan" Easy-Fill Filler. This fills and cleans any fountain pen in a few seconds *without unscrewing*; at the same time it thoroughly washes the nib and ink conductor, so that the pen is in a perfect condition for proper working. Many people who have had fountain pen troubles took insurance against future pen worries by procuring a "Swan" Fountain Pen and the "Swan" Easy-Fill Filler. Dealers were among the interested visitors to this exhibit. They were convinced that the "Swan" Fountain Pen would give their customers a Pen service that would give entire satisfaction. Those who were unable to see this Serviceable "Swan" Pen at the exhibition should see their dealer or write Mabie, Todd & Co., 243 College St., Toronto, for one of their illustrated catalogues, which are beautifully gotten up and are fully descriptive and contain interesting Fountain Pen information.



THIS exhibit attracted more than usual attention. This great Hand Cleaner has become very popular and visitors were greatly interested in the many uses for Snap as demonstrated by the ladies in attendance.

With machinists Snap has for some time been considered a necessity. Motorists have adopted it as an indispensable part of a chauffeur's outfit. Stenographers and bookkeepers find it so valuable for removing stains of ink and typewriter ribbons that it is now used instead of soap in the wash-rooms of all modern office buildings. On farms, especially in fruit districts, it is used in large quantities and it has proven to be the best means of removing fruit and vegetable stains, machine oil, or any kind of dirt or grease, as it cleans quickly and leaves the skin smooth and soft.

Housewives are using it on pots, pans, kettles, steel knives and forks, and earthenware. It was found that bath tubs, taps, marble, tiling, oilcloth and linoleum and stained hardwood floors took on a new brightness when cleaned with Snap.

It is also largely used for cleaning aluminum ware, as it preserves the original untarnished appearance without scratches, and this with very little labor.

The dentists are now recommending Snap as the best thing for cleaning artificial teeth on plates. Doctors use Snap because it is antiseptic. Men who take care of their own furnaces find Snap indispensable. The Boy Scouts are old friends of Snap, and the Canadian soldiers are using Snap to clean up after drills and route marches.



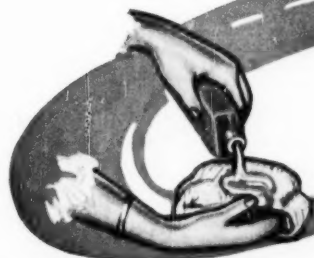
# Use **O-Cedar** Polish

## The O-Cedar Polish Way

*Wet a Piece of Cloth—*  
in water—cheese cloth is the best.



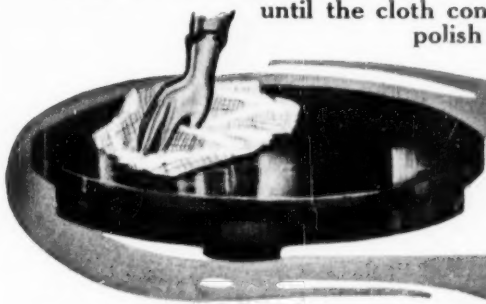
*Wring It Dry—*  
or until it is just slightly more than damp.



*Pour on O-Cedar Polish*  
until the cloth contains as much  
polish as it does water.



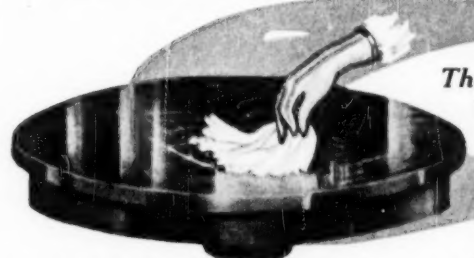
*Go Over the Surface*  
to be cleaned. Varnish absorbs O-Cedar but not  
water—the friction removes the dirt and dust—and  
the surface is cleaned.



*Polish with a Dry Cloth*  
Slight rubbing will quickly produce  
the desired lustre and finish.



*The Beauty of the Grain*  
is brought out—seeming blemishes dis-  
appear and the article looks like new.



*A Hard, Dry Lustre*  
not gummy or sticky. A cambric  
handkerchief would not be soiled  
if placed on any article polished  
the O-Cedar Polish Way.

**CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., LTD.**  
369 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Be sure you always get

**O-Cedar**  
Polish

25c to \$3.00 Sizes

At All Dealers' Everywhere







# PALMOLIVE SOAP

## Appeals to Dainty Women

Dainty women revel in the fragrant, creamy, abundant PALMOLIVE lather and its wonderful cleansing qualities. Made from palm and olive oils, PALMOLIVE SOAP is delightfully mild. Sold everywhere.

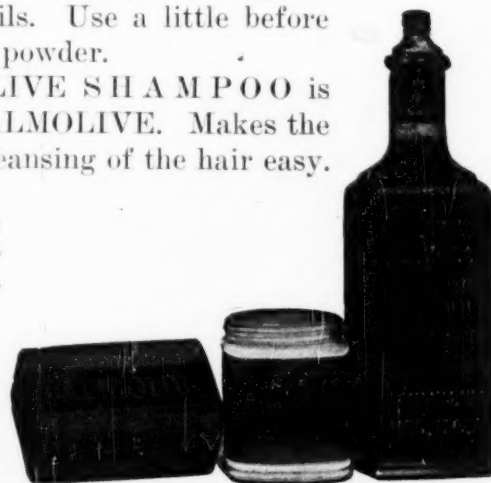
PALMOLIVE CREAM keeps the skin smooth by supplementing the natural oils. Use a little before applying powder.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is liquid PALMOLIVE. Makes the proper cleansing of the hair easy.

**Threefold Sample Offer**—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five 2c stamps.

**B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Limited**  
155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

American Address: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc.  
Milwaukee, Wis.



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